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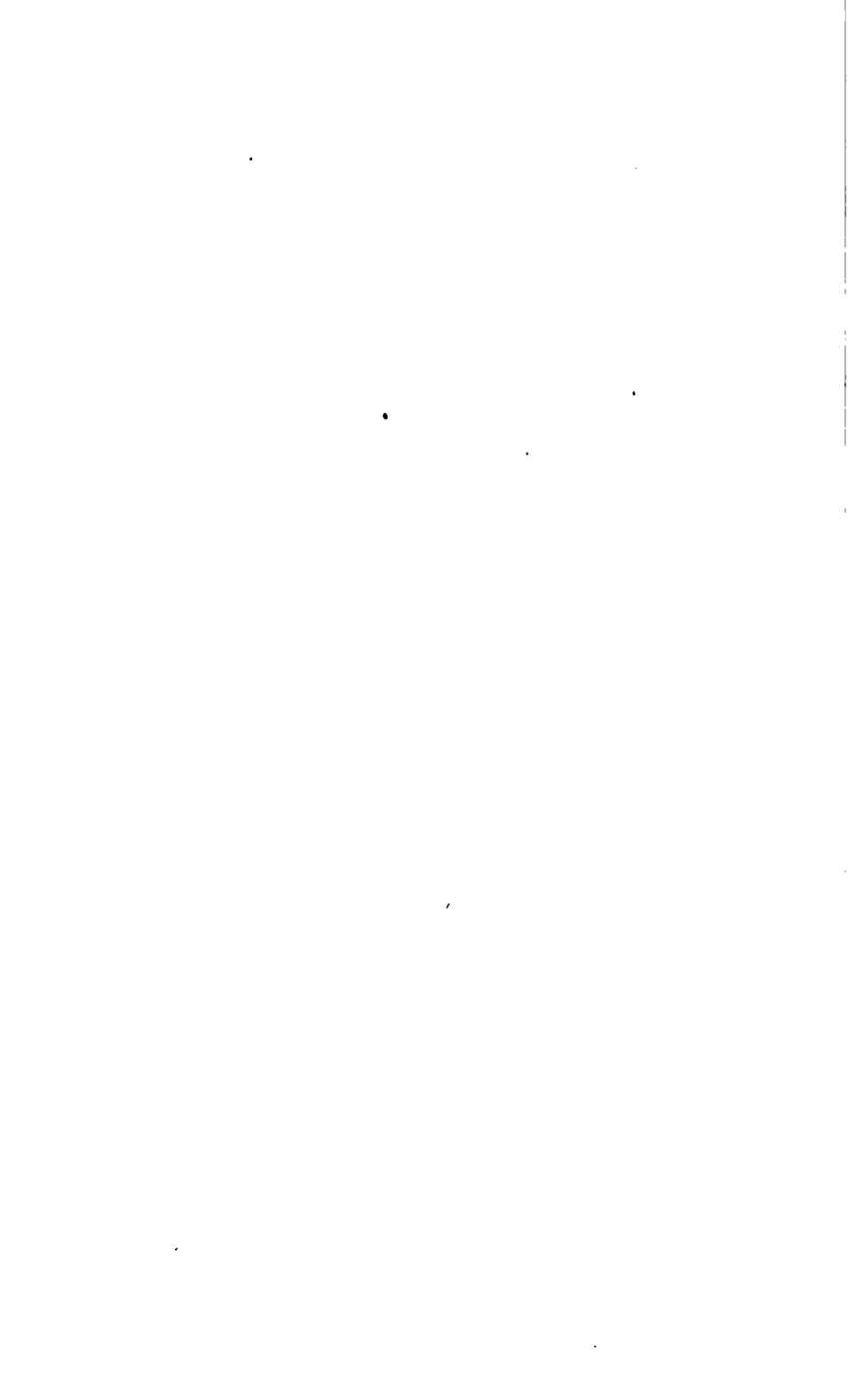
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Per 384 d $\frac{25}{22}$





BAILY'S MAGAZINE

Sports and Pastimes

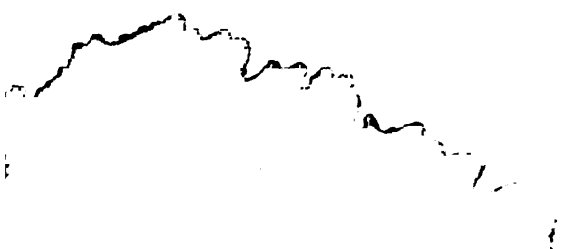


By the Author

VOL XXII.

LONDON, A. & C. BAILY & CO.

1872



BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

VOLUME THE TWENTY-SECOND.



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Frank Russell

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war summoned him to more stirring work. Wounded in the neck at the Alma, he subsequently took part with his regiment in that memorable campaign, was with his men in the hard-fought fight at Inkermann, and witnessed the taking of Sebastopol. And it was in the Crimea, too, that he won other laurels; and his powers as a pedestrian—he was a mighty runner at 150 yards—known before in various places, became celebrated. His valet and trainer was Jemmy Patterson, 'the flying tailor' of Old Bond Street, who entertained the highest opinion of his pupil, both for speed and stamina, always maintaining the Colonel could walk six miles an hour, and stay at this pace too. Though we have mentioned 150 yards' distance as his best, he was bad to beat at longer ones, and held the champion belt during three years of the campaign. One of his exploits was walking, running, and riding a mile against time in one day, and he won all three matches. Previous, though, to the Crimea, he had left his mark in Spain, where he went, in 1851, with his friend Mr. Athelstan Peel; and, at Madrid, 'beat the head off' of a Basque man at his favourite distance, the Basque hero contemptuously refusing the ten yards which the Colonel offered him. Again, in peaceful times, at Aldershot—it was in '56—he, in one day, carried off four cups at different distances: one at 200 yards, in heavy marching order, one at 150, another at 100, and, lastly, he did his opponents over at a quarter of a mile. He has run at Scutari—he has run at Malta—he has been heard of at Cork. Can our younger athletes show more?

Many are the anecdotes rife of 'the Mate,' in those Crimean days of mingled excitement, hardship, and peril. He was an invaluable chum; for, possessed of animal spirits that never flagged even during a Crimean winter, blessed with a fund of 'chaff' that never failed, genial and humorous, to secure him was to secure a prize indeed!

He remained in the Guards until he became Colonel, and married, in 1858, the only daughter of Mr. Corbet of Elsham Hall, near Brigg, in Lincolnshire, and where he now resides. Colonel Astley's connection with the Turf is fresh in the memories of most of our readers. Commencing by running his horses in the name of his friend Mr. Seymour Thelluson, he trained at Drewitt's, and had a fair share of fortune's favours, his best horse being, of course, Ostregor, who won the Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood, in 1867, and was sold to the Austrian Government for 3,000*l.* previous to the race, the Colonel vainly offering the Austrian Commissioner 2,000*l.*, after the race, to be let off. He also had that magnificent roarer Hesper, who subsequently became the property of Lord Stamford, Bally Edmond and Actea, with whom he won the Cambridgeshire, in 1866. Shortly afterwards Colonel Astley retired from the Turf, as far as keeping horses was concerned, sold off his stud, and turned his attention to breeding. He has one or two good mares, Vexatious, Vigorous, Elmira, &c.; and Broomielaw is his sire; and it is worthy of remark, that this horse won the Chesterfield Cup the year previous

to Ostregor, and that Ostregor was on that occasion second. The Colonel is a first-rate shot, too, and was good at pigeons, in Hornsey days, and before Hurlingham was heard of. It was at the former place he killed 17 birds following one day; and he still keeps his place among the younger form which the mania for the sport has called into existence.

To see Newmarket without Colonel and Mrs. Astley would be strange indeed. An accomplished horsewoman, and sharing in her husband's love for that sport which can be enjoyed at Newmarket as it can nowhere else, Mrs. Astley is a familiar figure among the *habitués* of the Heath. Long may they both continue. Popularity is but a vain thing, and the world, in a general way, sets up idols, and often, as quickly, pulls them down. But we think Colonel Astley will be popular, and his memory cherished, as long as frank and manly bearing is appreciated by Englishmen, and the possession of genial wit and humour a passport to the good word of men.

THE AWARD

OF THE STEWARDS OF THE M.F.H. COMMITTEE ON THE MATTER REFERRED TO THEM BY THE COMMITTEE OF THE BICESTER AND WARDEN HILL HUNT AND MR. SELBY LOWNDES, MASTER OF THE WHADDON CHASE HOUNDS.

THIS was a question as to the boundary of the Grafton and Bicester countries, the southern portion of the Grafton country being hunted by Mr. Selby Lowndes, by permission of the Duke of Grafton. On the part of the Committee of the Bicester Hunt, it was contended that the Aylesbury and Buckingham Road from Aylesbury to Whitchurch, and from there the North Marston Lane was the boundary. Mr. Lowndes claimed the Fleet Marston Brook to be the division; Pitchcot Hill, and Berry Fields, and all on the east side of the Brook, as belonging to the Grafton country; and Denham Hill and Fleet Marston, on the west side, as belonging to the Bicester. The Stewards of the M.F.H. Committee having met, at Boodle's Club, on Saturday, May 11th, came to the following decision:—

'The Stewards of the M.F.H. Committee having carefully considered the evidence laid before them, are of opinion, that Mr. Selby Lowndes having hunted the country in dispute so far back as 1842, and no claim having been made by the Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt until November, 1871, nor any documentary evidence on the subject having been produced to prove that he did so by permission of that hunt, has established his right to the country.

'POLTIMORE.

'LECONFIELD.

'MIDDLETON.

'HENRY CHAPLIN.

'S. W. CLOWES.

'Boodle's, May 11th, 1872.'

OUR PRIVATE VIEW.

NOT of art treasures, but of Nature's productions ; not achieved under the difficulties of heat, and dust, and crowd, moving on at weary funereal pace through gilded halls, but enjoyed in the spring air, the clear atmosphere, and sweet solitude of the country, surrounded by the sights and sounds we love the best, and strolling at our ease over velvety pastures, past summer woods in the prime of their leafy glories, and beneath

‘ The budding elms of English May.’

Landseer may enchant us by those living touches of animal life of which he reigns the acknowledged high master ; ‘ horse ’ Cooper may give us his grey Arab over and over again ; and the reality of Nature be cast over these glowing landscapes of limpid stream and bosky glen, and all varieties and moods of earth and air which transport us for the moment outside Academy walls : but who would not exchange their manifold attractions for glimpses of their great original, and revisit the avenue shadows, sunny paddocks, and calm retirement of Middle Park once again ?

Knowing that before the nestling's cry is heard again from its home in the leafy alcoves above, the glories of the place will have faded, never to return, that the sultans of her haras will no longer hold high court in the sloping meadow we know so well, that her matrons of noble lineage will be dispersed through many lands, and their latest pledges of affection sold into bondage before their time.

Knowing that no other spirit will arise to establish on the ancient corner-stones of liberality, enterprise, and hospitality, that ‘ Monster ‘ Stud Farm,’ which was the pride of a horse-loving and horse-breeding nation, and has given to the Turf such splendid results of the master-mind which directed so boldly, administered so lavishly, and managed so successfully, one of the mightiest undertakings of modern times.

Knowing that a great landmark in Turf history is shortly to be effaced, and feeling that with the sound of his hearty welcome still ringing in our ears, we would fain pay our willing tribute to his memory by recording the forthcomings of his last labours, the crown of the edifice whose perfection he has not been spared to witness.

Amid the excitement and competition attendant upon these last sales, there will mingle a melancholy desire to secure some relic of the place we have known so long, and whose master we have loved so well. And the chronicler will not incur the imputation of obsequiousness or flattery by his assertion that all previous Middle Park afternoons are likely to be as nothing when compared with the two red letter days to come in June and July, by reason of the excellence of the young stock, and the interest taken in the proceedings by all classes concerned in the welfare of the Turf. When these Saturdays are past and gone, there will succeed its melancholy

but no less interesting week of dispersion, and with a 'longing, 'lingering look behind,' we shall pass out of the avenue gates, leaving a thousand pleasant recollections behind us, which even the encroachment of the builder will never be able to efface from our minds. Only let the grave of old Defenceless be held sacred, and that beloved of 'The Druid,' where 'an oak-tree flourishes, and a 'harvest has waved over the place where the beautiful Knight of the 'Silver Hair lies buried.'

Holiday makers from the great city will help to swell the wail that goes up when all is ended, and the marks of the ring effaced from the cool lawn they loved so well. And when the stallions hold their last parade, will not the hero worshippers press forward for some mementoes of their former pets: a chesnut hair from the switch tail of mighty Blair of the bald face, an ebony tress from the mane of the elegant fiery Birdcatcher black, or some bay relic of 'bonnie Dundee,' the boldest of Derby seconds, or of the dappled coat of the French champion? And often does it happen that the benefactors of mankind die on the eve of achieving their most important successes, and before the fruits of their patient labour and thought have been garnered into store! Would that the founder of Middle Park had lived to see his judgment in purchasing Blair Athol, and redeeming Saunterer, so gloriously rewarded, and his predictions of future excellence verified in a thousand cases, and yet to be borne out.

But the toilets of the juveniles have been made, and their nurseries tidied up ready for our inspection. Let us hear what tutor and governor have to report concerning their precious charges.

To say that there are no weeds in this yearling garden would be ill-befitting the spirit of a faithful chronicler; but here they are conspicuous by their rarity, and have not been suffered, as in other places, to grow up and choke the growth of their more highly gifted companions. Neither in the vegetable kingdom nor in the animal creation can we dare to expect perfection, and the breeder might exclaim with the poet—

'Oh! could we in this world of ours
Reject the weeds and take the flowers,
What a heaven of earth we'd make it.'

In addition to the horses there represented by Blair Athol, Saunterer, Gladiateur, Dundee, Marsyas, and King John, other well-known sources have been largely drawn upon, and the best of mares and the best and most successful crosses of blood, *regardless of expense*, has been the line of policy marked out and adhered to by the founder of the stud. The half-score of young Blairs, of which rather more than a moiety are colts, number among them some animals of more than usual promise; but king of them all is Margery Daw's young hopeful, quite up to the highest Middle Park sample, and certain to be one of the annual sensational lots on the 15th of June. Next to him Esther's colt looked the smartest, and his maternal pedigree is of the choicest and rarest strains; indeed

'Rowena by Recovery out of Rebecca,' takes us back to one of the landmarks of the Stud Book. Colimbra's half-brother to the Druid will be rightly marked 'dangerous,' and the rich arsenal of Kingston mares at Eltham, seem to have found a suitable partner in the blaze-faced chesnut at last. For the colt out of Alma (a hardy, wiry-looking customer), and out of Lady Kingston, we can say a good word; and sister to Ethus, though hardly so good-looking as her brother, is of stouter build than the horse of mystery and Padwick. The Saunterers may say, 'We are seven,' and for one of the gems of the collection commend us to Perambulator's brother, an improved edition of his slashing relative, and let us hope with a brighter future before him. 'Mat's black,' too, has a famous colt out of Circe, a grandly bred Dundee mare, and Saunterer—Dundee—Rambling Katie is a Russley pedigree all over, and has resulted in a very neat brown, cast quite in his son's mould. Antonina and Feodorowna have borne useful-looking fillies to the tight little Birdcatcher horse, who has 'exchanged' with Dundee at Waltham for the season. The Marsyas tribe is neither so numerous nor so satisfactorily represented as usual, and his colt out of Christina is the best begotten by Orlando's nervous and excitable son. Dundee's Palm-leaf colt would remind us of the slashing but uncertain Marksman; and his colts from Cygnet and Victrix are certain to do credit to the gamest horse that ever looked through a bridle, and who, though threatened with old Newminster's and Paradigm's foot fever, bears himself as gallantly as ever, albeit the honourable scar on his near foreleg recalls his momentary falter at the Epsom distance, his last glorious struggle with The Drum, and his three quarters of an hour's weary and painful hobble back to Sherwood's after the race. Three colts and six fillies claim to be the 'children of a King;' and it has been the cause of much perplexity to us why Johannes Rex, a horse of unquestionable blood, of true and excellent shape, of high repute with his enterprising owner, and of good report among those learned in matters of breeding, should as yet have failed to make his mark among the 'Sires of the Day.' Not for want of a chance, certainly, for the smiles of the highest and best dames at Middle Park have fallen on the dappled bay, and his stock seem to possess all the attributes of horses of the highest class, without the gift of first-rate racing excellence. The filly out of Seclusion (who, with the exception of Hermit, has brought forth fillies only), is cast far more like the Blankney chesnut than his sturdy sire; and Delight's fair daughter bears the mint-mark of the Birdcatcher tribe in her racing-like symmetry and action. The Gladiateurs are 'in reserve;' but the Cockney crowd, when after the sale it takes up its coign of vantage in the green sloping meadow, backed by a rich depth of Kentish woodland, and with King John's old palace standing out in the foreground, will gaze on no prouder sight than the dark dappled bay, with the hammer marks standing clear out upon his sheeny coat, his proud defiant front, and strong-knit muscular limbs which tell of any pace and any distance. For the rest of this fair bevy of

youngsters the stud farms of all England have been laid under contribution, to the avoidance of that gravest error of judgment in breeding, the appropriation of mares to home horses exclusively, a practice dangerously tempting to possessors of high-class sires, who are naturally led to prefer the cheaper and safer method of home supervision, to the risks of carelessness and negligence incurred by the journeying to and fro of delicate stock, and change of diet and management inevitably associated with their new quarters. Thormanby, lord of the harem at Moorlands, is responsible for the parentage of five youngsters, and his filly out of Battaglia has justly been marked A 1 in other catalogues than our own. Not perhaps cast in the mighty chesnut's mould, but 'taking after mamma;' and those who secure the maid, may be looking out for the matron in the last days of July. The Celerrima filly has a double Pantaloon cross, and can boast a wonderful combination of illustrious stud names in her pedigree. The brother to Calypso comes of running blood, and she out of Sunset can boast the elements which went to make up Sunshine's success, with just a 'slice of Dundee,' as the 'Druid' would say. Adventurer has left his impress on La Dauphine's colt, and really there must be a hidden mine of gold in that wonderfully bred mare, if properly mated. King of Trumps and Amethyst recall old days of the Root Stud; and Alcestis and Deception (both Touchstone mares) have been on a visit to St. Alban's, in the deep secluded pastures at Hampton Court. The latter's filly is one of regulation 'Saints,' but the Alcestis colt shows a deal more power and substance than we are wont to associate with the stock of the noble savage. The solitary Lord Clifden, though rather on the small side, is a racehorse all over; and Blinkhoolie has a more than average colt out of Elsie Venner. Guy Dayrell's sister, one of the last fruit off an old tree, will make a bigger animal than the hero of Lincoln, but somehow or other the Wild Dayrells were ever an unfortunate race, though in the second generation Buccaneer has amply avenged the shortcomings of the 'big 'un.' General Peel has had a fair trial; and many worse lots have been led out of a 'crack's' box than the Danae colt, which we trust may realise a golden shower for its breeder. Uncas (out of Prairie Bird) is represented by a colt and two fillies; and Mandrake has left behind him two scions of the old Weatherbit stock. There is a smartish filly by Caterer from a Kingston mare, but somehow all this horse's stock are roughly inclined, and show too much white in the eye to be trusted. Last, but not least, Voltigeur has repaid the attention of Mr. Blen-iron by crediting him with four colts out of as many mares; and the youngster out of Free Kirk is far from the worst-looking among three score. Verily and indeed threatened beings live long, and the old Aske brown has still life enough about him to show the Doctor a clean pair of heels, should he venture into his drawing-room.

An extra three weeks' grace will put a wonderful polish on many of the coats, now staring and rough by reason of the inclement weather, and purchasers will find the yearlings undisguised by those

masses of fat which are to trainers a stumbling-block, and to owners foolishness. No end can be served by sending up animals for sale like prize oxen, for fat cannot cover even one out of a multitude of imperfections, and people who go racing nowadays do not transact business with their eyes shut. Besides, the 'adipose tissue' is bound to come off again as soon as training operations begin; and what cannot be disposed of by work must yield to medicine; and we all know what are the effects of frequent courses of physic. Not claiming any knowledge of the veterinary art, and only seeing the yearlings in their boxes, we must not be understood as having critically examined each animal; leaving that to abler hands, who can discourse so learnedly of splints and curbs, and grow sentimental over 'mall-enders and sallenders.' The questions naturally asked by buyers of blood-stock are, whether the breeding of the horses is such as to justify a large expenditure? then, whether they are sound and healthy? and, after these have been satisfactorily answered, comes the important point of make and shape, which too many are apt to hold as the first, instead of the last consideration. Otherwise, how is it that we see creatures of the most plebeian pedigrees purchased at high prices? Merely because the unthinking go entirely by looks, instead of paying some attention to the elements composing the blood. The great end and aim of the founder of Middle Park was to breed for the public taste, not by the purchase of sham nonentities which might deceive by their look, but by the acquisition of the best and stoutest *running blood* in the kingdom; and, at any risk or expense, to mate his mares so as to please all tastes and fancies. This catholicity in breeding is the only way to insure financial success; while failure is almost universally the result of narrow views and false economy, which condemns mares of all varieties of blood to the owner's pet stallion; or selects sires, not for their qualification or fitness, but for the convenience of their proximity, or low scale of covering fees. The manager of a stud of some repute, not long since, repudiating the advice of his stud-groom to send two mares to a stallion rather remotely located, destined them to a sire of totally different blood, alleging as his reason a lower fee, and more convenient and cheap method of transit! Can any one be astonished at the number of inferior animals bred in this country, when such tactics are adopted even in high places?

The nursing mothers of the stud will engage our deeper attention when the heats of July have taken some of their freshness from leafy bowers, just ere the saddling-bell at Goodwood rings the gay world out of town. Yet who could resist a glance at the contents of that long line of snug boxes, wherein, as in some precious ring, are set the rarest gems that money could buy, collected from every corner of this horse-loving isle? There they stand, with a young blaze-face which tells a tale of Blair Athol's sireship, here and there gazing in wonderment at our intrusion from under the protecting arch of their dam's neck. There is Gratitude, good alike at Cesarewitch or Hunt Cup distance; Amethyst, cast in true Touchstone

form; and Battaglia, with her dapple brown coat, hinting at relationship with the Saxon Duchess. Seclusion suckles another filly foal, and lifts her head right humbly, as if she had bred no Derby winner: Coimbra, in hopes of another Druid; and Crinon, prematurely doomed to matronly cares, and forgetful of the day when Beckhampton clinched the last bid, never to see back one farthing of her four figures. Papoose has a little papoose of her own, after labours in the green and white braid; and Feodorowna recalls all the shape, symmetry, and bearing of her dapper sire.

Ere 'Baily' shall have burst into its June foliage, and this sketch be submitted to its readers, another name will have been added to that illustrious roll of Derby winners which have furnished landmarks for so many Turf generations. Middle Park will be nobly represented in that war of giants; and, for the sake of both past memories and future hopes, we may wish her champion good speed and a renewal of the glorious day when the rose and yellow fought out their memorable fight. No such 'mighty three' have surely ever waited for tidings of the strife together, as the prides of English and French chivalry, and the most gallant Derby second that ever expired in the moment of victory. It would be hard luck indeed for the bonnie Prince to find his Culloden upon an anniversary so propitious to the Stuart dynasty, and many and anxious will be glances turned towards the fatal corner on Royal Oak day, to see how it fares with the jacket of white cockaders, and to watch for a first glimpse of the blaze-face, so like that which followed Caller Ou from the distance eight years ago. There is another white jacket, too, which its followers will sadly miss should The Druid be not descried following Isaac Woolcott round the paddock; but, as we write, the market barometer ranges ominously low, and we speculate for a fall rather than a rise. After Ascot things will have sobered down a little, and a sort of holy calm seem to settle upon the glades of Eltham, after the dust and noise attendant upon royalty and sport beneath forest shades. It is then that the yearling has his day, and men's thoughts are turned towards that 'promise of 'the future,' too seldom, alas! to be realised, and Derby winners in embryo galore are fought over in a more peaceful Ring than that held so sacred by the Gullys and Gregsons of yore. And not the least pleasing of the varieties of sporting life, is to renew acquaintances made in the solitude of the paddock, at the bustle and excitement of the Post, when we recognize in the fiery and impetuous hope of the stable for some two-year old race, the 'rugged ragged' pet to which we were first introduced when he sported by his dam's side under the branching May and drooping laburnums at Middle Park.

AMPHION.

May 25th.

THE SONG OF THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

Down the black rock's height my waters dash,
 Flinging o'er the forest boughs gleams of light
 Thro' the dim ravine, huge rocks between;
 Where lingers Night, they foam and flash;
 They rush along, with a voice of song,
 Resistlessly dashing, joyous and strong:
 See! clear and bright o'er the stony abyss,
 Where my waters seethe and grind and hiss,
 Rises the Sun-bow.

The sleepy clouds are melting in sunbeams away,
 Bright blossoms are clustered in mystic array;
 Dim Spirit-bands float thro' the musical air,
 Earth listens entranced to the tidings they bear.
 Hark! the distant fairy-bell merrily rings,
 The bird of wildness flutters his wings,
 The bubbles of gloom far from him he flings,
 He drinks in the spray with the air;
 Where the Sun-bow is struggling,
 The Phœnix is there.

The hills recede, on my bank's gentle slope
 Fruit-trees shower their early bloom,
 And vineyards smile below
 On village maids with lightsome step,
 And hearts elate with hope;
 Whilst softly echoing back their songs
 My waters lingering flow.

Past the meadows I hasten; the bird dips his wing
 In my stream where the ripples are dancing;
 In my gathering force I rejoice, as I fling
 A farewell to the plain where the war-steeds are prancing,
 Through the bridge where the darkness is mingled with the
 tide,
 Like a sinuous serpent I roll and I glide;
 Sculptured columns their shadows extend,
 And seem in my dancing waves to bend:
 Mine a glorious life will be,
 My waves exultingly leap to the sea.
 Alas! proud river, thy fate we bewail;
 Alas! for thy changeful destiny,
 The Ocean-floods are a grave to thee.

J. C. M. H.

WOLF-HUNTING AND WILD SPORT IN BRITTANY.

NO. X.

HAD it not been for the Baron de Keryfan's kindness to me at Gourin, I scarcely know how I could have endured, even for hunting's sake, the filth and discomfort of that wretched little town. Good company, it is true, will make some amends for such evils; but the misery of being forced into bad company the moment you seek the retirement of your chamber, hoping for rest but finding none, is indescribable. If the minor evils of life make up the great mass of human suffering, these at least, to which I allude, form no insignificant ingredients in the bolus we are all compelled to swallow, first or last. This is not an agreeable subject to dwell upon; yet I cannot resist the opportunity it gives me to relate an anecdote I once heard from a country gentleman: he had taken expensive apartments in Park Street during the season of the International Exhibition in 1851, and had brought his family with him to enjoy the wondrously attractive novelties congregated therein. The very first night of his occupation, however, gave him sore proof that a troublesome tenantry were already in full pre-occupation of the beds; so, the next morning, summoning the landlady to his presence, he bitterly complained of his disturbed rest, and announced his intention of not remaining another day in the house.

'But you've taken the apartments, sir, for four months,' was the indignant reply; 'and, as to the beds, unless you brought the fleas yourself, I'll undertake to say you'll not find a single flea in them.'

'I fully believe you,' madam,' said he; 'for they are all married, and have very large families.'

This brought the conversation at once to a climax; the lady flung out of the room in a rage, and the gentleman quitted the apartments that very day; nor was he troubled farther with respect to the tenancy.

Keryfan's experience of hunting-quarters, from the luxury of Leamington to the bush-life of northern Africa, had warned him to take certain precautions against the exigencies of this Gourin campaign. A corner of his portmanteau, for instance, was fitted up in the most convenient fashion, with small bottles of eau-de-Cologne, spirits of camphor, and a pot of mollifying salve; added to which he had brought with him a mosquito net, the gift of a friendly Bedouin, within the folds of which, saturated as it had been in a decoction of cedar-wood, he was as safe from the attacks of all vermin, as the Elector of Saxony boasted himself to be when shut up in the virgin fortress of Königstein, and Napoleon was in vain attempting to batter it from the opposite heights of Lilienstein. Thus protected, Keryfan could laugh at the foe that drove me and others to madness: but, careful as he had been of himself, let me do him the justice to say, that self-comfort in no wise contracted his

views with respect to the comfort of those around him : that pot of salve saved me from a thousand pangs ; and even the net, which had been laced together through the middle, he divided into two parts ; and giving one to me, I passed at once from Hades into Elysium, and became, so far as my pests were concerned, as invulnerable as Achilles after he had been dipped in the Stygian lake.

By the invitation of the Count de Kergoorlas, a large additional party of chasseurs had arrived at Gourin from his own country on that side of Upper Brittany contiguous to La Vendée, in former days the classic hunting-ground of the Bourbon kings and the old noblesse of France. The little town was already full to repletion ; and it was only by extraordinary shifts and contrivances that night-lodging could be obtained for the numerous guests : for instance, Keryfan, giving up his room to four of Kergoorlas's friends, contented himself with a mattress on the floor of mine ; while St. Prix, to whom had been allotted the state apartment at the Cheval Blanc, accommodated a like number : the grooms, kennel-men, and even the valets, all to a man, slept in the hay-lofts adjoining their respective stables. Every night several of these men were more or less intoxicated ; and as they staggered about with a pipe perpetually alight in their mouths, and often with a smouldering wood-ember, suspended by a small wire tongs to their wrists, from which they borrowed the fire, the wonder was that the whole town was not reduced to a heap of ashes before the end of the week : as it happened, however, the only casualty that occurred befell a small out-house, in which one of M. de Kergoorlas's piqueurs, with three couple of hounds, was quartered. The man had retired to his domicile in a state of helpless intoxication, and, heedless of the live ember suspended from his wrist, had cast himself upon the heap of straw in company with the hounds. Fortunately the straw was somewhat mouldy and damp, or he and three couple of M. de Kergoorlas's 'Limiers,' all of them staunch, picked hounds, would speedily have been reduced to so many heaps of calcined bones. The fire, however, gradually gained ground ; and at length burning some of the hounds, they set up such a wail as never was heard in Gourin before. Kergoorlas, either suspecting the mischief or recognising the tongue of his hounds, was the first to reach the hovel ; and, bursting open the door, he seized the recumbent piqueur by the leg, dragged him, still in a state of unconsciousness, to a heap of manure hard by, and then, with half-a-dozen peasants, soon extinguished the flames. A hound called Caporal, a red, rough, Brittany tufter, had been considerably singed and blistered ; but the rest of them, man and all, had escaped miraculously ; while the hunting-cap, that had fallen from the piqueur's head, had been burned to a cinder.

There is a popular old hunting song, in which the music of hounds in full cry is described as a 'musical din ;' but the expression is not a happy one, and would far better describe the clatter of horns that roused every soul in Gourin, set the hounds baying, and the bowels of every horse in commotion, a long hour before day-

light on the morn of the Kœnig hunt. Soon after seven o'clock, while yet the pall of night was hanging in heavy, misty clouds over the little town, but gradually growing into a lighter and less sombre hue, M. de Kergoorlas, with eighteen couple of hounds at his horse's heels, jogged leisurely past the Cheval Blanc. The picture would have been one of infinite beauty to a houndsman's eye, had there been light enough to enjoy it; but so dark, rufous, and grisly-grey in colour was the whole pack, that it was impossible to distinguish the figure of individual hounds as they trotted past the hotel in that murky gloom. Afterwards, however, both in the field and in their several kennels—for they occupied at least three peasants' cottages—ample opportunity was afforded for inspecting the distinctive points of these magnificent hounds.

The race of all French hounds, claiming a pedigree, is usually traced, or rather attributed to the blood of St. Hubert, a good bishop who hunted the country of the Ardennes about the year 680, and whose representatives, occupying the monastery of that saint, paid an annual tribute of young hounds to the French kings, addicted to the chase, in the Middle Ages. From the royal patronage bestowed on these hounds, it is reasonable to infer that their blood found its way into every kennel of the land; and, prized as we know it to have been for power of nose and perseverance in chase, great care and attention was doubtless bestowed on the purity of the breed for many generations. Hence, if anywhere a trace of the blood still exists, it may fairly be looked for in the Vendean land, the favourite hunting-ground of royalty and the country, *par excellence*, of grand packs established for ages. To Lower Brittany, too, the same argument would apply even in a stronger degree; inasmuch as that peninsular land, so isolated from the rest of France, and so unvisited by innovation, once possessing the blood, would be more likely to preserve it pure among its ancient kennels, than a country more frequented by strangers and the changes incidental therefrom.

But M. de Kergoorlas laid no claim to the remote age of St. Hubert for the pedigree of his hounds: he would, however, descant for hours on the success he had achieved in resuscitating the old Vendean race, effete and worn-out by in-breeding and long prejudice, and in producing a hound that for good nose, driving power, and endurance in chase, was far superior to the heavy, soft-skinned, bell-mouthed animal described by du Fouilloux in 'La Venerie,' and still found in the Vendean country. He had bred them, he was wont to say, by perpetually infusing fresh blood among the pack he inherited, and always going to the stoutest kennels of which he had record. To St. Prix he was especially indebted for many a useful cross; and from his kennel he had derived those grand, brown-grey or fulvous-coloured hounds of which he was so justly proud. The Royal Vendean hounds are described by the French writers as being milk-white in colour, and fine as satin in their coats: but, if this was the case, these characteristics have been long since out-bred and obliterated in M. de Kergoorlas's pack, not a hound of which had a

patch of white upon him, nor was there a smooth coat among them. The bold appearance of these hounds was quite remarkable; standing 25 inches at the shoulder, and carrying their long-feathered sterns well arched over their backs, with high crowns, long faces, and silky ears, and above all, with good legs and feet below, they looked all over a working lot, and admirably adapted for the rough game and rough country in which they were bred.

Kergoorlas, as we jogged along together towards the meet at Kœnig, took great pains minutely to describe the merits of individual hounds to me; and seemed to be highly pleased with the favourable remarks I could not help making on their grand and workmanlike appearance.

'In colour,' said he, 'they are assimilated to that of the boar, the wolf, and the fox, the wild beasts they were bred to pursue; and, if I may venture to say so, in fierceness and fleetness they are a fair match for the stoutest of those animals.'

'I doubt it not,' I replied; 'for they look strong enough and bold enough to run down a buffalo, and hold him afterwards.'

'Not quite that: but it is really wonderful how firmly they will hold a boar, no matter how big or how fierce he may be: they take him fore and aft, under the shoulder and behind the hams; and when four or five couple have fixed their fangs into his hide, no power of his can shake them off; nor will they relax their grip till I have buried my *couteau* in his heart's core. But sometimes, alas! a courageous young hound will catch him by the ear; and then follows the usual sad result—a fearful gash that too often ends fatally.'

Considering that M. de St. Prix on the previous day had only worked four or five couple of hounds at a time, I ventured to ask Kergoorlas if the pack, numbering eighteen couple, was not a dangerously large one for the adventurous work of hunting the boar?

'St. Prix would think so, unquestionably,' was his ready reply; 'but he lives in perpetual dread of accident to his hounds; and his misery, when one is wounded, is quite painful to witness. Proper caution is of course commendable; but, to forecast the form of care in the hunting-field must detract largely from the pleasure of the chase. I love a crack of music; and, to secure a full volume, eighteen couple of hounds are not one too many: then, in full cry, it is indeed a glorious treat to listen to them in these rocky glens: it is like a peal of musical thunder rolling around you. So I run all risks, and uncouple every hound I have for the sheer enjoyment of this pleasure.'

The weather, now gradually improving, and the pleasant chat about hounds in which, at every step among that rugged scenery, my companion and I indulged, rendered our ride to cover that morning a most enjoyable one. Every word that fell from his lips were those of a houndsman, dearly loving the chase; and all the details incidental to the breeding of a pack and its management in

the field, into which he entered, indicated a knowledge of woodcraft far in advance of his compatriots, among whom I sojourned in Lower Brittany. Even St. Prix, who had devoted his life to hounds, might have gleaned many a corn of useful information from the field of Kergoorlas's experience, as the latter had moved in a wider circle, and, like Ulysses, had not travelled without observation.

It is not given to all, however, to see and observe. Three or four years ago, two gentlemen of considerable book-knowledge, both having taken high honours at Oxford, started from a city in the West of England on a tour through Spain, Greece, and the islands of the Archipelago, purposing to devote at least two years to the full enjoyment of this expedition. At length, as the time came round for their return, it is impossible to overstate the interest it created among their acquaintance in the aforesaid town. Dinner-parties vied for their company; and people, whose inhospitality had become a proverb, threw open their doors once more to welcome the gifted travellers. The mirage of the desert, however, was not more illusive than the hope of these friends. To every question asked respecting this or that town, with its old-world memories and classical associations, the disappointing answer referred only to the quality of the cooking and the character of the hotels: 'A miserable mixture was the Olla-podrida of Andalusia, although Ford lauds it as food fit for the gods; and as for the Gazpacho, the stomach of a Devonshire reaper would rebel at its intrusion; what else could you expect from rancid oil, vinegar, garlic, and dirty cooks?' Again, 'As to Chios (the birth-place of Homer), where at least we hoped to get palatable wine, we found it simply execrable. What Lord Palmerston said to Mr. Gladstone, when the latter produced at his table a bottle of Ionian wine, the fruit of his visit to the Seven Islands, might truly be said of the Chian wine, "*Ἀριστον μὲν ὕδωρ*." Such is a veritable specimen of their general answers; the comfort or misery of their daily fare appearing to be the sole impression left upon their memories.

Owing to the serious damage done to their crops, the peasants of the district had taken care to promulgate far and wide the meet of M. de Kergoorlas's hounds at Kœnig on that day; consequently, a large gathering of sturdy Celts, yet not a man of them standing more than 5 feet 6 inches high, clad in all the variety of costume peculiar to the Communes ranging from Rostrenen to Scaër and Rosporden, converted the usually quiet cover-side into a scene strangely picturesque and gay. But for the friendly greetings and pleasant badinage perpetually going on, the crowd, armed as it was with muskets of mighty length and antique form, might have been easily mistaken for a band of insurgents bent on some desperate adventure. The weapons, too, had probably most of them belonged to the Chouans, who, in the Royalist insurrection of 1792, maintained that desperate guerilla struggle against the Republican Army with such extraordinary persistence and success, and who were chiefly Vendean and Brittany peasants.

That was a very serious affair when the game was man ; but in this case, where the gathering was purely a social one, organised for the sake of sport and the capture of a few pigs, well might it be one of happy prospect and joyous anticipation ; and verily the peasants made it so, for they chatted and laughed with so much exuberance that, had it not been for the sudden and very unwelcome appearance of two gendarmes in full martial costume, it would have been difficult to understand what arrangements Kergoorlas had made for the chase of the day. The hubbub, however, was hushed in a moment ; and it was quite evident that the presence of Mephistophiles and the Demon Huntsman of the Black Forest would have been a far more acceptable addition to the party than that of the two officers now mingling in the crowd. The old loyal spirit is still alive and strong in the breast of the Breton ; and if ever another Larochejacquelin comes to the front to maintain the cause of royalty, it is quite certain he will not lack followers among the nobles and peasants of Upper and Lower Brittany. Here they ever have been and ever will be Bourbonists to the backbone ; nor will the carnage perpetrated by Marceau, nor the atrocities of the Convention ever be forgiven.

Then, by way of rousing the peasants from the sudden chill caused by the cocked-hats, Kergoorlas addressed them aloud : ' Friends,' he said, ' the boar are plentiful in Kœnig, and the hounds ' eager for the chase. Let me ask you to repair at once to your ' several posts in the cover ; to be careful where you stand ; and, ' above all, not to fire when the hounds are in conflict with a boar. ' The chase will now commence.'

Not more instantaneously was Roderick Dhu's wave of the hand obeyed by his hardy clansmen than the signal given by Kergoorlas to his Breton ' field.'

' Each warrior vanished where he stood,
In broom or bracken, heath or wood ;
Sunk brand and spear, and bended bow,
In osiers pale and copses low ;
It seemed as if their mother Earth
Had swallow'd up her warlike birth.'

The disappearance of the peasants was almost immediately followed by that of their natural enemy the gendarmes, who, having been successful on the previous day in capturing a musket, made a show at least of doing their duty on the present occasion, and pursued the peasants' track with the pertinacity of two sleuth-hounds. Already had the piqueurs, at break of day, ascertained with the Lymers that several boar had entered the cover ; and that one of unusual size had gone singly to his lair in a pile of rocks overhanging the river. This, in Louis Trefarreg's opinion, was the great boar of Laz, the terror of the peasantry for miles around. The ferocious brute had probably, he thought, taken alarm at the din of war that had disturbed his ' ancient solitary reign ' in that cover, and had shifted his quarters to this stronghold in Kœnig ; and, if so, the piqueur predicted serious

danger to men and hounds in forcing him to break away from this granite fortress. However, M. de Kergoorlas did not hesitate a moment, but, treating the vaticination as emanating from an over-careful servant, rather than an experienced hunter, he ordered his men to uncouple a lot of old hounds, and to clap them at once on the track of the boar.

I had again, with M. de Kerjeguz's kind permission, sent my horse to his stables ; so, with no other *impedimenta* beyond the necessary ammunition, I shouldered my smooth-bore and dashed after the cry. No one, who has not followed a deep-mouthed pack of hounds in rocky and woodland glens, can form an adequate conception of the grand volume of music produced in such places by the united choir of echo and hounds ; nor can I do better than describe it in the language of the million-minded Poet, who, in his 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' could not have painted the scene so faithfully, if he had not himself heard the 'sweet thunder' of Sir Thomas Lucy's or some other Warwickshire Squire's hounds :

' Never did I hear
Such gallant chiding ; for besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near,
Seemed all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.'

Ten couple of these huge rough hounds, in the full enjoyment of a fresh drag, on which every hound threw his tongue freely, might well be a sound to gladden a hunter's heart ; but, so filled was the valley with the reiterations of a thousand echoes, that it was impossible to make out in what direction the hounds were pointing ; and had it not been for the worn, wet paths, impressed by the footmarks of the eager pack, which I traversed with rapid strides, I should have missed seeing the grandest passage in the day's sport, namely, the rousing of the boar in that pile of rocks. Verily, he was a monster, but active as a mountain cat, in spite of his ungainly shape and huge size. When first found, he was lying in the open, under cover of an impending ledge, mantled with ivy and stunted oak ; but the ground being exposed, and at some distance above the grand clitter, he rapidly descended the broken ground, bounding like a chamois from the head of one boulder to another, clearing chasms in his stride, and at length disappearing in a subterranean passage beneath the rocky mass. Several shots had been fired by the peasants ; but whether or not he had been wounded at all was a matter of much doubt among those who had reserved their fire.

The fate of the hounds became now a matter of the most intense interest to all. The whole pack had been uncoupled, and were hard and close upon his quarters as the brute took refuge in the super-incumbent mass. In one instant every hound was lost to sight ; and then commenced an uproar and a wailing such as I hope never more to hear—the shriek of hounds in their agony ! Kergoorlas had not yet arrived ; but St. Prix, standing on the top of a boulder and listening to the murder, seemed for a moment petrified with

horror. Descending at a bound, however, from this pedestal, he and a dozen peasants after him at once rushed forwards, and clambering as they best could over the huge fragments of granite that barred their course, they soon gained the spot under which the fray was surging with a terrible din.

— ‘He’ll murder every hound of them,’ shouted St. Prix, seizing his horn and blowing it like a madman; but this taking no effect upon the combatants, he quickly laid it down, and springing to the base of the rocks, on the very brink of the river, he drew his *couteau*, and was about to crawl, for he could not walk erect, into the hollow chasm where the fight was going on. I seized him by the arm, however, and with the timely aid of three or four peasants we dragged him forcibly back. ‘Stay, M. de St. Prix,’ said one of them, ‘for the love of Mary, or you’ll rush to certain death. Let us light a fire behind the boar; and that, my word for it, will unearth him at once.’

To this proposition he reluctantly gave way; and, in a few minutes a pile of heather, fern, leaves, and dead wood were dropped through a cranny exactly over the spot known to be the far end of the cavern, and probably exactly upon the boar. Then a whole box of lucifer matches was cast in a state of ignition right into the heather, and in a few seconds a dense volume of smoke, followed by a roaring flame, shot upwards. Instantly the rattling of pebbles and a strange rumbling commotion was heard below; and, almost before a peasant could snatch up his gun, the huge, swarthy beast burst out, and dashing into the bed of the torrent, swam straight for the opposite shore. Before he landed, however, the messengers of death were hard upon him. My *balle-mariée*, of one barrel at least, passed clean through his backbone between the shoulders; and, pierced by several other shots at the same moment, he rolled a lifeless carcase on the river’s edge. His lower tusks were 7 inches in length, and he fairly turned the scales at 400 cwt. A grander brute neither Kergoorlas nor St. Prix had ever seen; and, as may be supposed, the homage they received from the peasantry was only such as the ancients were wont to pay to demigods who had rid them of some terrible enemy.

DEER-STALKING.

IN life there is a sensation of self-esteem which comes over us, when we have accomplished some feat that makes our compeers regard us with approbation; and after the slaughter of the great hummelled stag, I confess to having climbed the brae with a feeling such as the celebrated David Crockett must have experienced, when the coon recognised his unrivalled shooting powers, and offered to come down out of the tree without giving him the trouble of firing at him. I thought that hereafter it was all up with the Muckle Harts, and I climbed to the summit of the great hill on the left of the hut, and

looked down into the happy valley which divided it from the march on the opposite ridge, in the fond belief that I had nothing to do but to crawl up to the herd and strew the ground with the flowers of the flock. The first glance showed me a herd of stags coming leisurely over the march into the valley below. They had probably been disturbed in the adjacent forest, and were evidently strangers to the ground they were coming into, and not disposed to remain long in it. No time was to be lost, therefore, in securing a good head before they took their departure. First they came across the head of the valley and settled on the slopes below. A good look at them with the telescope revealed a remarkably large stag in the middle of the herd, with a very fat body and a high narrow head, which somewhat spoiled his beauty, but he was so grand a beast, that his appearance in the larder would have been a sensation. He stood gazing about him in a capital place for a shot, and it became necessary to dive into a burn and hurry down the brae in the hope of getting near him before he moved. The ground afforded ample cover, and four hundred yards of distance and five minutes of time would have terminated his career, when suddenly, at a corner of the burn, an old cock ptarmigan started up and ran croaking on before me. What on earth he was doing so low down the brae was inconceivable, unless it was that he had been hunted there by a hawk; however, he resented the intrusion by getting up and flying right over the deer. It was all up with the chance of a shot. The herd took the alarm, crossed the valley for the opposite mountain, and nothing remained but to sit down and watch them till they finally settled amongst some lovely hillocks at the foot of the brae. Then to crawl back over the sky line, run in hot haste round the top of the valley, and come down a hollow till the tops of the hillocks afforded cover behind which to approach. The Muckle Hart, with five other stags, was reposing in a charming place within shot of the top of a high stony hillock, and on reaching the foot of it I made sure of my victim. I was a little fearful about the wind; for although on the upper ground it blew briskly up the valley, at the bottom of the hill it fell calm, and swirled about in every sort of distracting way; and whilst crawling gently up the back of the hillock the wind fell to a dead calm, and I was afraid the deer would hear my heart thumping, or detect the click of a stone as I lifted my rifle on before me. I had got about halfway up the slope, when suddenly a puff of wind blew down the valley and tickled up my back-hair. I knew my chance was gone: a clatter of hoofs announced the fact, and before I could reach the brow they were away, out of shot, and the herd, gathering together, climbed the face of the hill above me and went back into their own ground, and, in addition to absconding themselves, they took all the deer in the valley along with them, and left me expressing sentiments on the behaviour of the elements which lasted me till I reached the hut.

At the door of my abode I found one of the keepers, a stalwart Highlander, to whom I narrated my misfortunes. Sandy listened to

my jeremiad with the patience of a saint, and when I had quite done, he said, 'Have ye no' seen the royal stag on the moss there across 'the river?' I pulled out the glass, and, sure enough, on the flat moss across the stream was a lovely royal, in the society of a small stag, feeding on the edge of a deep moss crack (a gulley torn by the winter floods through the flat surface of the peat). 'Sandy,' I said, 'if we can get into that moss crack, and crawl up it, we'll get that 'stag.' 'Hoot eye!' said Sandy, 'we wull. Come awa'!' And awa' we went. We waded through the river, got into the lower end of the gulf, crawled up it, and, peeping over the bank, we beheld the royal feeding, broadside on, about eighty yards off. The only rest I could get was the top of a round, slippery stone, on which I incautiously placed the barrel of my single rifle. I took a deliberate pot at my beloved one, and as I pulled the trigger, the rifle slipped off the stone, and, in the place of hitting him in the heart, the ball struck him in the neck, between his vertebræ and his jugular, and knocked him down. I knew he would be off, and no time was to be lost.

To scramble out of the gulf and run best pace after him was the work of a moment, but just as we reached him he sprang on to his legs, and I caught him by one hind foot, and Sandy by the other. It has always been an axiom that a sixteen-stone stag, kicking for dear life, is a very active customer, but I would never have believed that a fourteen-stone man, hanging on to one leg, and an eleven-stone man on the other, could be dragged through the mud till their own mothers would not have known them. We were so beaten that I was for letting him go; but, as a last resource, I said, 'Sandy, mon, 'hoist his leg up in the air, whilst I drag down the other, and let us 'endeavour to throw him on to his back.' The move succeeded; and whilst Sandy hung on to both hind-legs, I made a rush forward, got my foot on to one of his horns, and, by a lucky dig, cut his carotid. 'Let him go, Sandy!' I exclaimed; 'he's all right.' And in a few minutes he subsided, and we proceeded to take stock of the rags and tatters we had been reduced to in the struggle.

It is a fortunate thing that stags are not inspired with a knowledge of the great power of attack they possess in an active use of their horns. If, in the place of a terrified desire to escape from you, they turned round and made good use of their antlers—they are so quick, that no biped with an empty rifle could escape being gored, and the stab of a stag's horn is a very unpleasant souvenir. The old poet tells us that

'If thou art hurt by horn of hart,
It brings thee to thy bier;'

and I can answer for the fact, that a dig from a stag's antler produces a wound that takes long to heal. However, we had conquered; and mounting him on the back of the pony, I set off home to take the chance of fresh scenes and pastures new, feeling pretty confident that a few days rest' would be beneficial to my happy hunting-ground.

At head-quarters there was a great gathering of deer-stalking magnates, and everybody had been successful. The larder was full

of fine stags, and every one was in high glee. Next to riding well to hounds, the individual success of deer-stalkers forms an exhilarating source of glorification; and in the smoking-room, the hours had become very small before each happy enthusiast had finished the history of his prowess and was willing to go to bed.

The next day's programme did not look very promising for the junior branches of the deer-stalking fraternity, and the most advisable move appeared to be to come modestly down to breakfast in a grouse-shooting costume, as if deer were far above our earthly hopes. One by one the various parties went off; and as I stood waving adieus to them, our dear host—who was always anxious that everybody should be amused—said, as he rode off, 'By-the-by, there's a pony left, and nobody is going to the Dhu Glen: it was pretty well cleared-out yesterday, but, if you like to take your chance of finding some deer there, it will be better fun than grouse shooting; only, you must go alone, for I have nobody to send with you; but remember, the ground on each side is occupied—you must not go out of the glen, or you will spoil the sport of others: so take care.' It did not take long to get on to the quadruped, and with a pair of hobbles buckled on to the deer-saddle, to make tracks for the beat. The glen was—as the head-keeper used to describe it—'a most inconvenient place,' long and narrow, with one face as steep as the side of a house, and the slopes covered with torrents of loose stones, amongst which it was almost impossible to move without sending them clattering down the mountain side; between these great cataracts of granite there were a few green patches, on which the deer used to rest, and to reach them without launching an avalanche of boulders was a feat worthy of an acrobat. The opposite side was less impracticable, but the two faces were so close to one another, that, in the event of there being deer on both sides, it was impossible to stalk one lot without starting those on the opposite side. The beat was, therefore, not very popular; but, still, anything was better than tramping after wild grouse, and in half an hour I reached a clump of fir-trees at the foot of the glen, and hopping the steed under the shade, I climbed cautiously up to a shoulder that commanded a view of the ground, and sat down for a spy. The morning was close and sultry, and as I drew out my glass the rumble of an approaching thunderstorm gave me warning of a coming down-pour. Thunderstorms are not very common in the highlands, and the arrival of one amongst the high peaks unsettles the deer, and by no means improves the pleasures of the chase. However, I took a glance up the valley, and there, to my delight, I saw fourteen stags clustered together in the bottom of the glen, close to an enormous boulder, that had rolled down the mountain side. The wind blew up the valley, and the only chance of a shot consisted in going cautiously round to the other end to descend a convenient burn, till I could get the great boulder to hide my approach. It was not easy to make one's way to the head of the valley without showing oneself to the deer below, or without disturbing deer on the beat to the right,

where a party was already engaged in stalking; but by careful manœuvring I got to the head of the glen, came down a burn, and interposed the great boulder between myself and the little herd.

Fortune seemed to have taken me under its special protection. I hurried over the heather, and in a few seconds would have been at the boulder, within sixty yards of the herd, when, as ill-luck would have it, I ran into the middle of a brood of grouse. The wretches, of course, flew straight down the glen over the boulder, and when I got to it, the stags were gone and, far away down the glen, were crossing the shoulder I had toiled up, just above the clump of trees where I had left my pony, and were away to my neighbours' beat. The fourteen departed stags formed the sole occupants of the glen, and nothing remained but to mount the *Bucephalus* and retire home, much disgusted. The storm was gathering to the eastward, the thunder came rolling up the glen in great peals; no time was to be lost in skedaddling away from those lightning conductors the old pines, when, chancing to look up the brae, I beheld my fourteen little friends coming back again, and as each crash of the elements made the mountains echo, they ran a short distance, and then stood huddled up in a heap like frightened sheep. To jump off, drag the pony under the shade of the trees, hopple him, and set off up the brae was the work of a moment. A little shoulder of the mountain gave me sufficient cover, and I reached a group of rocks just as the herd appeared on the ridge above me. They stood long enough for me to fix my affections on the best of the group, and, in the midst of an echoing crash of thunder, the single two-groove sent the ball through both his shoulders. Head over heels went the unfortunate object of my solicitude, and away went the rest up the valley. I, fortunately, took the precaution of loading the rifle before going up to my deceased friend, and was in the act of taking off my coat to gallooch him, when, glancing up the valley, I saw the thirteen survivors coming, in a state of bewilderment, down the glen again. The lower slope of the hill was rugged enough to enable me to keep out of sight, and I reached a commanding point as they came galloping past below me. They were spread out in detached groups, and, looking back along the herd, I saw a stag coming that appeared to be the best of the lot. As he passed me, I held the old two-groove well before him, the ball hit him through the base of his neck, and as he went head over heels, to my delight I saw another stag just below him perform a summersault also, and the two laid with their heels in the air, defunct. The survivors galloped on into the wood, and, ramming down a fresh charge, I ran in hot haste after them, thinking in the crash of the elements they might stop to consider their next move. Happy resolve! In a little opening amongst the trees I caught sight of the bewildered survivors standing in a group; a fallen pine afforded an excellent rest; a pretty good stag stood conveniently broadside, the belted ball ventilated his shoulder-blades, and an unhappy companion behind him got a second edition

of it that sent him hopping down the hill, to reflect upon the astonishing phenomena of thunderbolts.

Meanwhile the nine remaining stags galloped down to the river side, and getting bewildered by the echoes of the thunder and gusts of wind from every quarter of the compass, they pulled up and stood in a heap under a brae. I lost no time in again joining their agreeable society, and from the top of the brae had a capital chance of another shot, but the only remaining stag worth shooting kept his valuable body behind his companions; and on reflection it occurred to me, that if I killed any more I might get an invitation to convey myself and my rifle elsewhere; and whilst I was debating the point the deer saved me any further trouble by moving across the stream and away on to my neighbours' ground.

Returning to my first stag, I took off my coat to gralloch him, when, fortunately, the keeper who had charge of the beat came up, and we proceeded to solve the problem of how to get four stags home upon one pony. Sandy had evidently studied in his early youth the story of how an old lady undertook to convey a fox, a goose, and a basket of corn across a river, and he proposed, as I had got my coat off, that I should gralloch the first deer whilst he fetched the pony; he then suggested that he should take the deer down the brae to a track that led to the lodge, throw him off, and return for another, which I was to gralloch in the meantime, and that when we came to the last deer I was to take it home, and send three ponies for the three deer left on the road. Furthermore, Sandy suggested that in order to make the division of labour quite perfect, it would be as well, since it was impossible to smoke and gralloch a deer at the same time, if I would lend him my baccy-pouch and vesuvians, in order that he might quiet his nerves with a smoke, as the thunder-storm had shaken them considerably. So reasonable a proposition, Sandy thought, could meet with but a joyful acceptance. I gralloched all the deer, and Sandy smoked nearly the whole of my tobacco; but who need care about ensanguined shirt-sleeves, and an empty baccy-pouch, when he contemplated those four beauties. I hurried home with No. 4, captured three ponies and sent them off for the three stags left on the track, and retired to my room to dress, and reflect whether I had not been a very wicked boy to kill so many of the pretty creatures.

The arrival of the four stags had not transpired when I went in to dinner, and I modestly asked an honourable and gallant deer-stalker opposite me, if he had been fortunate? 'No, no; that confounded thunderstorm drove all the deer mad. He had got three 'scrambling shots, but killed nothing.' My esteemed friend on my right—had he been fortunate? 'Hadn't had a shot.' The stalker on my left had wounded a stag, and lost him. 'By-the-by,' said our kind-hearted host to me, 'did you go grouse shooting, or did you go 'up to the Dhu Glen?' 'I went to the Dhu Glen,' I replied, looking like a guilty murderer. 'Get a shot?' 'I got three.' 'Kill anything?' 'Yes,' I said, 'I was rather lucky—I killed four

'stags.' 'The devil!' indignantly exclaimed my honourable friend opposite. 'I beg your pardon—I mean, did you really kill four stags at three shots?' 'Yes,' I said, looking the picture of innocence; 'and I could have shot another, but I didn't like to kill any more.' I really think if the gentleman alluded to by my honourable friend had suddenly appeared amongst us, he could not have created a greater sensation than my announcement did. It spoiled all their appetites; and our visit to the larder, to see the four stags, was like a funeral procession. I enlarged a good deal to our noble host about my virtuous determination not to kill that fifth stag: 'I could have killed them nearly all, you know, but it would have been such an unsportsmanlike thing,' &c., &c.; in short, I drew such a touching picture of my self-denial that he forgave me. He did not quite take it all in, but he took occasion to remark, since I had become such a wonderful shot, that on future occasions, to prevent that painful struggle which must take place in my virtuous mind, I had better only take a couple of bullets. The rest of the company, I lament to say, did not take it in at all; indeed, they went so far as to say, in the retirement of their rooms, that the story of the fifth stag was all gammon, and they illustrated their opinions of my success, and their own ill-luck, by airing a good many adjectives that I will not repeat here.

HOW CAPTAIN COVERHACK TOOK THE WIRE-FENCE FOXHOUNDS, AND WHY HE GAVE THEM UP.

'But remember, faire sportsmen faire usage require;
So up with the timber, and down with the wire.'

G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE.

WIRE—that mischievous and fatal bane of hunting men—must be the burthen of my song. Although I like writing, and am at times given to the *cacoethes scribendi*, yet I prefer, as most of us would, to tell of pleasant things with pleasant endings. Such, however, cannot be done; and in this case, I am sorry to say, my little tale has not so pleasant a termination as I could wish. In the following pages the facts I am about to relate actually occurred. Of course, the names are fictitious, and the occurrences dressed up in the garb of narrative.

With this short introduction, allow me to introduce Captain Coverhack to your notice.

A nicer, jollier, better sportsman than Coverhack never broke bread. He was the life and soul of the company wherever he went. The flier of his hunt, it was a common saying in his country that Coverhack rode with a spare neck or two in his pocket; though why this should have been said of him I know not, because he seldom came to grief than any one else.

Though always 'there,' he never beat his horses. He had the

happy knack others have not of getting well away. He studied hunting as a science; he observed the weather; knew by the wind the line Reynard would most probably take; that the vale foxes generally pointed for the hills, and the hill foxes for the vale; that some countries carried a better scent when dry, and others when wet. He hunted for hunting's sake, not merely for a gallop, and crashing through fences when there was no earthly occasion for it. He never, in fact, jumped his horse if he could avoid it; yet he rode as straight as the crow flies, and craning was unknown to him. His perfect knowledge of the country saved him many a fall; and when he and the pigskin parted company, which was seldom, he knew how to tumble.

Hounds going with however good a head, that steady, quiet horseman was always well up, well mounted, a nice weight, first-class animals, patient and observing, even-tempered, fine hands, never in a flurry or noisy; and the sinews of war to back him up. It took a regular bruiser to follow him. He was a man, our old friend Bartley would say, 'wot would cut a shine in or over any country.' He was, in fact, a good all round sportsman. Nothing came amiss to him; from a day's rabbit-shooting to a rat-hunt, he was 'all there.'

The committee of the Wire-fence Hounds were taken somewhat aback when Lord Holdfast intimated his intention of resigning the mastership, for he was liberal in his expenditure, and did the hounds well. But then, again, his lordship was rather brusque with his field. He was too fond of lifting, which the Wire-fence Hunt strongly deprecated.

They were real hunting men, who seldom went out of their own country; and when they did pay London a visit, which was rarely, it was generally about Cattle Show time. There is not much hunting Christmas week; so they gave up a few days at that time to the delights of the metropolis, and to look over and give their opinions on plethoric pigs, over-fat sheep, and monstrous oxen.

'We wants hunting, and nothing but hunting,' Farmer Wheatear observed. 'Not but wot his lordship is a very pleasant, affable gent; but since he has taken to the gun he don't seem to care so much about the hounds. I know they cost him five hundred a-year more than the subscriptions come to; but his lordship is becoming fond of his money; he is raising his rents; his family is coming on; and that I 'spose is the reason he is giving them up.'

At any rate the Wire-fence Committee was in a fix. The answers to the secretary's advertisements for a new master had not been satisfactory; none seemed inclined to take the hounds at the present guaranteed subscription; and it seemed more than probable that the pack would be given up, and come under the hammer of Mr. Tattersall.

A meeting of the subscribers was called to see what was best to be done under the circumstances. The issue at stake was serious, so the meeting was well attended. Old Spilepeg, mine host of the Catch 'em Alive Oh Hotel, at Pounderstown, had the club-room

cleaned up, laid in half-a-dozen of best brandy and some very questionable sherry for the occasion.

‘Such a terrible sight of gentlemen were coming, to be sure!’ he remarked, confidentially, to Frizzle, the barber.

At one precisely, Mr. Screwemall, the honorary secretary of the Hunt, drove up in his well-appointed mail-phaeton, accompanied by two or three friends, who had taken advantage of a lift.

In every county there are some few of the Jawleyford sort—those fine, open-handed, open-hearted English gentlemen and landlords, devoted to sporting—in public—in private, mean, over-reaching, over-bearing, miserly humbugs, who detest hunting as they do poison, but subscribing to hounds for popularity’s sake. The Wire-fence Country was not free in this respect; it rejoiced in one gentleman of this description—one Twisty Doubleum, of Chouseem Grange. He was, or fancied himself, an amazing popular man. A retired salt-drier, with a fine fortune, he was hail-fellow-well-met with all, subscribed liberally to the hounds, various charities, and what not; yet a meaner fellow at heart never existed—a regular bully at home, violent with his servants, and dictatorial to all about him.

‘My dear fellow,’ catching some unfortunate by the buttonhole, ‘the hounds have a lawn meet on Toosday next, at the Grange. You must come over-night, dine, and sleep, upon my soul, you must. I will take no excuse. I have Holdfast to come’ (he did not mention that his invitation to dinner had been refused). ‘My wife and daughter will be delighted to see you. Now, don’t say no.’

What was the meaning of all this? It is told in a few words.

In primo, Twisty had an eye to a seat—the next vacancy in the county. Ah, when it did come he would canvass it! If he should be returned, how he would astonish the natives as to what he could do as an M.P. He was already a J.P.; and a pretty mess he would have made of it if it had not been for the magistrate’s clerk. As Sam Weller remarked to Mr. Nupkins, ‘This is a wery impartial country for justice; there ain’t a magistrate going as don’t commit himself twice as often as he commits other people.’

In secundo, Twisty had a marriageable daughter, whom he wanted to get off his hands.

So Twisty Doubleum bribed in a legitimate way—gave dinners, balls, croquet parties, picnics, little doubting they would pay a heavy interest, and, he hoped, a quick return. He sent his wife and daughter regularly out on their routine of calls; and they were only too glad to be quit of him for a few hours.

Chouseem Grange was Liberty Hall; every one was welcome—that is, outwardly.

This amazing instance of a popular man was called on to take the chair at the meeting of the subscribers of the Wire-fence Hunt.

‘Ah, yes—very well—delighted, I am sure, Screwemall, to do anything to assist in this difficulty,’ bobbing himself down in a Windsor chair at the head of the table. ‘I have no doubt we shall arrange everything satisfactorily—at least, I hope so,’ he added.

He devoutly trusted that the whole thing might be knocked on the head and go to eternal smash, and his subscription of a hundred a-year saved.

'Well, gentlemen,' he commenced, rapping the table with his gold-headed cane, clearing his throat, and putting himself in the attitude he intended to assume, when he took his seat in the Commons, 'we are—yes—met—to, to—hem—see, you know, if any arrangement can be made as regards—regards the hounds, you know. 'My friend Holdfast' (it was lucky his lordship had sent an excuse, and was not there to hear him)—'Lord Holdfast, has resigned—most unfortunate—capital sportsman. We have not as yet succeeded in getting a master, and we want one. What is a country without hounds?—Finest sport in Christendom' (he had never ridden over a fence in his life). 'To use the words of the poet, gentlemen—

'Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.'

He was getting his second wind, and poetical at the same time, and had coached up the above quotation that morning from an old Pierce Egan, intending to do a little speechifying.

'Well, has any gentleman anything to propose. It appears to me——'

'Well, sir,' interrupted a jovial yeoman, and a capital preserver of foxes, 'the fust thing I proposes is a wet—talking is dry work. 'S'pose we have some sherry?'

'Certainly, certainly, with all my heart. Here, waiter,' to that functionary (who had been hired for the occasion, and who was lounging about in the hopes of an order, and who had the order of the dirty white napkin under his arm,) 'two or three bottles of sherry.' 'Now, gentlemen, let us proceed.'

Of course, as is always the case on these occasions, every one commenced speaking at once. At last Captain Coverhack managed to get a hearing.

'Gentlemen,' said he 'allow me a few words. It is evident to me, as it must be to all of us, that the reason we cannot, do not get a master to take the management of the Wire-fence Hounds is simply because our subscriptions are not sufficient to meet the expenses. Now, many men fancy that they ought to hunt at no expense to themselves, and that hounds cost nothing. A four-days-a-week pack, as ours are, are not kept or hunted for nothing. We must manage more money, and then there will be no lack of men coming forward to take them. I, for one, shall be glad to add fifty pounds more to my present subscription, and I hope every one else will give according to their means.'

'Bravo, Captain! resounded from the yeoman division, and 'Most liberal! Most handsome!' from the upper ten.

'S'pose, Captain,' said the jovial yeoman who had suggested the

sherry, 'you were to take the hounds yourself; no one could do it better.'

This seemed to have struck no one before.

'By George!' exclaimed the secretary and chairman, in one breath. 'How the deuce is it none of us ever thought of this—a capital, a most famous idea.'

'Gentlemen,' said the Captain, getting on his legs, 'the same thing occurred to me this morning. I came here prepared to offer my services unless some one else better should turn up. Now, as I have just remarked, hunting four days a week is expensive work. For myself, I am quite prepared to be out of pocket a certain sum rather than the hounds should be given up and parted with; and if I can possibly prevent it, they shall not leave the country.'

'Bravo! Bravo!' from numerous voices.

He continued: 'The subscription, that is the guaranteed one, amounts to fourteen hundred a-year; but the hounds cost two thousand. I have no objection to take them at fifteen hundred a-year, which will leave me five hundred a-year out of pocket—quite heavy enough for a man of my means. You have only to make up one hundred per annum in addition to what is already subscribed, and I am your man. I will take the Wire-fence Hounds, do them as they ought to be done, and use my best endeavours to show you sport.'

'Most handsome! Most liberal!' from all sides.

It was only a question of a hundred pounds. This was speedily arranged, and Captain Coverhack became the master of Wire-fence Foxhounds, very much to the disgust of Twisty Doubleum, who devoutly hoped they might have gone to the hammer.

Lord Holdfast was not pleased when he heard the Captain had become the master; for Coverhack always beat him across country, and had on several occasions caught his lordship's horse when he had come a cropper—no, no, I am wrong—when his lordship's horse had broken away from him as he tried to open a gate or force a lock. However, the Captain was now in office, and there was an end to the matter.

As the season was just at a close, it was determined to wind it up by a hunt ball. Spilepeg was advised to have the club-room ceiling white-washed, the floor scrubbed, and the woodwork painted; otherwise the ball might be given at the Never Say Die Inn, the opposition house.

Twisty was in ecstasies; it was just the thing for him. He was a steward, and his wife a lady-patroness on this occasion—a cut above drysalting. Her daughter, too, a gushing young lady of eighteen, would make her 'first appearance.' Twisty thought of all this; what if Coverhack, or some of the others took a fancy to her? He would rather like an M.F.H., and especially one of the Captain's means, for his son-in-law; it would give him a firmer footing in the country, insure his election; but it could not make him bigger than he really was—in his own estimation.

Great was the excitement about this said ball. Not only were the ladies busy about their dresses, but the gentlemen as well; the dress pinks were renovated, fresh white satin linings and facings were put in, &c., &c., &c.

Young Crane-field came out uncommonly strong in a new coat of the brightest scarlet; and the amount of jewelry he had purchased for the occasion was something marvellous. A black patch crossed his nose and intellectual forehead, from a cut received from a heavy fall in an adjoining county—at least, so he said—but no one had seen this said fearful fall. He wished to be considered a hard rider, and so he was along a turnpike road.

‘Hang me if he ain’t got a proper name for him,’ remarked an old farmer, one of the hard-as-nails sort, as he sat in the bar, with his fourpennyworth of gin hot, looking through the little glass window watching the company arrive. ‘A proper fine name he ar got; I never seed un take a fence in moi loife; a tax-cart with a pig-net to cover him is the best place for he—darned if it baint.’

‘Awful jolly ball this, ain’t it, Miss Doubleum?’ demanded Mr. Crane-field, as he encountered that young lady ambling towards him on a gentleman’s arm; she was doing a bit of the Grecian bend and the Alexandria hop. ‘Capital chap, Coverhack, to take the hounds—saved us such a lot of tin!’ (he was a five pound-subscriber)—‘and such awfully jolly dogs, too, ain’t they?’

‘Quite too lovely,’ returned the young lady. ‘I love hounds, but,’ she added, ‘I love a ball, though, better. Oh, the room is beautifully decorated!—(there were a few old, dirty flags, and flowers cut out of tissue paper, the general accompaniment of a county ball-room).

The only good things, and certainly the principal ones, were the band which Coverhack had got from London, and the supper, which Doubleum had ordered down from Gunter’s (he and his family paid nothing; a free supper was his commission on the transaction). On this occasion Coverhack entertained a few friends to dinner—Screwemall, Twisty Doubleum, and others of the Hunt.

‘Coverhack,’ said Twisty, filling his glass, ‘your health, your very good health; long life to you, and success to the hounds!’ Appealing to the guests, ‘We must, we really must drink our friend’s health, gentlemen. There is nothing,’ continued Twisty, ‘like fox-hunting. Fox-hunting men are the best fellows in the world; and I—, I—, gentlemen, am proud to say I am a fox-hunter—at any rate, I am a preserver of foxes. My covers, I flatter myself, are never drawn blank. Coverhack, your health.’

After a rattling of glasses, and a brief response from the Captain, they started for the ball, which, like all other County ones, had the usual amount of jealousies, turning up of noses and away of heads, the rush for supper, and the squeeze at it.

Twisty was in great force, and, with a white favour as big as a cheese plate, was grand indeed!

The hounds and horses summered well, and cub-hunting had

began. Twisty was with his family abroad, at some German spa, and delighted in his designation of 'Mi Lor.'

Lord Holdfast was down at his shooting-box in Scotland, slaughtering grouse, black game, and knocking over red-deer.

Sinister rumours about this time began to be spread abroad of *wire*, hateful *wire*! being put up on the estates of the above-mentioned gentlemen, and several others.

'I will not believe it,' said Coverhack. I know well Doubleum's talk is all twaddle, and that at heart he does not care two farthings about hunting; but that Lord Holdfast would be guilty of such an act, I can not and will not credit.'

Time went on, and the rumour died out; the hounds began to hunt regularly. As was usual with the Wire-fence Hunt, the outlying coverts were first drawn, and everything went on swimmingly. Coverhack carried his own horn, and right well he hunted the pack.

Then came the first lawn-meet at Twisty's. He had returned from the Continent with a newly-cultivated moustache, which, somehow or other, would grow the wrong way. And with his foreign cap and tightly-buttoned frock-coat, heavily braided and frogged, looked very much like a cross between a courier and a railway guard.

'My dear Coverhack,' he exclaimed, as he rushed forward to grasp the master by the hand, 'I am truly delighted to see you, and so are my wife and daughter. I am told I have no end of foxes. Numerous litters reared in every wood, and my gorse coverts alive with them!' To hear him talk, one would imagine he had all the foxes in the country rushing about like a flock of sheep on his property.

'Glad to hear it, Doubleum; glad to hear it. But are you not going out with us to-day?' looking at his foreign costume.

'Why no, my dear fellow,' the other returned. 'I have just had a letter from my town agent; there is a vacancy at Bribingtown, so I am off this afternoon, and shall canvass the county at once. Bribingtown, you know, is some two or three hundred miles away. Should I be returned, I shall take a house for the season in London, and I trust to see you there.'

'Ha! well,' replied the Captain, as he lit his cigar, 'sorry to lose you.'

'Cover hoik! Cover hoik!' and away dashed the eager pack.

Young Cranefield threw away his weed, and made a dash at nothing.

'Hold hard, young gentleman! hold hard! no hurry,' said an old fox-hunting parson with a mulberry nose. 'Not a whimper yet,' looking fiercely at Cranefield; 'don't spoil your own sport and others' too; keep quiet!'

'Damned impertinence,' said Cranefield to Miss Doubleum, who had attached herself to him—for the day. 'Don't you think so?'

'Quite too superbly impertinent,' returned the young lady; 'and

'speaking at you too—you, who ride so hard. I wonder you do not break your neck ! Oh, do be more careful.'

'Ah !' said the gratified young man, 'that's what all people say ; but you know a man born almost in the saddle, as I may say I was, seldom comes to grief ; but to-day you will follow me : I will take you where there is little fencing.' He was delighted of the chance of letting her see how he could spin along a road.

'Oh, do not ; pray do not give up your hunting for me,' returned his companion. 'That would be quite too horrid ; you would never forgive me for losing a day, would you, now ?' she playfully asked, shooting a glance at him that was not to be mistaken.

'Of course I would. I would give up anything for *you* !'

Poor fellow ! his fate was sealed. She had run him to earth in something less than a twenty-minutes' burst.

'Tally-ho ! gone away !' was screamed from the upper part of the cover, and off dashed Cranefield—the captured Cranefield—for the nearest road, followed by his fair enslaver.

Cranefield had plenty of the needful, so the young lady had not done so badly after all. True, *the* question had not absolutely been put, but she knew that would come. She had him hooked, and only wanted the gaff to land him cleverly.

Away go the hounds, a killing scent. What is a more beautiful sight than to see a good pack streaming away ? the pink coats dotting the country here and there ; the resolute endeavours of those who have not got well off to get up ? A glorious sight, indeed. The landscape in its autumnal hues, the bright and beautiful scenery. Why men who need not live in vast and crowded cities, but who do so from choice, I never could imagine. Yet so it is ! there is no accounting for taste. To me it would be death. Give me my horse, my gun, and my rod, and I am content. The close and tobacco-dried billiard-room, the gas-lit whist-table, hath no charms for me. A wet day, and an hour or two so employed, I can manage, though I would far rather be looking over my flies, varnishing my rod, or putting a polish on my gun. No ! give me a country life ; towns and cities at proper times. I have often and often gazed in wonderment and surprise at some London belle of the season, when she returned to her country home, pale, wan, and sallow. She, who only a few months before was a bright, beautiful girl ; now looking fatigued and used up, indifferent to all, till the pure air imparted the roses again to her cheek, and the lustre to her eyes. It was the poet Churchyard who wrote thus in 1587, and I imagine he was not far wrong :—

'The mountayne men live longer many a yeare
Than those in vale, in playne, or marrish soyle ;
A lustie hart, a cleane complexion cleere
They have, on hill that for hard living toyle.'

But to our tale—the hounds are away !

'A burning scent, Coverhack,' said the old Parson before—

32 HOW CAPTAIN COVERHACK TOOK THE WIRE-FENCE [June, mentioned to the Captain, as they rode side by side taking their fences.

‘Capital indeed! the hounds are carrying a rare head.’

Most of the field are well up; a fair, quickset hedge is now before them; somewhat thin, but not a bad jump; it stretches across the entire length of the field. Hats are pushed more firmly on the heads, riders take their horses by the head; it must be done! the hounds are going and going in earnest. The Captain, whips, and several others are over, when a cry of ‘*Ware Wire!*’ caused them to turn their heads. There are several empty saddles, horses galloping riderless about, and others down—or lamed.

‘Good God!’ muttered the master as he rode along; ‘on Holdfast’s property, too. I could not have believed it. Too true—too true. I’ll write, though, the instant I get home!’

Mile after mile is passed, and the stout fox holds his way. There have been some trifling checks which have let the field up. Some with scowling, furious faces, damning their header, and muttering curses on the treacherous wire.

The fox is sinking!—ride! ride! those who wish to see the finish of a glorious run.

The first whip is well forward; the eager field is pressing on to be present at the ‘tear and eat him!’ A fine resolute rider is that first whip, a courteous, civil, well-conducted man. He has a wife and young family; his business is to be with the hounds, and he rides accordingly. ‘Yoiks over!’ he cries, as he rises his horse at a fence, when down he comes with a crash, a fearful crash! bleeding and stunned. The master has just time to pull his horse and utter that warning cry, ‘*Ware Wire!*’ The field is stopped, and the hounds run into their fox half a mile on, not a soul up!

‘Good God, what is the matter!’ cries young Cranefield, as he gallops up, accompanied by his fair companion.

‘Poor Will, the first whip, stunned or killed,’ answers some one—‘that cursed wire.’

‘Oh, quite too horrible!’ exclaims Miss Doubleum, with a little shriek, as the pale, deathlike-looking, bleeding man is borne past, between two sturdy labourers, for the nearest cottage.

‘Send for a doctor—ride fast,’ says the master, sternly; ‘John,’ to the second whip, ‘get on to the hounds, and take them home.’ The field is aghast at the accident—such a termination to a glorious run.

A few days later the Captain received the following letter from Lord Holdfast, in answer to one he had written.

‘Blackcock Lodge, Inverness-shire,
3rd November.

‘MY DEAR COVERHACK,

‘Yours duly received, which I hasten to answer. I am
‘grieved at the accident to poor Will; but I am glad it is no worse,
‘in a week he will be about again. I send you a cheque for 5*l.* for

'him. As regards the wire, on whose farm was it? I, you know, leave everything to my agent; he does as he thinks best for me. Ours is not a timbered country, and tails are not so easily procured; however, I will see to it when I come down, which, I trust, may be soon. We are having capital sport. I have sent at the same time as despatching this letter, a basket of grouse, and a haunch from an eighteen-stone buck. Trusting that you will continue to have good sport,

'I am, yours truly,
'HOLDFAST.'

Twisty had secured his seat and taken a house in London. He wrote a most affectionate letter to Coverhack; telling him he would never forgive him if he did not come and see him as soon as the hunting was over; that his daughter was soon to be married to his dear young friend, Cranefield; invited him to the breakfast, and concluded by informing him that, as his time was now so taken up by his Parliamentary duties, and his visits to the Grange so seldom and short, increased expenditure, &c., &c., that he, after this season, could no longer continue his subscription to the Wire-fence Hounds, which he much regretted; but still he would ever preserve foxes as strictly as usual, and would always attend the Hunt dinner.

'Just as I thought,' muttered the Captain, as he put the letter in his pocket, 'he has got his seat, and that is all he cares for; his subscription to the hounds is not the only one that he will stop. I always knew him to be a humbug.'

Wire, was now the constant cry; numerous were the falls and accidents that occurred every week; fine, bold horsemen began to ride cautiously and warily. In February there was not the large dashing field of November; men had dropped off and gone to other counties; they were not, they said, going to endanger their lives and ruin their horses by wire, that infernal trap.

But the meet of the season was to come. A well-known covert that always held a good fox, there never yet had been known a bad run from this said covert; men saved their best horses for this occasion. It was the day of the hunt dinner, too. Doubleum had sent an excuse, and Lord Holdfast had not yet turned up, he had the gout, and was laid up in his town house.

Never was there a finer morning. Pink coats from a distance were turning up in all directions—a brilliant meet; fair ladies in well-appointed carriages were there, for it was in a part of the country that a run could be watched; one and all agreed that a more brilliant gathering had never been seen. The hounds are thrown in. Watch the beauties as they feather and draw the gorse. A slight whimper at last is heard. Hark to Merriman. Hark, go hark. Such a crash, such a burst is heard as the gallant fox breaks covert close by where the carriages are drawn up—a splendid fellow, with a white tag to his brush, which he whisks defiantly over his head; he disdains to turn back, the carriages and people have no alarms for him, he points straight for the hills in the distance.

'Give 'em time, gentlemen, give 'em time; let them get at him,' exclaims the Captain, as he crashes through a rotten fence, viewing with delight the noble pack. Hark, hark go hark, and blowing his horn to call the others out.

'Oh, how beautiful!' exclaim the fair occupants of the carriages; 'what a splendid horse Captain Coverhack is on to-day.' Away they go, that bright array of gallant horsemen. The hunt is at its height, and the popular master with his hounds, there is no catching him to-day, he is on his best horse, too, a four-hundred guinea one. At a fence, however, he is seen to come down heavily, another, and another. Again that fearful cry, 'Ware wire!' is heard.

'Give him air, don't crowd,' is uttered by a sedate, gentlemanly-looking man in a black coat, the hunting doctor; 'poor, poor fellow.'

'Who is it? is he dead?' gasped out others.

'It is the Captain. By heavens, that b——d wire has killed as fine a fellow as ever drew breath,' exclaimed a well-known huntsman, as he turned away his head.

'For the love of God, sir!' exclaimed the first whip with a piteous face, the tears streaming down it, 'don't say the master is dead,' falling on his knees and grasping the cold hand of the gory and ghastly-looking object.

'No, no, my good man, not dead, but fearfully hurt,' replied the doctor.

What means the report of that gun? Coverhack's noble and favourite horse is put out of his pain and misery. I must draw a veil over the scene that followed.

* * * * *

Some months after, a pale, emaciated gentleman is being drawn slowly along in a bath-chair by the sea-side. It is poor Coverhack slowly recovering from his terrible fall.

'My dear, dear fellow!' exclaims a portly gentleman, rushing forward, 'how are you—better, better, I trust? You cannot think how grieved I am that you should have met with such an accident, and on my property, too.'

'I am better, much better, Doubleum,' answered the Captain; 'as you say, it is a most unfortunate accident. I think and hope I shall recover; but my nerve is gone, I shall never hunt again. I thought you had no wire?'

'My dear fellow, quite my agent's fault, I knew nothing of it. (He had ordered it to be put up himself.) You will get well, and hunt again as before, of course you will. I will order it all to be taken down; but it would do no good, as the hounds are to be given up, and as you cannot be prevailed to take them on, I do not see what use it would be to remove the wire.'

'No use at all, Doubleum; good-morning,' and thus they parted.

The following announcement appeared the week after:

'Mr. Tattersall is honoured by instructions to submit for sale on the 19th July, unless previously disposed of, the whole of the

'Wire-fence Foxhounds, consisting of eighty couples, together with the entire stud of valuable horses; particulars of which will be given in a future advertisement.'

They were sold—the Wire-fence Hounds existed no more—a sporting Frenchman purchased some, others went into different kennels, the pack was broken up.

Coverhack hunts yet; but not the man he was—his nerve, as he said, was gone; he married and went abroad for a year or two, and returned in health; but his innate love for the chase was over.

Would that landowners could be prevailed upon to listen to the earnest appeals of hunting men. Wire is ruining, ruining fast the noble science, both men and horses, too.

If God spares me a few more years, I fear that where there are now twenty packs of hounds, there will not be ten. Well, well, let us hope for the best, and that the evil may be averted before it is too late.

RECOLLECTIONS OF OUR STALE CONTRIBUTOR.

A 'CASUAL' ACQUAINTANCE.

AUTOLYCUS (*a Rogue*).

'Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.'

The Winter's Tale.

RIDING one day between the towns of C—— and B——, somewhere in the Midlands, I overtook a seedy and somewhat ragged-looking individual, with a pack on his back, and tickling with his little finger the bowl of a small black pipe, as if in the hope of coaxing a few more consumable atoms from the sides and bottom. 'Could you give us a bit o' baccar, maister?' said he. 'Yes,' said I, handing him a considerable pinch of Barratt's black. He nosed it with a relish, and, after pronouncing it too good to smoke on his way, wrapped it in paper, put it in his pocket, and entered into conversation.

'I've had a bad day at t' market here—ain't tuk a penny. Yesterday I had a bad 'un. I was at A—— (ten miles further back), and took but fourp'nce. When I was in t' lodging-house last night, I says, "Well! blow'd if this here ain't t' wust and poorest place I ever was in—tuk but fourp'nce," says I. "Well," says they, "go to C—— to-morrow, and try that: p'r'aps you'll do better." "Thank you," says I, and here I come. I s'pose they told me out o' spite, 'cos I run their place down a bit; for it was wus nor t'other!—aint tuk a penny!'

'Cheer up,' said I, in a comforting tone of voice, for I had dined and he had not; 'you are on the road to B——, and you'll find a better market there.'

'Better!—aye, it may well be better; but I don't think much 'on't. T' Black Country's the plaace for my trade.'

'What do you sell?' I inquired.

'Little bukes, a penny a-piece; gude little bukes for children and that.'

'Well,' said I, 'I should have thought you would do well in B——.'

'Not a bit on it,' said my friend. 'Whoy, i' t' Black Country I've took twelve and fourteen shillings of a Saturday-night; and in B—— they won't buoy nothink only a last dying speech or a foight.'

'Getting scarcer and scarcer every day,' said I, 'both of 'em.'

'So they are; so they are: what with the P'lice a stopping one, and reprieving t'others, there's little doing in our trade, an' it's a hard case with us poor fellows. It's a shame as people can't do what they loike—and be let off as they are.'

'So it is: why shouldn't two men fight if they like?' said I, endorsing his sentiments as far as my conscience would allow me.

'Just so,' said he. 'Shall you go to t' fight between Mace and King, sir?'

'No,' said I; 'I don't think I shall.'

'Ah!' he said; 'that'll be an important fight.'

'Shall you be there?' I inquired.

'No,' said he; but I shall be to cry the bills, yer know, and that's a great thing: I shall get summ't out o' that; I'm hard-up now, but I never cry about it, and never blame nobody but myself. I never say nothink agin Providence; it's himprovidence,' said he, with much emphasis, 'as I find fault wi'. I was hard-up last week—very hard-up. Do you know Mrs. Pratt, of B——?'

'I do,' said I, 'by name: she's a publisher.'

'Just so: prints last dying speeches, and foights, and songs; and I deal with her for my little bukes. I was at Measham—you know Measham, i' Darbyshire?' I nodded assent. 'Well, I sent her my last 3s. 9d. for little bukes; and they never come. I was druv' to the last: I hadn't a copper—not a brown! So they gathered for me in t' lodging-house—we al'ays help one another, we poor men do,—they gotten me eight-pence among 'em. I da'int know what to do wi' it there: da'int know what they loiked, yer know, sir. "Buoy Lunnun Journals," says one. "Lunnun Journals," says another. "Aye," says they, "Lunnun Journals; they sells well; the "servant-galls read 'em." "Allright," says I. "Very good: Lunnun Journals." So out I goes and buys eight penn'orth on 'em, whul-sale price. But Lor'! yer don't know nothing o' my trade. What's the good of crying Lunnun Journals in the street at the same price as folks can buy 'em i' t' shops? You must have t' gift o' t' gab in our line; and I've got it, and I can sing a good song. I gets into t' street and pitches 'em the "Teatotler," and t' "Life of a Drunkard," and I warn't long a selling 'em, I can tell you. I said nothink about Lunnun Journals, not I—how could I? I dai'nt know what was in 'em—but I so'd 'em. While I was cryin' 'em a P'liceman come up. I dain't know what he wanted, for there's so many bye-laws, and health o' towns, and things o' that sort, I thowt I was going to be tuk up. So I made up my mind to be very civil.

'But he soon put me roight. "That's a good song as you're a singing," says he. "Yes," says I, "t'aint a bad 'un; 't least people says so "i' t' company I've been in." "Let me have one," says he; "how much, my man?" "A penny," says I; and he had it. 'Then there was a countryman—a joskin, he was. He said the song was a good 'un, and he bought a Lunnun Journal: the song warn't in it, yer know, but that warn't my fault. Arter a bit the P'liceman comes again. "Oi say," says he, "that there sung as you "was a singing ain't in this here buke." "No," says I; "if "you recollect, sir,"—I said "sir," for I'm al'ays very civil to the P'lice: d—— me! they run yer in for nothink if yer saucy, so I'm al'ays very perlite;—"I dain't say it was, if you "reck'lect right, sir." "No," says he; "no—no, yer didn't; "that's right enough; you did'nt; no, you didn't. You've had "me, old chap. Never mind; all right." And he larfed and went away. I never see such a civil man for a P'liceman: and he spoke the truth, too. Then the countryman come up. I dain't care for him: he could only leather me; and if he took it out in sparring, ten to one he got the wust on it. "Oi say, owd man," says he, "that there song ain't in this buke." "No, my lad," says I, "it ain't: it's one o' my own." "Um!" says he, "be you a "teatotaller?" "Try me," says I. "Come on," says he; and we went to a tap. He called for a quart. "Drink," says he. "I "will," says I—I hadn't had nothink that day. So I gi'en it a lifter. I seed the bottom and handed the mug. He looked at it: it dain't take him long to see it. He holds it in his two hands: it dain't want much carrying. "I say," says he, "you'n lifted it, owd "fellar. I thought you was a teatotaller. "No," says I, "I ain't; "I'm like a good many more as gives advice and don't foller it; "only I ain't got a tap in *my* cellar." "You'n had me twice," says he; "but all right; never mind: have another, and I'll have "fust pull this time."

'But since foights has gone out, Last dying speeches is the thing —and then there's no certainty about them now. Why, I remember once getting to Stafford at four o'clock one Monday morn'ing, along with Long George, Leicester Bill, Rough Moe, and Chirping Charley—they call me "Yorkey." I'm a Yorkshireman, I am. Well, we'd all got our "Last dying speeches" from Mrs. Pratt 'late o' Saturday-night, and reckoned on a good day. A young chap had murdered his uncle, and was to be hung accordingly. We lounges about till we found a lodging-house open, and went in. 'T'ould woman was breaking up the raking coal. We spoke, and she know'd us. "Last dying speeches?" says she. "Just "so," says we. "No good," says she; "he's REPRIEVED!" "The "D—l!" says Leicester Bill. "Reprieved!" says Chirping Charley. "I'm blowed!" says Long George. We wur all took aback. I says nothink. "What's to be done?" says fust one, then another. "Well," says I, "I shall ha' a crust o' bread and cheese and a pint "of fourp'nny." "Right," says they; and we had it. Presently,

‘without saying nothink, I sneaks out, and down to the railway station I goes. T’ ticket office was open. I says to t’ young man in t’ hole, “E’er a train going North?” says I. “One in ten minutes,” says he. “Third-class ticket, please,” says I, “for Stone.” I takes my ticket, and when t’ train comes up I tuk my seat, in a compartment where I see there was plenty of folks. It was arter August ‘Sizes, and people were taking their pleasure loike. So I spreads the long sheets on my knee, showing t’ ould woodcut wi’ t’ man a-hanging, and t’ gallows, and all nat’ral as life. I twigg’d a young ‘oman a looking. “What’s that about, young man?” says she. “It’s the last dying speech and confession of the unfortunate young man as is to be hung at Stafford this morning for t’ murder of his uncle, miss.” “Dear me!” she says; “are they for sale?” “Well, they ain’t exactly for sale, ‘cos I ought to take ‘em North to give ‘em first news up there; “but I don’t mind selling you one, my dear, ‘cos you’re a lady.” “Oh, you’re very good,” she says: “how much?” “Tuppence,” says I. She paid, and had it. “Sell me one,” says the young feller as was with her; “you’ll have plenty left.” I so’d him one; then another one, then another; and when t’ train stopped, I’d had a deal with ‘most everybody in t’ three compartments. So I got out, and took seat in another carriage, and did t’ same again; and I did this at every station; and when I’d got to Stone I’d cleared expenses, and two and ninepence to the good. When I got into t’ streets o’ Stone, didn’t I pull out the long sheets and give it mouth. “Here yer ‘ave the last dying speech and confession, of the poor and unfort’nate young man, which was tried, condemned, and executed before my Lord Judge at Stafford ‘Sizes this morning for the cruel and barb’rous murder of his uncle. You have also the full, true, and partick’lar account of the affecting interview which took place in the presence of his afflicted parents, and the chaplain of the gaol, in which he stated that it was bad company as did it, and acknowledged the justice of his sentence, and warned all young men from doing the like—for the small charge of one penny!”

‘I so’d ‘em all—every rag on ‘em!—come back to Stafford at night, fourteen and six to the good, without a word of a lie. Goes to t’ lodging-house, finds Leicester Bill, Long George, Rough Moey, and Chirping Charley—awful bad, drunk o’ fourp’nny. “Where ha’ you been, skulk?” says they. “Out,” says I. “You’ve bin enj’ying yourselves. So’d your bills?” says I. “Aye,” says Bill. “Wase p’per. Butter shops—three ha’pence a pound: drunk it all i’ fourp’nny. You so’d your’n?” “Yes,” says I; “some for tuppence, and none under a penny.” “So’d ‘em all as Last dying speeches—what they was printed for, and nothink else.”—“Why,” says they, “he was reprieved.” “I know he was—at Stafford,” says I; “but I hung him a’ Stone, early i’ the morning, afore anybody know’d anythink about it.”

'And that's the way to do it, sir. If you're to get on better than your neighbours, you must be a bit the quickest.'

'Thank you,' said I; 'that reminds me. Good-bye, my friend.' With that I trotted on my way.

T. H. G.

THE OSTLER'S STORY.

THE following legend was told to us during the present winter, under somewhat peculiar circumstances. We had found a right gallant fox late in the afternoon with the ——— hounds, who had gone a regular tickler across the hills, letting us in for a return journey after dark over one of the wildest and bleakest tracks in England, during a perfect hurricane of wind and rain. In fact, so bad was the weather, and so beaten our horse, that we were fain to take up our lodgings for the night at a little roadside public house, rather than run the risk of losing our way and wandering hours on the hills. To our joy, as well as surprise, we found, instead of a mere hovel, some capital boxes, in one of which we saw our tired horse safely bedded down; and our inquiries of old Joe, the man of all work, after having opened his heart with a pint of right good ale, as to how they came by such good stabling in that out-of-the-way place, elicited this story, which, whatever our readers may think of it, we can honestly assure them the old man religiously believed.

'You see, sir,' said Joe, 'our place here was not always like what it is now; and near upon a hundred or a hundred and twenty years ago, as well as I can make out, there stood a great house amongst the trees away in the hollow at the back. It lies away down on the right there, and if it was moonlight you could catch a sight of the old ruins now from a turn in the road further on. This place, and a good part of the country round, for that matter, belonged to a Squire Montgomery, and a rare one he was for hunting, racing, shooting, and all kinds of sport. His head rider for a time was Tom Neverd, but at last he got heavy; and as the squire was not quite satisfied with the way his horses had been trained at Newmarket, he built Tom this house and the stabling you saw, for him to train his horses there. No doubt that would have gone to rack and ruin with the rest of it, but the place was found convenient for a change of horses for the stage coaches; and I have heard father say in them days the house did a roaring trade, and they had as many horses stand there as the place could hold. It wasn't a public in Neverd's time, but was opened as such when the coaches began to run, as the old posting-house on the Warren was too long a stage from ———. Well, Tom did right well by the horses, and won the squire heaps of cups and money without end, so that at last his came to be reckoned the best stud in all these parts, and Tom got to be quite his head man in everything. They had a famous horse called Rasper, a littleish horse he was, by the Godol-

‘phin Arabian, that won so much that at last no one cared to start against him. He was a brown horse, I have heard grandfather say, who could just remember him, and nothing like the size that racehorses are now. No matter what Rasper won, however, the squire was always short of money, for what he won in the day he took care to gamble away at night, and they did say that once when he had some great man staying with him he lost as much as fifty thousand pounds at one throw of the dice; but that is only country talk, and I can't speak for the truth of it. At any rate, the squire came up to Tom Neverd one morning, and told him he must give up the stud and go abroad, for he had lost every penny he could raise. “And as to that ould beggar,” he said, pointing to Rasper, “he can win a few more cups, but what's the good of it? “No one will lay against him, and I can get no money out of it.”

‘Tom scratched his head, and was silent for some minutes; but at length, turning round sudden, he said, “Come on to the downs, and let us give the old horse a gallop, squire; perhaps it may help us to think of something.” So away they rode on to the downs. In the string was a young grey horse, a four-year old, I think, that had only been broke the year before, and if he had ever been tried, no one but Neverd knew anything about it. “Now,” said Tom, when they got on the downs, “I want to know what that young un is made of. The boys up are about weight for age between the two; let's give them a gallop.” They did so over the three-mile course, and, to the squire's surprise, the grey won easily.

‘“There's a little chance now,” said he; “but the worst of it is, I must have a lot of money within a month, and I don't see how it's to be got in the time.”

‘“That's awkward,” answered Tom; “but I think we can work it. Ain't there a young fellow wants to buy old Rasper?”

‘“Why, yes. Cavendish would give a good figure for him, as he's very anxious to win the —— Cup.”

‘“Then sell him the old horse, and beat him afterwards with the young one. We can get what money we like about his chance if it is managed properly.”

‘Before many days Mr. Cavendish was a visitor at the hall, and in due course became the owner of Rasper, which he entered for the —— Cup, to be run for in about a fortnight. Four others were entered, and amongst them the grey. Of course there was a lot of company at the hall for the races, and amongst them was Cavendish, who was as proud as possible of his new purchase, for which he had given two thousand pounds. He was very full of the horse after he got him home and tried him, and was boasting after dinner that his trainer declared he could beat any horse in England at seven pounds more than weight for age. Montgomery humoured him for a time, until he said he was ready to lay 4 to 1 that he won the Cup, when the squire said that, good as he knew

‘ Rasper to be, he could not miss such odds as that, and immediately booked the bet in thousands.

‘ There was a grand company on the downs to see the race, I have heard my grandfather say, for a sort of rumour had got about that there was a dark horse likely to give the favourite some trouble—though, of course, no one for a moment believed in his being beaten. All the county families were there, in coaches drawn by six long-tailed black horses—very much arter the fashion of Tom Willis’s funeral teams, ’cept that he never has more than four : but six was the fashion then, you know, sir, amongst the gentry. Then there was a lot of outriders with them, and no end of a parade. To finish the day’s amusement, Mr. Cavendish, who must ha’ been a fastish card, had brought down the champion Slack to fight a big countryman for a purse, and the townspeople of ——— gave a bull to be baited before the racing began, so the day was not like to be lost for the want of amusement. But none of this was thought of when the hour for saddling came, and Neverd led out the grey from those very stables where your horse is now, which are within a mile of the course, to meet his old stable companion. Very well the young one looked, and not a little confident was old Tom, for his master had managed to back the horse for more than the money he actually wanted, beside his bet with Cavendish, and Tom stood in a pretty good stake with him as well. The Gold Cup was displayed in front of the little old wooden stand, and Tom’s knowing look, as he led his horse by, as good as said that it was already on his master’s sideboard. When they saddled it was found that nothing but the grey ventured to oppose Rasper, and there was a great rush to look at the horse which his owner was bold enough to start against such a wonder. No fault could be found with his shape or looks ; and as he was a great deal bigger, standing nearly fifteen hands in height, the knowing ones, remembering his lighter weight, felt inclined to shift their money from the old hero. The grey was a son of Snap, a son of Flying Childers, and on both sides was further from the Arab than the game little brown ; and when Tom threw his son, young Neverd, into the saddle, it looked, grandfather said, a fearful undertaking for Rasper to give the weight away over a four-mile course. Still, many trusted to his gameness, and said that when it came to heats he would outstay the young one.

‘ Presently they were off, young Neverd, by his father’s orders, taking advantage of his light weight to make the race a strong one, and have a stiff pace from end to end. No chance had been neglected by the other party ; and Singleton, who was brought all the way from Yorkshire to ride, laid a few lengths behind on Rasper for the first three miles. At that point, just where the course runs by the plantation, he went up to the grey, and they raced along its side head and head ; but when young Neverd shook up his horse, he went away at once ; and Singleton, seeing he was beaten, only saved his distance and kept his horse for the second heat.

'The betting then completely changed, and instead of odds on Rasper they laid three to one against him, and all his friends now turned round and tried to save some of their money, while there were very few takers to be found. One shabby man, however, now that prices had turned, took all that was offered, and many long remembered afterwards with what a leer of the eye he noted down bet after bet that was almost thrust upon him.

'But the saddling-bell was again rung, and within a few minutes the horses were mounted and once more on their weary four-mile journey. The grey's rider now, finding that he had the foot of the old horse, did not, as in the first heat, force the pace, but waited side by side to the plantation, and then quitted him without an effort, and came along pulling double, while the old horse fairly rolled about from distress. Already the backers of the grey had commenced to shout for victory, and hats were thrown into the air, when, just as the horse passed, as it appeared, the very last tree of the plantation, he bounded into the air like a deer that is shot, and rolled over stone dead; and before the spectators could make out what had happened they heard the sharp crack of a gun, and saw a small wreath of smoke rise from amongst the trees. Of course there was a great rush to the spot; but Singleton, looking out for his employer, cantered on to the winning-post. Neverd, who was first there, found his horse shot through the heart, and his rider under him, crushed, bleeding, and senseless. The plantation was scoured from end to end, but not a sign of any one could be found; and whoever had done the cowardly deed escaped pursuit, notwithstanding horsemen scoured the downs until dark in every direction. Neverd protested against the stakes being paid over; but, as the stewards, after a long inquiry, could find nothing to connect the owner of Rasper with the transaction, he was awarded the race, as he had fairly gone the course. And within a week Montgomery was found hung in his own bedroom. Young Neverd was carried home, but did not rally, and died in a few hours; and his poor old father never looked up again, but lived on in the house on a small pension Montgomery's heir allowed him, and when he died the place was turned into a public. The heir never came to the hall, which fell into decay, and now there is little more than the ruins standing. Now you know, sir, how we came by the stabling at this out-of-the-way place,' said old Joe.

'Really, an extraordinary story! Was it never found out who fired the fatal shot?' we remarked.

'Never, sir. There was a many stories about it; some said the dark man that was so busy backing Rasper had a hand in the matter; and others, that a young farmer in the neighbourhood, a wildish young fellow, whose sister the squire had not behaved very well to, knew how matters stood about money, and did it out of revenge—but I don't well see how that could be, because he had not been seen in the neighbourhood for some time afore, and was never seen there again. It's true he was a first-rate shot, and

'always killed the deer for the keeper, because he could put a bullet clean through their heads, and not spoil the venison; and people said he made off when he found poor young Neverd was dead, as he meant to take no man's life, but only ruin the squire. Sure it might be he, for the girl soon went away to foreign parts, and was heard of no more. I have heard father say that a figure exactly like him has been seen slipping away from the plantation by those who have been out at night on the downs, just as the sound of galloping horses can be heard coming up the course. They say it's his spirit comes back to where he killed Neverd; but I never saw it, though father did once, when he was coming from old Mr. Jackson's harvest home—and a rare fright he had.'

So ended the Ostler's Story, which served to while away an hour in the chimney-corner at the little lone road-side house.

Would I could give the old man's quaint idiom and impart his earnest conviction to the tale—but that is impossible.

N.

CRICKET.

THE past month has been, on the whole, as unseasonable and as unsuited to cricket as can well be conceived, and much of the form at present shown will be reversed when the weather gets better—if it ever will get better—and grounds are more playable. Nothing could be more dreary than the appearance of Lord's at the opening match of the season between the M.C.C. and 15 colts of England, and the stereotyped phrase that the wickets reflected the greatest credit, &c., could not have been used on this occasion by the most veteran flatterer. The weather, however, was quite a sufficient excuse for the state of the ground, and, in addition, we believe that the original wicket selected for the match was objected to at the last moment and changed. The colts, take them altogether, were an ordinary lot in every department of the game, but they had one useful colleague in Morley, an effective bowler of the bump, thump, and pummel school, and who will also train into a serviceable bat. Of course he comes from Nottinghamshire, where the supply of bowlers is always greater than the demand, and, of course, his style is very different to that of the ordinary Southern bowler, whose muscle would appear to be principally in his throat, judging from his extraordinary capacity for imbibing stimulating liquors. Morley was very successful in this match, thanks to the state of the ground, which enabled him to bother even Mr. Grace himself, for no man, whoever he may be, can help being bothered when he is hit all over the body, and on every finger, and, finally, under the left ear—a blow that would have settled a good many men, but scarcely disturbed Mr. Grace's equanimity. We should of course prefer to see Morley bowling on a good wicket before pronouncing a decided opinion as to his merits; at present, our idea is, that he has very

little command over the ball and very little precision of pitch. We saw him bowl scarcely a dozen balls of good length. Most were thumped down into the middle of the ground with such force as to rise up at a most unpleasant angle and hit the batsman instead of the wickets. The remainder were pitched far up, but partly from the insecure footing, and partly because there was an excusable timidity about 'letting out' on the part of the inside, they escaped with little punishment. In fact, half the M.C.C. Eleven were out before they were in; and the countenances of some of them, when they saw how Mr. Grace was being knocked about on various parts of his person, were doleful in the extreme. One or two wrote pathetic farewells to their near relations, and one in vain attempted to recall to his recollection the Lord's Prayer. Mr. Brune was perhaps the wisest of them all, for he stood well wide of his wicket, and swung his brave bat round as soon as the ball left the bowler's hand. And having a good eye, he was enabled to hit the ball, though he always hit the ball up. Seven chances he gave in about as many minutes; but the colts had not been taught how to catch. Under the circumstances, Mr. Grace's innings was not one of his best; but he played with great pluck and nerve. Scientific batting was out of the question. But he did all that Mr. W. G. Grace could do. When the ball hit him he did not flinch; and when the ball did not hit him he hit the ball. Smith's plucky innings was considerably helped by hits known as 'upper cuts'—hits that are perfectly safe and particularly useful when the position of the field permits them—and otherwise the M.C.C. did not shine in the use of the bat. Of the colts, we may say, that they fielded well, in the sense of picking up and returning the ball. But of the art of catching they were lamentably ignorant. In batting the two Nottingham colts, Reynolds and Morley, were the best performers. Morley meets the ball fairly, and hits it hard. Braddock (Lancashire) got the top score, but his style is very countryfied, and for one ball he hits he misses four. Ambler (Yorkshire) smites the ball in a rude fashion, and really from a man seven feet high, and who plays cricket in a fur waistcoat, something may fairly be expected. Burghes (Middlesex) is probably a fair all-round player, but, as we said at the beginning, the colts were by no means a first-rate lot. They were placed badly, also, in the field. When they saw how Morley's bowling was bumping, and that it could not be hit far in front of the wicket, they should have placed extra men in the slips, and between short and long leg. They would in this way have obtained several wickets.

The weather was still worse when M.C.C. and G. met Surrey at Lord's. The ground was quite unfit for cricket, and seven M.C.C. wickets, including Mr. W. G. Grace's and Smith's, went for nothing. Yet there are people who want the stumps raised, or four stumps instead of three, in order to assist the bowlers! Southerton was irresistible on such a wicket, and Marten was also effective. Mr. Strachan also—how many more counties is this gentleman going to play for?—was useful in the bowling department, and Pooley and

R. Humphrey did all that could be done by batsmen under the circumstances. The match was all over in one day, and Surrey won by five wickets. It was an unexpected victory, but a well-earned one, and a successful inauguration of the season for a county once so famous and of late so unfortunate in its cricketing endeavours.

The existence of a third ground in London available for first-class matches has already multiplied the number of North and South matches, and two have already come off. That at Prince's was, unfortunately, drawn, in consequence of incessant rain, but the completed innings of the South had shown Mr. W. G. Grace in his usual fine form, and Mr. Yardley playing his very best, which, when against good professional bowling, is, in our opinion, second to none. For the North Barratt not only sustained his reputation as a bowler, but proved that he should never be left out of any similar contest. He disposed of Mr. R. D. Walker and Mr. Thornton with two consecutive balls, and of Lillywhite, Willsher, and Southerton in a single over. In all he got eight wickets for sixty runs. And it must be remembered that Prince's is already a run-getting ground, and very easy also both for the batsman and the field. As we are speaking of it we may as well mention that, while it is likely to be an unrivalled ground for the players, it is anything but agreeable to the spectators. The light, especially in the afternoon, is bad; the wickets are so far off that it is impossible to observe the minutiae of the game; and there is not adequate accommodation for such crowds as visit Lord's for the Oxford and Cambridge and Eton and Harrow matches. The playing part might be advantageously curtailed at its extremities in the interests of spectators, and there would still be plenty of room, when the dry weather comes and the ball travels fast, to hit a clean seven.

At Lord's the second match between the North and South resulted in favour of the latter by about fifty runs. This was again a bowler's match: in fact Lord's has not as yet been fit for batting. Southerton was again irresistible for the South, and Barratt (in the second innings of the South) was very deadly. Mr. Grace made the (for him) small scores of 31 and 37—quite sufficient, however, in the state of the ground; and Daft and Carpenter played well and steadily for the North. Mr. Yardley was out first ball in each innings, and Mr. Thornton is at present totally unable to hit.

By far the finest match hitherto played was that between Middlesex and Yorkshire. The former county played rather weak, having neither Mr. Pauncefoot or Mr. Bisset. The latter got his hands severely knocked about in the Colts of England match at Lord's, and in addition one of his side (not very far from the wicket) invariably threw with all his might at his feet, and landed severely on the ankles and insteps several times; so that Mr. Bisset must have been in doubt afterwards which extremity of a wicket-keeper is more liable to punishment. But though deprived of these two colleagues, Middlesex had three Walkers—a guarantee that the game would not be easily lost or won—Mr. Hadow, and Mr. Green. The match

was well and hotly contested from beginning to end, the wickets were splendid, and better all round play will not be seen during the season. The bat had rather the advantage over the ball, the ground playing so easy that even the formidable deliveries of Freeman were met with apparent ease. In fact, but for the superb fielding on both sides, the bowlers' tasks would have been very arduous indeed. The fielding of Mr. Law for Yorkshire was brilliant in the extreme, and free from the eccentricities of genius; and for Middlesex Mr. I. D. Walker and Mr. V. E. Walker were unsurpassable. The latter's catch at point, by which he disposed of Iddison in the first innings, will long be remembered by that excellent batsman. Emmett bowled well (at times) for Yorkshire, and appears also to be training into a reliable bat. Rowbotham hit hard and very cleanly, and Hill's defence was most praiseworthy. Hicks, a colt, also showed good form in each innings. A. Greenwood also played a good innings. So many distinguished themselves for Middlesex that it is almost invidious to single any out for preference: but Mr. I. D. Walker had the cream of the Northern bowling against him, just at its best, when he was making his 19 in the second innings of Middlesex. Pinder kept wicket superbly for Yorkshire. Till the very last it was a toss up which won, so evenly contested was the match; but in the end Yorkshire gained a well-earned victory by two wickets.

So far as things have gone, at present, the prospects of Cambridge in the University match do not appear very bright. M.C.C. and G. defeated the Light Blues very easily in a single innings, although they had anything but a strong batting eleven. All the Cambridge bowling, however, could not get rid of Mr. Dale till he had made 132, while, on the other hand, A. Shaw and Barratt disposed of the University eleven for 44. They mended matters a little in the next attempt, and two of the young players of the University, Messrs. Jeffery (Rugby), and Bailey (Harrow), ably assisted Mr. Fryer to sustain the credit of their colours. It must be said that Mr. Yardley was not playing, and Mr. Thornton is apparently keeping all his runs for the 24th of June. Nor can it be denied that, although unsuccessful on this occasion, Cambridge is far from deficient in batting strength. Mr. Yardley, Mr. Thornton, and Mr. Tobin, are able representatives of the old players, and among the new ones, Mr. Longman is a real good bat, and Mr. Jeffery also is a batsman of great merit. Cambridge is weak in bowling, though Mr. Powys may do great things at Lord's, if it happens to be his day; and take them all round, it must be fairly admitted that Oxford looks too formidable to be successfully resisted this year. Mr. Francis and Mr. Butler are both bowling in fine form; and the former is every bit as good as he was two years ago, and then he was more difficult than Mr. Butler has ever been. Oxford also has plenty of batting; and how the dark blues can field, we saw at Prince's the other day, where Mr. Law was playing for Yorkshire, and Mr. Hadow for Middlesex. Their trial match at Oxford against M.C.C. and G. was highly satisfactory as far as it

went, the University making 121, against Wootton, A. Shaw, and Clayton, and then disposing of their adversaries for 50.

Among the numerous cricketing almanacs and annuals for the present year, we may particularly notice that published by James Lillywhite, which is enriched by contributions from several eminent cricketers. Mr. W. G. Grace himself supplies some lengthy and well-written pages on batting, which, as coming from such a master of the art, are worthy of careful study. We particularly note the evident care which he has bestowed on the minutest features of batting, the exact description he gives of the position he himself takes up, and the way in which he holds his bat, as showing that, in such small details, usually left to chance, he has worked out the problem, and, as far as possible, reduced batting to the certainty of a science. We particularly call the attention of readers to Mr. Grace's remarks on playing balls on the leg stump (as distinguished from balls that can be fairly hit to leg) over which he has himself such an extraordinary and easy mastery, and on running between wickets. We cannot quite agree with his protest against 'the reckless style of batting so often prevalent during hours of practice.' It must be remembered, that there are two objects in practice: one, to school the eye, and bring hand and eye to act together in harmony; the other, and not the least important, to stretch the arms and legs and make the limbs and muscles and sinews fit for further exertion. In short, to remove some preliminary stiffness is half the object of practice; but we cannot see the necessity of playing in practice as strictly and cautiously as if it was a match, and every run was of great importance.

One further remark on this point, as something we said last year in favour of free and loose play has been much misapprehended. We never had in our mind the class of matches in which Mr. Grace plays. Day after day he is opposed to the best and straightest bowling that England can produce, and even he could not score as he does without the greatest caution, vigilance, and prudence. But we were thinking of the great majority of cricketers, of ninety-nine out of a hundred, we may say, who take no part in such matches, but whose lot is cast in the country and in country encounters, where about one ball in six would hit the wickets, and three out of the remainder are so far off on one side or the other as to be barely reachable by the batsman; and we maintained, and still maintain that, under such circumstances, it is ridiculous to attempt to keep up to any stand of scientific accuracy in batting, and that a free and easy game is more appropriate, infinitely more amusing, and likely to be more profitable to the batsmen. But we quite disclaim any intention of advocating a lax style of batting in those few exceptional matches—two or three a week, perhaps, out of two or three thousand—in which the most practised bowling skill is employed, and can only be met by a correspondingly scientific defence on the part of the batsman.

The author of 'The Cricket Field' supplies some copious hints

on fielding, generalship, &c., rather pedagogic in tone, and too much interlarded with classical quotations, but containing plenty of truth, and plenty of excellent advice—sure not to be taken by those for whom it is most intended. We demur, however, to his denunciation of ‘that injudicious practice of throwing long hops to the ‘wicket keeper, instead of straight—and, when necessary, hard—to ‘his hands;’ nor do we believe that a long hop is necessarily the slowest style of throwing. On the contrary, on a lively ground, we believe it is by far the fastest, as requiring less elevation than must be given to a long catch. Southerton’s remarks on bowling are, next to Mr. Grace’s hints on batting, the best thing in the book; and Mr. Gale’s twenty golden rules are true enough, but will not alter human nature, or turn men bent on a few hours’ amusement into machines. Mr. G. W. King wants the area of the stumps enlarged, in order to stop long innings; but we cannot see that he makes out his case. We agree with the Secretary of the M.C.C. that, if matches were begun punctually at the appointed hour, if the time cut to waste at luncheon and in other delays were saved, and if amateurs would take the trouble to practice bowling, there would be few complaints about unfinished matches or inordinately long scores. Mr. Grace is Mr. Grace, and would probably get as many runs if there were four stumps instead of three; but he is an exception, and laws should be made not with reference to exceptions, but to suit the general convenience. If the bowler requires any further legislation in his favour, it should be accomplished not by increasing the height or width of the stumps, but by altering the law of leg before wicket, which is the bane of cricket. But we will reserve what we have to say on this point till next month.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

DURING the past month the principal river yacht clubs have been celebrating the commencement of the season with the usual cruises and dinners; and, judging from the programmes already issued, the prospect is most encouraging. The increasing popularity of the sport is best evidenced by the number of new vessels built and building. Amongst recent launches, we observe a new cutter by Harvey for Mr. F. Willan, who, after a long and unusually successful career as an oarsman, we presume intends devoting his leisure to a branch of aquatics demanding less physical exertion. The Dauntless, from her dimensions, is evidently intended for comfort, rather than racing, and will, no doubt, prove a good, roomy sea boat.

The Prince of Wales’ Club opened the Thames season with a match from Erith round the Nore; but, owing to wretched weather, the attendance was very meagre, and only three vessels contested—Vampire (Mr. T. Cuthbert), Oberon (Mr. Sparvel Bailey), and Ildegonda (Mr. E. Langtry). There was no lack of wind, which came N.N.E.; and they had a close race down, Ildegonda making rather better weather of it than the others, in spite of their having five tons’ advantage. Vampire led round the Light-ship, with Oberon next; but before getting home, Ildegonda took second place, and, passing the

flag within 1 min. 50 secs. of the Vampire, of course took the prize. Rain and cold combined to make the day as miserable as it could well be; but it was a treat to witness the admirable performance of the *Ildegonda*, which Mr. Langtry and Hatcher may well be proud of.

We observe that Mr. Dodd's pet bantling, the Sailing Barge Match, is announced for the 16th July, and the chief prize will, as before, be given by the members of Lloyd's.

So much fatal and serious damage is constantly being done by infraction of negligent observation of the somewhat indistinctly defined rules of the road at sea, that a discussion of the subject, with Kingston as the venue, appears almost trifling, though in itself of undoubted importance, and entitled to consideration, if only from the diversity of interests involved. On the upper Thames there are rowing-boats, sailing-boats, fishing-punts (stationary), and recently steam-launches; and the representatives of each, no doubt, look with different coloured gig-lamps upon the moot points of the question. Lately, during a single-handed match of the Thames Sailing Club, an eight of the Kingston R.C. ran into one of the competitors, detaining, and, as it turned out, disabling the sailing-boat. The heinousness of this offence is heightened by the coxswain having (it is asserted) remarked that he ran into the boat because she was not in her proper place. Of course up-river sailing men, who look upon tacking a quarter of a mile in an hour against wind and stream as a glorious achievement, will be horrified at the remark of the coxswain (which probably he did not make); but even suppose he did, we are rather disposed to sympathize with him than otherwise. In river parlance, the sailing-boat was probably 'all over the place;' and the Eight's coxswain, though possibly, from a love of sport, willing to give a reasonable margin to the ruddery eccentricities of a sailing man, did not feel disposed to spoil his crew's practice by eternally getting out of the way of erratically steered sailing-boats, even when engaged in a match, of which he was perhaps not aware. A fairly accomplished oarsman, whom we may credit with due knowledge of the accepted rules of the road up-river, cannot go far without having his course impeded by boats full of ignorami (new word, all rights reserved); and we are certainly not disposed to blame him for occasionally administering a salutary bump to offenders, who will probably be more careful next time. Steam-launches being, practically, instruments of danger and destruction to all minor craft, should be, and, we think, generally are laudably careful in their movements; but we have often felt aggrieved at the unsportsmanlike conduct of fishing-parties, who, having established themselves, beer-jar, rye-pecks, &c., in the centre of the stream, are most slow in moving, even when a race takes place. The fish-catchers (?) would, no doubt, assert that they are not bound to move for anybody, while the steam-launchite might argue that it was the small boat's business to get out of his way, or take the consequences at its own peril; and we have only put these opposing sentiments to show the variety of interests which may be brought to bear upon an apparently simple question.

Professional rowing having at length shown signs of renewed vitality on the Thames, we can only hope that it may prove more than a galvanic resuscitation, and that a series of interesting matches among the watermen are forthcoming. The first event on the Thames, between Kelley of Manchester and Anderson of Hammersmith, was considered a moral for the latter, who had shown unexpected form last season, and being North-country born, was, of course, considered all the more dangerous. In the race, however, he gave

no signs of the staying powers with which he was popularly credited, and, being all abroad in lumpy water, the Manchester man passed him after Hammersmith, and won as he liked. The second affair was a curious and interesting race, Addy, of Manchester, meeting Bagnall, of Newcastle, who, though an expert oarsman, had shown no public form single-handed; and the bulk of the London talent accordingly stood by Manchester, though the Tyne-siders backed their man so persistently that he started a decided favourite. Addy, who has somehow achieved a reputation for being a tremendous sticker, delighted his party by soon showing well in front; and long before Craven Point 4 to 1 was laid by an enthusiastic partisan. Bagnall now crossed, astern of his man, into smooth water, and worked so hard that ere long he showed level and took the lead, which he kept throughout, though from time to time the Manchester sculler looked threatening. We do not fancy the winner had much in hand through Corney Reach, as the men were pretty close; but towards the finish Bagnall managed to keep at a decorous and safe distance from his pursuer. In the third match the North-country division were less confident, as Winship had to meet young Biffen, who has on several occasions shown great quickness and staying powers, and, though his opponents have not been A 1, had never lost a match. Winship, on the other hand, while well-bred enough (being a brother of famous old Ned, one of the best oarsmen ever seen, and allied with the Bob Chambers in many of his victories), was a novice at public sculling, though, from his trials at home, he had shown himself worthy of the family name. The race, like the others we have alluded to, was from Putney to Mortlake, and Biffen was favourite at 5 and 6 to 4. From the outside station he forced the pace, until at the Point he led by a clear length. After this Winship drew up, and, though washed by Biffen, who had taken his water, was within a foot or two off Craven Cottage. A foul soon occurred, and after rowing level some fifty yards, another, when Biffen gave up working hard, and Winship showed the way for the remainder of the distance. On arriving at the winning-post Biffen got into his cutter before protesting, but being reminded of his mistake, rowed in his boat to the referee (Mr. Ireland, L.R.C.) and claimed the foul. Of course, after once leaving his boat the claim was informal, and it was declared no race. After some discussion the men agreed to row the following day, when Biffen, as before, showed in front, and off the London Club was about clear. Here Winship, who was again in-shore, began to work quicker; but the Hammersmith lad increased his lead, and at the Point was about a clear length ahead, besides having the best water in the middle of the river. Winship, now coming out nearly fouled, but cleverly avoiding it, drew up, until off the Soap Works he led by a half-length, and was just drawing clear below the bridge when Biffen fouled him badly, apparently coming quite out of his course to do so. Winship then went ahead, and the race was at an end. Biffen this time made his claim of foul in due form; but of course it was not allowed. As to the superiority of Winship there can be no doubt; but Biffen and his backers are so far what we may call technically unlucky in that, had he, on the first day, made his protest before getting out of his boat, he would, we believe, have won on the foul. His party are thus much to be pitied; but they are as absurd to grumble at the result as are those speculators on the Tichborne trial who, after specifying for the verdict of the jury, find they are not winners, for the very sufficient reason that there was no verdict. We have said that Biffen apparently went out of his way to foul Winship, but he asserts that his left arm gave way, and that he was thus

unable to avoid the collision ; which is likely enough, as the previous day's race must have been a severe strain upon so slightly built a man ; and as he has hitherto rowed with commendable fairness, we must ascribe the foul to misfortune rather than fault.

The excitement arising out of the forthcoming Match on the 10th, between the Atalantas of New York and the London Rowing Club, appears likely even to exceed that aroused by the memorable Oxford-Harvard race. 'Wilkes' Spirit,' never too generous in its views of the old country, goes out of its way to warn our visitors that they must not expect more than fair play from their opponents, and remembering the way in which the defeat of Americans, in any branch of sport, is usually satisfactorily accounted for over there, it should perhaps be something for us to be proud of, that we are credited with the intention of giving our rivals fair and honest treatment. What more they can expect or desire, we don't know. Of themselves, we are sure, the enterprising quintette can have nothing disagreeable to say of their reception, unless it be that their outgoings and incomings are too numerously watched to be pleasant. This, however, they must kindly excuse, as an adjunct of popularity attaching to every one, whether oarsman, prince, or Claimant. The Atalanta men have hitherto confined themselves to short rows, from Hammersmith (where they have taken a house) to Barnes and back ; practising generally twice a day. Considering that they show themselves *au fait* in boating matters, it is surprising that their friends at home, to whom the shipment of their racing boat was entrusted, should be so careless or ignorant, as to allow it to be placed on its bottom instead of upside down in its packing-case. The consequence has been that, as the case was anything but watertight, the boat became half-filled with salt water, and is found on arrival unfit for use. They very properly lost no time in giving Biffen of Hammersmith an order for a new craft ; so we, with our English prejudices, may consider they will be better-boated than they intended ; but the *contre-temps* is none the less annoying to the men, who would doubtless have desired to row, and win, in their home-made ship. However, though our cousins may not be equal to us in packing boats, they are lengths ahead in photographing crews. We have recently seen several photos, just arrived from New York, of some of their principal teams, and nothing of the kind that we have seen here comes anywhere near them. Amongst others is the Atalanta six-oared Champion Crew, whose members, with one exception, are now here in training for the big race, and both as likenesses and as works of art the men stand out charmingly.

As we stated last month, there was some uncertainty as to the London crew, but it is now settled, and they are in good work, having recently taken to a new Clasper with sliding seats, in which they have been having daily practice, with occasionally a long row of several miles. The sliding arrangements are all that sliding arrangements can be, but 'still they are not happy,' or at any rate do not appear so, though as at the time of writing there is about a fortnight before the race, a change for the better will doubtless be visible in good time. Still, considering that all are very first-class oarsmen indeed, and that three out of the four have been in company a good deal, they are not so well together as we should have hoped. Nevertheless we think they ought to win, as they are bound to be a very fast and strong crew, and the Atalantas do not seem to have the same amount of dash, and stop too decidedly at the end of the stroke. The names are as follows (*place aux étrangers*), with the latest ascertained weights :—

ATALANTA BOAT CLUB.			LONDON ROWING CLUB.		
<i>New York.</i>			<i>London.</i>		
	st.	lbs.		st.	lbs.
E. Smith	10	0	John B. Close	11	8
A. Handy	10	0	F. S. Gulston	11	9½
T. Van Raden	11	1	A. de L. Long	12	0
R. Withers (str.)	11	3	W. Stout (str.)	12	1½

At the Universities, College Eights have almost monopolized the rowing fraternity, and both at Oxford and Cambridge there has been some close racing. At Oxford, Pembroke, which started fourth, made a nightly bump until they became head, and we hope to see them again at Henley. University, which started No. 1, finished 5th. Trinity and Magdalen each gained three places, while Exeter lost five, and Magdalen Hall made four.

At Cambridge, the first division races were principally remarkable for the struggles between 1st Trinity (head boat) and Lady Margaret, which, though several times pressing the leaders very close, did not make the decisive bump until the last night's racing; and Goldie thus put a finishing touch to his efforts for Cambridge rowing, by leaving his college head of the Cam. Jesus also did remarkably well, leaving off second, but amongst the other boats the changes were of slight importance.

Henley Regatta is now close upon us, and we may hope to see the Americans entered for the new race, without coxswains, for which an Oxford four is also likely to put in an appearance. In the rest of the programme however, the Universities will we fear be but scantily represented, though the Lady Margaret crew, after their late triumph on the Cam, may be disposed to keep together, and Jesus, which showed to such advantage in the College races, are pretty certain to be found among the entries. Barnes, Bedford, Tewkesbury, and several other important Regattas are also announced, so there will be no dearth of occupation for peripatetic pothunters, to whom the question of the cost of carrying boats by railway must be a serious one. Some really crack four ought to visit Ipswich, where there is a challenge prize which has been won twice by the same crew, a college team from Cambridge; and if they land again they will possess the trophy, which will be of no use to them, and serves as an attraction to the Regatta. We hope A. de L. Long, who hails from the Orwell, will take a crew there, or if not somebody else, who will preserve the prize for the benefit of future generations of local oarsmen.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—May Merry-makings.

Nor very merry have we been in the past month either. There has been more of the tear than the smile on the face of Nature; be it in the Row or the Rowley Mile—at Harpenden or Hurlingham, Regent Street or the Roodce. A terrible, tearing, blustering, thunder-and-lightning month, playing the deuce with ricketty constitutions, delicate *prime donne*, and early peas. Flower shops were bitter mockeries, and the cries of the vendors of 'ornaments for your fire-stoves' exasperating. The old joke of 'summer severity' (which, by the way, we find is fathered on Horace Walpole, Sheridan, and Theodore Hook, with great impartiality) ceased to be one, and the maledictions on our climate, in anything but choice Parisian heard in the purlieus of Leicester Square and Coventry Street, were awful in their intensity.

'What is half as sweet as May,
Washed with gentle rain?'

inquired a (we presume) youthful poet in one of the magazines for last month. We trust the *ingenuus puer* has, by this time, seen the necessity of adhering to the text of an old proverb giving good advice about the counting of chickens.

But still May day, at least, did smile upon us when we were a-maying, not with pipe and tabor, a weaving of chaplets, and a playing with the tangles of Neræa's hair, which was the old fashion, but took the special from St. Pancras, which is the new, not to say bran new—and a most wonderful station is St. Pancras, by the way—with its semi-ecclesiastical, semi-churchwarden's Gothic style of architecture, very grand and very imposing, and filling us with curious wonderment how the 'whirligig of time' has made the memory of the good saint once so revered in the ages it is the fashion to call 'dark,' be kept alive by a railway terminus! But we have not time to think of that on May-day morning, with every body asking everybody else 'What will win?' and talking Prince Charlie and Cremorne conversation all the way down to Newmarket. For it was a double festival, and the Feast of the Two Thousand lures us down to the green turf and the broad expanse of that 'flat,' where we enjoy the noble sport as we never enjoy it elsewhere, and we wish the Turf meant Newmarket and Newmarket was the Turf. For what, let us ask sensible and reasonable beings, like our readers for instance, what are other places but abominations? What is Epsom on the Derby day but something at which the mind revolts? What is Ascot but a hot, dusty crowd, with struggling and fatigue as our portion? Goodwood is nice, but we are all *en grande tenue* there, have got on our best clothes, and are terribly afraid of spoiling them, and then there, too, is the inevitable struggle. Is Chester on the Cup Day a pleasing sight? Is the fight for existence on the Town Moor enjoyable? York and Knavesmire are about the only places of real racing enjoyment we know apart from Newmarket, and we often think what an excellent thing it would be to live under a real, downright, strong Turf Dictatorship, with nothing but Newmarket allowed to exist, and everything else sent to blazes. But for fear of bringing wrath on our heads (and the poor Van-driver has been pitched into lately after a hard fashion), we had better quit the subject and attend to our Two Thousand muttons, and relate what we said to each other on that May morning when the scales began to fall from

our eyes, and the fact—the undoubted fact, that there were only two horses in the Two Thousand—struck us home. The blossoms of the Laburnum (in despite, too, of a very sweet poetical tip in the Whitechapel 'Tizer) had begun to fade, and the Queen's Messenger would, it was seen, go a very useless journey; there was nothing to be got out of Almoner, and the chances of Bethnal Green were as poor as that of the original 'blind beggar' of that locality. True, Mr. Walker had found a Statesman, it was said, who would carry the lot; but statesmen just now are rather at a discount, and his name was against him. So it came to pass that we were spared the bore on this occasion, that awful man, who, for a month before a great race, takes you on one side, and says in a mysterious whisper, 'They tell *me*,' &c., &c., and then diverges into a dreadful yarn about an outsider. Tell *him*! we should think they did indeed. These are the men born to be 'told' something or another. How would other men exist, we should like to know, if other men were not 'told'? How would our friend Hookem Snivy be able to live in a suburban villa, give 200*l.* a-piece for his brougham horses, and secure the late Primate of Madagascar's butler, if somebody wasn't 'told'? How would Joe Buggins have been able to buy the Nudity Theatre (*corps de ballet* thrown in), but for that happy information imparted (in the strictest secrecy) to Noodle and Doodle, and by these young men divulged to the eager ears of the public? But now the game of, 'they tell *me*,' was up. The veriest flat in the special, and there were many, knew that one of the two favorites would win, and sorely did he try to be oracular, and say which was to be the one. We think the Cremornites had it in the first-class carriages, and were rather inclined to be patronizing towards the followers of Prince Charlie; 'he would run a good horse there was no doubt; oh, yes, a very good horse, but did we really think he could win?' &c., &c. Newmarket went as a rule for Cremorne; and the touts, the hangers on, the indescribable odds and ends of humanity, that are either natives of the place, or crop up about race time, true to their traditions of never knowing the right horse, laughed Prince Charlie to scorn. Indeed a sort of semi-official—we fancy he was the advanced flagman—was almost pathetic in his entreaties to a friend of ours to forsake his Charlie delusions at the last moment, and be on the winner at any price. It certainly did try our faith very much, all the derision and cutting sarcasm with which the friends of 'the roarer' were treated to, the many witticisms indulged in about the inventions to ease his roaring, the chances of his being chaffed at the start; the certainty of his being in difficulties on the Bushes Hill. It required one to keep constantly in memory that he had beaten Cremorne once, and that there was no reason why he should not do so again, to stand up against these assaults. But Bedford Lodge was firm, and so were its merry men; he of the majenta jacket smiled on chaffing friends, and told them that Charlie was his darling—the plucky Irishman who astonished us all under the elms at Middle Park two summers ago was all for him—and his still more plucky fellow-countryman who took 7000 to 1000—why, we need not say what *his* sentiments were, and 'who wadna fight for Charlie?' was the cry of the stable. And against them were ranged the followers of brother Mat, and brother John (we don't know whether brother Tom interfered), with nearly all Newmarket at their back, and the contention was almost fierce, and the good things uttered in the bar of the Rutland on the Tuesday night, anent the horse and his backers, were the cause of much laughter, if not wit, and the legs looked on with a half-supercilious, half-triumphant air, and were always ready to accommodate any one and to any amount from the humble fiver to the lordly 'monkey.'

No man shook his head, nor said he was 'full,' or that he 'couldn't lay.' They would have gone on, our firm belief is, laying till now if the race had been postponed. They never wearied, but evidently their simple belief was that to bet against Prince Charlie was coining money. Their action did not necessarily imply that they knew something, though the persistency of some of the older hands would seem to favour this idea; but, no doubt, the general opinion was that Prince Charlie was safe on his merits, and that a liberty might be safely taken. The horse kept remarkably firm in the market, though the Cremorne people tried to bring their hero with a rally at the last moment. Both the favourites looked as fit and well as they could be made, and perhaps Cremorne, if anything, looked the harder of the two. The horse with the war-paint on him, however, was Almoner, who shone with the true Danebury polish, and of the outsiders, the big, raking King Lud took many fancies. There was not a hole to pick in the coat of Queen's Messenger, who had gone so badly in the market, and the only question, Was he good enough? and that was not answered in the affirmative. The story of the race had been told by many pens; the roarer won, and won with something in hand. 'It was never in doubt,'—these were the words of Mr. Clark as soon as they had passed the chair—and a celebrated jockey, who rode in the race, told us it was over after the first quarter of a mile. Prince Charlie was most admirably ridden by Johnny Osborne, and the day was made to suit a roarer, if roarer he be. His real ailment is a mysterious one, and perhaps if we were to hazard a guess that nobody knows what it exactly is, we should not be far wrong. Cremorne ran a good horse, only he met a better, and as far as the first two are concerned, it is last year's form once again. The figure cut by Laburnum, who finished in the last instead of the first three, was lamentable, especially to those people who had helped to make him a Derby favourite in the winter—a position to which he had no right. The Ring were hard hit, but the next two days brought it all back, and when Reine won the One Thousand, hats were flung up and fielders rejoiced with great joy. Tom Jennings did not fancy the mare's chance, not liking her trial with such an uncertain gentleman as Badsworth, and so the daughter of Fille de l'Air ran loose.

We were almost led to hope, that on the banks of the Dee we should see better sport and better fields than we had become almost accustomed to latterly; nevertheless, although we were only beginning to see the first of the two-year olds, the meeting at Chester cannot be called a success. The weather was Chester-weather all over, cold and wet, the competitors for the various races were few, and the quality of those few only very second-rate; all the cracks engaged in the Cup had been scratched, and for once in a way the attendance was most decidedly below par. The Grosvenor Stakes, which has often heretofore thrown a light upon the great race of the meeting, only brought out four of the nine subscribers, for which Marmora was made favourite; but she occupied the second position in the race, a place she apparently fancies much: the winner turned up in Starvation, the least fancied of the quartette. The City Members' Plate, converted into a Welter Race, was won, after a good race, by Lord Wilton's colt by Gladiateur out of Lady Evelyn, truly a rare pedigree, who defeated Bickerstaffe, who was favourite, and four others. The Mostyn Stakes introduced us to eight good-looking two-year olds, of whom The Leopard was most fancied, and he won easily, though several of those behind him, who were not quite up to concert-pitch, will see a much better day. My Queen won the Eaton Plate; Cocoa Nut, who has been teaching Prince Charlie the way he should go, had little difficulty in winning

the Wynstay Stakes; Countryman came out in his old form, and landed the Belgrave Cup very easily from Jack of Oran, Fisherman, &c.; Danebury served up a hot one in Acropolis for the Vale Royal Stakes; and they made no mistake, for she won very cleverly, and so ended the programme of the opening day. The great day, the Chester Cup anniversary, dawned most inauspiciously; heavy clouds, which 'discharged' a heavy downpour, hung over the old City, and the influx of strangers was small indeed compared to previous years. But the interest taken in the 'Coop,' as usual, gradually increased as the hour drew near for its decision. The powers that be—and they appear very futile powers—had done their best to spoil the sport, but they succeeded badly, and whatever falling off there may have been in the numbers who witnessed this year's race, must be ascribed to Jupiter Pluvius, and not to the openly avowed antagonism of the Dean of Chester, and the somewhat covert action of the Marquis of Westminster. But enough; the racing commenced with the Stand Cup, which caused a pretty hullabaloo, as at first only three numbers were put up, and Solon was backed against the field, when, to the astonishment of every one, Lord Lonsdale's Bickerstaffe's number went up, some eight or ten minutes after the others. Great indignation was manifested; but the order was given that it should remain, and so it did, and Bickerstaffe won. In the next race The Leopard, who had a 3lb. penalty for his previous win, was beaten in a canter by the filly by Lord Clifden out of Mineral, own sister to Wenlock; and then a weary hour had to be got through somehow before the start for the Cup could take place; and to make matters worse, the horses did not arrive at the post until some minutes overdue; they were, however, not kept there long, but despatched quickly on their journey. They were a moderate—a very moderate lot, every one must admit; worse probably than has ever contested for the Cestrian Prize before. Soucar was favourite, Hobart next in demand; and the Bedford Lodge stable backed Shields, but their second string, Hawthornden, beat him in the race. There was the usual finessing with the representatives of some notorious stables, one trainer going so far out of his way as to tell a well-known representative of the Press that Viper was Islam! but what can be expected after last year's performance? The race was run at a merry pace, and resulted in a splendid finish between the first three, Inveresk getting the best of the favourite in the last few strides, and winning a most exciting race by a neck, while Neapolitain was only a head behind the second. Cocoa Nut and Hot-pot won the other two races, which excited but little interest. We went from bad to worse on the Thursday, both as regards the weather and the sport, and no improvement was manifested on Friday; so we must go with the popular opinion, and declare our belief that if Chester is to be Chester still, the meeting should be reduced to three days. Cocoa Nut scored her third win at the meeting in the Marquis of Westminster's Plate, having only Countess Clifden to beat; Batsford won the May Stakes: the 'Dee Stakes, a shadow of its former self, fell to Lord Howth's Malahide, who beat Prodigal, Ireland's only Derby hope, very easily. Mr. Merry's colt by Marksman out of Mayflower won a Two-year old Plate; Hawthornden recouped his Cup backers by winning the Cheshire Stakes; Streatham won the Roodee Stakes, and Agility had little difficulty in carrying off Her Majesty's Plate. During the afternoon rumours began to be circulated that the winner of the Chester Cup would be objected to; and so he was; the *carus belli* being insufficient, or wrong pedigree, the matter was allowed to stand over until the following week, when his identity was most satisfactorily proved, and so the argument need not be raked up again. On Friday the

meeting concluded rather tamely: Sister Helen defeated Malahide, the Dee Stakes winner, in a canter, for the Earl of Chester's Stakes; The Tester turned the tables on his previous conqueror, The Leopard; Chartreuse won the Wilton Welter Cup; and then a veritable surprise awaited us: three, Hawthornden, Day Dream, and Dresden alone of the eighteen subscribers, weighed out for the Stewards' Cup, and the talent laid five to one on the St. Leger hero—who, however, *horribile dictu*, was beaten by six lengths by Day Dream: the rest of the racing requires no comment. At Eglinton Park, where steeple-chasing, hurdle racing, and flat racing were going on, on the last two days of Chester, Lord Queensberry piloted his True Blue to victory twice; Scheidtm won the chief race of the meeting, the Eglinton Handicap Steeple-chase; and Ishmael was successful twice. At York and Doncaster the fields were small, but the denizens of sporting Yorkshire flocked to assist at the sport.

On the first day at York the chief event, the Great Northern Handicap, was won by Mr. Merry's Freeman, who beat Agility, on whom slight odds were laid, and four others in a canter, which performance had the effect of bringing his stable companion, the colt by Gladiateur out of Sunbeam, into increased demand for the Derby; and on the second day Rebecca's wretched display was the chief feature, when she absolutely did not pass the post, with seven to four laid on her for the Flying Dutchman's Handicap. The racing at Doncaster was good, but requires no notice now.

Bath was weariness and vexation in more ways than one, for we lost our money, and it was bitterly cold. We remember a case of sun-stroke two or three years ago in the enclosure, and now it was a case of hailstones. There was nothing that need have tempted us so far, either in the way of racing or Derby incident. They treated the favourites with all due respect, and only administered a warning kick to one or two of those demi-semi outsiders who always crop up about this time, for the sole purpose of being knocked down again. The Somersetshire Stakes collapsed; and neither Danebury or the Dawsons had got anything better than the two-year old form we saw at Chester. The Tester, that good-looking son of Saccharometer, beat one of the terribly high-priced ones from Mat Dawson's stable—King George, a strapping youngster whose appearance in the Ring at Middle Park, last year, drew 1150 guineas from Mr. Padwick's pocket. He looked worth it then; that is to say, if any yearling that ever was foaled is worth more than 500 guineas; but if his Bath running is true, we fear his owner will never see his money again, for King George went about a quarter of a mile and then retired. Matthew Dawson, it is stated, thought him one of the best of his youngsters; which we hope for the credit of Heath House is not true. Danebury had its usual day to itself, in which Cannon was a large sharer. Lord Anglesey won three races the first day with that jockey up; and on the second, the latter exhibited one of the finest bits of riding we have seen for some time, on Recorder for the Badminton Stakes. The race was a match from the distance between Jackal and Mr. Brayley's horse, the former with certainly a trifle the best of it, when near home, Cannon just lifted Recorder in by the shortest of heads; a very brilliant performance of this fine horseman. The two days were veritable triumphs for him, as six winning mounts prove. There was no betting—at least none worth mentioning; and the Castle and Ball, which used to be so fatal a place to some Derby favourites, was harmless. Book-makers chaffed one another, and indulged in a few fancy pencillings, and there was the usual amount of liquor drunk on the premises; and that was all. We missed an old *habitué* in Mr. Dowding, familiarly known as 'the Squire,' a

native of Bath, and an active member of the Race Committee, whom death had removed the previous week. A kind-hearted, genial man, and a very straight sportsman; his loss was much lamented, and many a kind word was given to his memory.

'Hunting pictures are all alike,' said a fair critic to us, on our pausing before Lord Poltimore and the 'grateful remembrance' of the Cattistock Hunt, on the occasion of our first visit to the Academy, and our arm was gently pulled towards the handsome face of the much abused Mr. Cardwell, and the clever 'Letters from Home,' hanging near. It is no new criticism, and there is undoubtedly much truth in it too. The subject demands a sameness. We must have the inevitable scarlet coats, the boots, and the breeches. We must also have the hounds, and, if possible, the fox, and there we are. To a great extent, conventionality rules the painter's brush, and he is the successful man who, in ever so slight a degree, breaks through the bonds. Last year, in despite of the scarlet coat, there was what appeared to us an attempt at an unconventional treatment of the subject in Mr. Carter's picture of Mr. Bisset and the Devon and Somerset stag-hounds; and two or three years back the President gave us really noble portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, and a favourite hound or two. And as all the world knows the Beaufort hunt uniform is a blue coat with a buff collar, why the painter had a great pull there. This year, that good sportsman Lord Poltimore, his huntsman Evans, and his celebrated pack, are handled by Sir Francis, and we must say the effect is, on the whole, very satisfactory. The figure of Evans, who has just picked up the fox, is wonderfully good—we hear him, as well as see him; the hounds are good, and so is the horse on which the noble master sits. There is to us, however, a lack of expression in Lord Poltimore's face; a certain stiffness and coldness which we feel sure cannot be in the original. His lordship might be at a flower-show, or, having stepped out of the canvas, he might be gazing on some of the works of art on the walls, though in that case he would bear a more bored expression than he does now; but he does not give us the idea of hunting. One of the many good portraits of men (where are all the pretty women—we mean on canvas—gone?) is Millais' Lord Westminster, in a rather dingy coat, with the additional trial of a green collar; but it is the man to the life, and quiet and composed as he looks, there is the sportsman. His portrait, and that of a different kind of man hanging near it, Sir James Paget—are first-rate; the latter for choice, and if you will but stand opposite it for a few minutes, you will realize the mind of the man and the genius of the painter. But this is a digression, and we must not digress, though while we are on Mr. Millais we are tempted to say something about that dreadful 'Hearts are Trumps,' which everyone crowds to see; but the painting is said to be portraits of three ladies, so we forbear. Mr. Millais' Out Fishing is much better company, though we prefer 'Flowing to the Sea' to 'Flowing to the River;' and another of his charming portraits is that of Master Liddell. And, by the way, we have nearly missed a really unconventional hunting portrait near the entrance, by Mr. Graves, that of the Hon. Mark Rolle, in mufti, among his hounds in the paddock, very natural and clever, only the man is better than the hounds. But one of the queerest sporting subjects in the Academy is a bit culled from Turf history. We admired last year a picture of Mr. Lutyan's, of a fox gone to earth on a hill-side, with the terrier ready to be put in. But we cannot speak in any terms of praise of 'Blue wins'—a finish between three, and intended, we presume, to be an exciting one. But the horses don't move, and the riders are of the wooden

order. Both quadrupeds and bipeds are taking it uncommonly easy, and there is not the least go or fire in either. The only good thing is a portrait of Mr. Merry, who, standing on the wheel of a carriage, looks very much astonished at seeing his yellow jacket getting the worst of it. Mr. Lutyens might have done better than this we should have thought; but perhaps the Turf painter has yet to be born. The first sight of 'The Lion and the Lamb,' by Landseer, suggests that the lamb is rather a big 'un (probably an 'early fed'), and that the lion is rather sleepy; and as for 'The Baptismal Font,' by the same artist, we do not profess to understand it. Mr. Carter this year gives us another incident of life on Exmoor. A red deer, hard pressed by the hounds, taking to the Bristol Channel; very spirited, only we were never fortunate enough to see the Channel in such an excited state. But to our mind one of the boldest pictures in the exhibition, showing great power, and perhaps something more, is Mr. H. W. B. Davis's, 'A Panic'—a herd of cattle apparently frightened by a storm. The result is a bovine stampede, very lifelike and charming; and the canvas being large, and the picture very well hung, it challenges observation, and is very effective. Mr. Ansdell's 'Found,' is not up to his high mark; neither are Cooper's cows what they used to be, especially his 'Children of the Mist,' who are a trifle more wooden than Mr. Lutyens's horses. And to conclude our hasty sketch of the Royal Academy, and though it may seem to be a little out of the 'Van's' line—but then ladies are never out of anybody's line—we venture to repeat our question, 'Where are all the pretty women?' We saw many there in the flesh, bless them, but few on canvas; only two, we think—Mrs. Sharpe, by Buckner, and a lady looking at a miniature, by Frith; and pleased we were to meet the latter R.A. on such a ground. What have our lady artists been about?

Hurrah for the Road! What with coaches, public and private, we really think the golden age is returning; and we shall come upon Jack Adams and the old Defiance some fine morning in Piccadilly, meet natty Charles Glover, or swell Will Martindale down the Uxbridge Road, and run against Mr. Weller in Holborn. Dickens tells a story in *Pickwick* of a lot of ghostly mail-coaches revisiting the glimpses of the moon with ghostly passengers and ghostly guards; but we are bringing the dead to life in this our day; and it is an undoubted fact that the new fashion, the new plaything—call it what you will—is taking firm root; and, what with the Four-in-Hand and the Coaching Club to encourage the taste, no wonder that the days of 'gentleman coaching' are returning. We understand the Dorking Coach, which commenced running on the 11th of last month, has been doing right well, and that in spite of the wretched weather, for there have been days in May when we should not have considered a coach-box a seat of delight; but there is a great attraction at Dorking in a good dinner, if you yield your mind to such weakness, at the Red Lion, where the host, Mr. Wallace, will also give you good liquor to wash it down, and you can return to town by the 9.15 train. On Whit Monday the booking-office at Hatchett's was regularly besieged for places, and those who could not go outside were content to put up with the humiliation of the 'in,' and would have gone in the boot if they had been allowed. They might have loaded a couple of extra coaches that day. The Brighton started on the 27th from the queen of watering places, when there was a great crowd to see her off, and as great a one nearly to welcome her in Piccadilly. The Proprietary consist, as last year, of Mr. Chandos Pole, Col. Stracey Clitherow, and Captain W. Cooper. Col. Clitherow will horse the coach out of London to Redhill, three stages; then Captain Cooper the next two over the middle

ground, and Mr. Pole will take the Brighton end. Tedder will again be on the 'Bench,' and Mr. Scott, the zealous Hon. Sec. of this and the Dorking, will, we feel sure, be everywhere. On the 22nd the Four-in-Hand met at the Magazine. The meet was tremendous, and the police had an arduous task trying to knock into the heads of 'Society,' that if 'Society,' in its anxiety to see the coaches, actually took possession of the ground on which the meet was to come off, there would be but one result—utter confusion! The time it took to convince dense dowagers, crabbed countesses, and defiant young ladies, that unless they moved off the coaches could not move on, was nearly as long as that used to clear the course on the Derby day; but they were at last shunted somehow, and then the well-known yellow coach and the four roans of Morritt of Rokeby came trotting up. To him succeeded Lord Londesborough, Lord Carington, that good sportsman Mr. Gerard Leigh and his bride, Lord Macclesfield, Lord Cole, Major Wombwell, and Mr. Adrian Hope, the latter gentleman apparently under the impression that 'the opposition' had twenty minutes the start of him, and that he had a deal of lee-way to make up. Lord Carington's chesnuts were, as last year, about the pick, always barring Mr. Morritt's roans, and next to them we thought Lord Macclesfield's team one of the most workmanlike there. Lord Craven, who arrived late, has a queer mixture of bays and greys, colours which, however good the cattle, offend the eye; and Mr. Hope's and Lord Londesborough's, though handsome, were too much of the Park parky. Mr. Adrian Hope's, indeed, appeared too much for him at first, but they settled down to their work when clear of the crowd. The coaches were all first-rate, their build perfection; and though here and there we felt inclined to quarrel with a colour, it is the fashion of the day. On Saturday the 25th, a date sacred to Derby dinners and Sunday consequences, the Coaching Club—an institution which knew no small beginnings, but came into the world full-grown from its nurse's arms—had their first meet on the same spot, and Town turned out to do it honour. Twenty-one coaches answered to the roll-call; fourteen went down to the Trafalgar to dinner, and sixty-three members and their friends dined. Very hospitable is the Four-in-Hand and the C. C., and we drink their healths and their families, and may they drive long and prosper. Here again we meet Lord Carington, Lord Cole, Mr. Gerard Leigh, and others, while in addition there is Lord Poulett with those clever leaders which, if we mistake not, we have remembered for some little time; Mr. Kirk, with handsome chesnuts, Mr. Murietta, Mr. Coupland, a very serviceable team; Col. Peyton, Captain Ferguson, Mr. Brand, a new member; Col. Foster, Mr. John Harrison, Sir Charles Legard, Mr. Hoare, &c., &c. One could not help being struck with the marked improvement visible in the teams since this time twelvemonth, or thereabouts; they met at the Marble Arch. Then there were some *scratch* teams, but there are none now, and the C. C. might challenge criticism from those stern judges who last year sat in solemn conclave in Boodle's bay window, and were severe on some juvenile offenders to whom the cab-rank was a difficulty.

It is proposed that there should be a club-room at the Star and Garter at Richmond for the use of the C. C., which seems an excellent idea, and one that could easily be carried out. We do not know if the subject was mooted at the annual meeting of the Club held at Long's Hotel on the 27th; but Captain Goddard, to whom the very existence of the Club is due, is of opinion that the matter would be a popular one. An amusing and well-known writer in a daily journal described Captain Goddard as having 'drag on the brain.'

Our gallant friend may, we think, be with justice congratulated on the happy result of such an attack. The next Park meet of the Club will be on the 19th of June.

We are sorry to hear of the retirement of Mr. Reynell (so well known as 'Sam Reynell' amongst Irish sportsmen) from the mastership of the Meath Hounds. It is also a matter of regret that this gentleman's private fortune should have materially suffered from his efforts to promote fox-hunting, during a period of more than twenty-three years, in Meath and Westmeath. A handsome testimonial is in course of preparation in the sister island, for the purpose of marking the respect in which Mr. Reynell is held by the hunting interest in that county, but a large sum is still required adequately to carry out the intentions of the subscribers, and it is therefore proposed shortly to issue a circular appealing to masters and ex-masters of hounds in the United Kingdom, requesting their assistance and contributions for the furtherance of a design which cannot but find favour in the eyes of all true lovers of fox-hunting in Great Britain.

After a long spell of two-and-twenty years in the field as Master of the Brookstead Harriers, Mr. John White now retires in favour of Captain Tomlin, a gentleman who has already proved himself a thorough sportsman, and who will, it is hoped, turn out to be the right man in the right place. The well-known popularity which Mr. White has acquired was sufficient to rally round him a large party of his friends the other night at a sumptuous dinner, to which he had been invited at the Cliftonville Hotel, Margate. In the course of the evening the Chairman, J. T. Friend, Esq., gave the toast of 'Health and happiness' to Mr. White, in a neat little speech, and, as an old supporter of the hunt, he could bear ample testimony to the way in which Mr. White had endeared himself not only to the farmers and tenants in the island but to all he came in contact with, and he had great pleasure in presenting their old comrade with a purse of 120 guineas, and a silver salver. After this announcement the welkin was made to ring with cheers, a pretty good proof that the compliments bestowed had been well deserved. The rest of the evening was spent in right good sporting fellowship, and it will be many a long day before the remembrance of this jovial gathering has been wiped out. It only remains to be mentioned that the occasion was selected for another presentation of a purse of 50 guineas to the courteous and indefatigable Secretary of the Quex Park Coursing Club. The subscription raised by the farmers (assisted by the gentlemen of the Pytchley Hunt) for their late huntsman 'Roake,' having amounted to upwards of 300*l.*, was presented to him at Northampton on the 11th of May, in the shape of a silver goblet, and 300*l.* in gold. Roake has gone to the South Berks Hounds.

We mentioned in our last that most deserving institution the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society, expressing at the conclusion of our remarks a wish that the anonymous well-wisher who had, in the columns of 'The Field,' offered 100*l.* as a nucleus, would not forget his promise. We had no occasion to have reminded him. While we were penning the lines, his cheque had gone in; only instead of one hundred it was two. The handsome gift was so quietly and modestly given—no one but the Editor of 'The Field' being cognizant of the identity of the donor—that we can only, in the name of every hunting man, tender him grateful thanks and wish him imitators. We are pleased to say that the answers to the circulars and appeals of the Society have been liberal and satisfactory; but much still remains to be done, and there is yet a large class of hunting men who have not responded. May their wicked

consciences smite them when this meets their eye, and, by sending a fiver to Mr. Anstruther Thomson, may they promise to be good boys in future.

The Quorn sale was a great success; the horses, full of quality, showed great judgment in selection, and looked bright and healthy, reflecting great credit on Mr. Coupland's stud-groom. The Cheshire horses fetched wonderful prices, and by every account fully deserved them; and every one was glad that 'poor Algy' sold well. It is a fact, and a creditable one, but dead men's always do.

Poor old Richard Morris, so well known latterly as second huntsman to Mr. Anstruther Thomson, and with many other packs in the Midland Counties, recently destroyed himself from grief at the loss of his wife.

Among all the work which the King of the Belgians got through in his present visit, a run down to Rugby, and a look in at John Darby's, 'the man of the age,' as a well-known M.F.H. calls him, was some of the pleasantest. He inspected the establishment thoroughly, made his purchases, said the correct and pretty thing, which comes so well from Royal lips, and departed, leaving worthy Mr. Darby much gratified.

We have been taken to task because in our last Van, in speaking of the National Hunt Meeting at Abergavenny and the Red-Coat Race, which was one of the most attractive features of the three days, we called some gentlemen who rode thereon, and wore caps instead of hats, 'unfortunates.' It was the very last thought in our mind to cast ridicule on the pace of the riders, for we thought it one of the prettiest sights we had ever seen; but we considered it unfortunate, notwithstanding the cap being correct hunting costume, especially for an M.F.H., and do still consider it, that, as the majority were in hats, all did not wear them. We wish to correct an error, too, into which we fell, in saying that Lord Queensberry was behindhand in a race in which his Lordship rode. Such was not the case, as he assures us he was first down at the post. The Van-driver's eyes can't be everywhere. Perhaps he was asleep on his box; perhaps (very likely) at luncheon.

And as we are going to press, and the Van is being packed, the Derby is over and done: the colours of bonnie Prince Charlie have at length been lowered, and those of one of the most popular and deserving of racing men carried to the front on Cremorne. Nothing could look better than Prince Charlie did as he came down the hill, that fatal spot which his trainer is reported to have said he feared, but he compounded when getting to the bottom he began to ascend the rise for home. Then did the fielders shout with that fierce exultation which jars so painfully on the ear; and they shouted louder still as they saw an almost unknown outsider shoot out, and coming hand over hand, easily dispose of Queen's Messenger, and get much nearer to Cremorne than evidently Maidment liked. It was an anxious moment, but Cremorne managed to maintain his advantage, and win by a head; and what a coup the Ring would have landed if it had been the other way is hard to say. We were sorry for the sake of Prince Charlie, who ran a good horse till his infirmity stopped him on the hill; but we could afford to rejoice with Mr. Savile, whose win, apart from personal considerations of losing our money, was one of the most popular wins that could have come off. The Derby wins of the last two years have been popular; Lord Falmouth's was, so was the Baron's, and now Mr. Savile caps them. More popular, perhaps, than either of the others, for he has had a run of ill-luck, and has at length, we hope, reached the turning in that long lane. May he go on and prosper!



James Ambury

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BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OR

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

COMMODORE JAMES ASHBURY.

WHEN in the early summer of 1867 we heard that the son of the late Mr. John Ashbury, of Manchester, the wealthy builder of railway rolling stock, had purchased the 'Leonora' schooner, and afterwards decided to race her, we did not think he had selected a yacht that would win him many prizes; and Mr. Ashbury seems to have very soon become possessed of the same thought, as before the summer had passed he had given orders to Ratsey, of Cowes, to build him a schooner that would be capable of competing against the fleetest yachts afloat. How well Ratsey performed the task the exploits of the 'Cambria' will bear witness.

Mr. Ashbury had originally taken to yachting as a means of restoring an impaired constitution; but leisure to indulge in a long-suppressed fondness for sport soon led him to the starting buoys. Of course he had everything to learn, and the experience of men who had been yacht-racing all their lives to contend against. His first lesson taught him the inadaptability of the 'Leonora' for match-sailing, and the now famous 'Cambria' was built. But his first experience in this vessel was by no means reassuring, and a man of less determination might well have been disheartened. Fortunately, defeat did not tire or disgust him, and a gathering experience and quick intelligence at length steered the 'Cambria' to the fore ere the summer of 1868 had passed. On the 4th of August of that year she won her maiden race at Cherbourg, and followed up this success by winning three other prizes in the Solent regattas. She beat the renowned 'Aline,' 'Egeria,' 'Guinevere,' 'Lufra,' and a fleet of others; but her crowning triumph of that year was yet to come. The American yacht 'Sappho' had just arrived from New York, and her owner was anxious to match her against the English fleet. A match

was arranged—the American yacht was signally defeated—the ‘Cambria’ came in first, and won. Here was success indeed; and the young yachtsman, like the old admiral of the song, must have felt proud of his yacht and crew.

In 1869 he won four first prizes, and fairly established the ‘Cambria’s’ claim to be one of the best English schooners afloat. In the autumn of that year he with his yacht was at the opening of the Suez Canal, and the ‘Cambria’ was the first sailing-vessel that passed through into the Red Sea, towed by the French steam-yacht ‘Fauvette.’

In 1870 we were again visited by the American yacht ‘Sappho;’ but she was then a very different vessel. She had undergone considerable alterations both in America and England, and she was undoubtedly much improved. Her owner, Mr. William Douglas, was confident of her merits, and sent forth a challenge to all England. This challenge was not accepted; but Mr. Ashbury, having promised the American yachtsman some matches if the ‘Sappho’ came over, felt bound to accept the challenge, although conditions were imposed which, considering the improved state of the ‘Sappho,’ rendered her victory a matter of certainty.

Three matches were sailed, and, although each was extremely unsatisfactory, the superiority of the American yacht was fairly established. The ‘Cambria’ was beaten; but her owner, nothing daunted, accepted the challenge of Commodore Bennett, of the New York Yacht Club, to race the ‘Cambria’ against the ‘Dauntless’ across the Atlantic. Many were the opinions formed on this contest, and not a few predicted the defeat of the English yacht. But Mr. Ashbury knew better than any one else what his vessel could do at sea, and, full of confidence as to the result, started on the voyage July 4th, 1870. After a stormy passage of twenty-three days the ‘Cambria’ passed Sandy Hook light-ship the winner; but so close had the race been run by the two yachts, separated during the voyage by miles of sea, that the ‘Dauntless’ was only *one hour and a half* astern of her. The result of this match naturally placed Mr. Ashbury on the high pinnacle of fame as a yachtsman, and the news of the ‘Cambria’s’ victory was received with great acclamation in England.

Previously to starting, Mr. Ashbury had sent a challenge to the New York Yacht Club to contend for the Cup won by the ‘America’ at Cowes in 1851. The match took place on August the 8th, and the ‘Cambria’ was beaten, but not on her merits. Her owner clearly saw this, and, with characteristic confidence, entered into a number of contests in American waters. He had the satisfaction of seeing his vessel at different times beat all those yachts that had defeated her in the match for the ‘America’s’ Cup.

During his absence he commissioned Ratsey to build him another schooner—the now well-known ‘Livonia’—determined, if possible, to establish beyond all doubt the supremacy of English yacht-building. The ‘Livonia’ did not quite come up to expectations, and in her contests in New York Bay, during the autumn of last year,

for the 'America's' Cup, she was beaten. It is not quite clear that the Americans treated the 'Livonia' fairly in these matches; but there is no doubt that the New York yachts were too good for her.

Mr. Ashbury, having sailed every variety of vessel with his schooners, is now trying his hand with a cutter of the 'Vanguard' school, and the way he goes to work shows that his is now no 'prentice hand at the sport. But, although he has parted with the 'Cambria,' he has not abandoned schooner-racing, and the 'Livonia'—a better vessel than every one thought her to be last autumn—still carries his flag.

To have made such a world-wide name as a foremost man in a national sport as Mr. Ashbury has is no ordinary thing to do; and it is not often that we find a man, who has passed his youth before he makes his *forte* apparent, become so imbued with the characteristics of the sport he has adopted. In the spring of 1870 Mr. Ashbury was chosen Commodore of the Royal Harwich Club, and in the spring of this year he was installed Commodore of the Royal London Yacht Club. During his yachting career he has been a liberal patron of the sport; and only recently he presented to the Royal Harwich Yacht Club the prize he won in crossing the Atlantic, as a perpetual Challenge Cup.

Mr. James Ashbury was born at Manchester in 1835, and, having undergone a sound training at college for an engineering and commercial career, he from a very early age largely assisted his father in his numerous railway undertakings. Upon the death of the latter, in 1866, he inherited a large fortune; but his business habits and ability for work led him to continue his connection with many commercial enterprises. The Railway Carriage Works at Manchester was formed into a company, of which Mr. Ashbury remained the chairman; and he also is chairman of the Denbigh, Ruthen, and Cowen Railway; director of the reconstructed company of Smith and Knight, who are making the Mexican railway from Vera Cruz to Mexico, and the Sardinian Railway, &c. For his services in Spain in connection with railways he was made a Commander of the Order of Charles III., and Commander of the Order of Isabella II.

At the last election he identified himself with politics by becoming a candidate for Brighton in the Conservative interest; and, after being only three or four days in the field, he was defeated by a majority of 120 only, in that very large and radical constituency. Since that time he has taken a very active part in promoting the Conservative cause at various large and important political meetings; and his success at Brighton at the next election is confidently predicted by those likely to know. It is, however, principally as an enthusiastic and successful yachtsman that the owner of the 'Cambria' is known; but those to whom he is personally acquainted know him to be a man of great business acumen, wonderfully tenacious of purpose, steadfast as a friend, and thoroughly liberal and kind-hearted in disposition.

THE REGENERATION OF THE THOROUGHBRED.

IN the memorable controversy concerning the deterioration of the racehorse, which occupied the columns of most of the daily journals not many years ago, it was Sir Joseph Hawley who first struck the key-note of that overture for Turf reformation which from time to time still keeps ringing in our ears. He was followed on the same side by Mr. Chaplin, and the British public stood looking on at the somewhat anomalous spectacle of two of the heaviest bettors and most successful owners of 'instruments of gaming,' assuming the rights of dictatorship to the Turf world, as to how, when, and where they should run their horses, and by what process they should arrive at that Paradise of racing speculators—the realisation of a large stake. Sir Joseph was the representative of the old school of Turfites. As the winner of four Derbys, as a first-rate judge of racing, and proficient in the art of putting horses together, and as a gainer of two colossal fortunes over Beadsman and Musjid, his authority would be likely to be held in some respect; he approached his self-imposed task with singular qualifications for the object he had taken in hand, and, above all, by no one holding even the most opposite opinions could it be doubted that his anxiety in the cause, and real desire to benefit his favourite sport, were otherwise than earnest and sincere, and dictated by the best of motives. His colleague had less of experience in racing matters, but what little he possessed had been presumably attained at a very dear rate, and what with his sensational purchase of the somewhat-overrated Breadalbane and Broomielaw, his notorious plunging propensities, and occasionally erratic Turf policy, men naturally hesitated before they quite acquiesced in his crusade against formerly accepted opinions. They did not give him credit for the consistency he has since displayed, and inasmuch as Sir Joseph's proposals were couched in somewhat arrogant terms, and his threatened interference with the liberty of owners of horses accompanied by a menace of parliamentary interference, the cry of 'deterioration' was stifled, and beyond the new enactment respecting the close time of the racing season, and the limitation of the commencement of two-year old competition until the first of May, nothing resulted from an agitation which at one time promised grander results.

Shortly after this time there appeared in the columns of the 'Daily Telegraph' sundry letters anent the present practice of horse-racing, and bearing the signature of 'Senex,' whose efforts were directed to a resuscitation of the *tempora acta* by one who apparently could recollect the amenities of that golden age, and who talked of 'Reveller in his pride, and Blacklock with his mighty stride,' as old acquaintances of the racecourse. Considering that the improvement in the breed of horses was never likely to find a place in the Gladstonian programme, and that the great Liberal party as a rule was violently opposed to any other form of gambling than that permitted

and encouraged on the Stock Exchange, it was somewhat remarkable that the special organ of the people and their William should open its columns to one evidently of Conservative tendencies, albeit an advocate in some degree of the Hawley-Chaplin proposals. Still more extraordinary was it that diatribes against the method of conducting our great national sport should be permitted in a journal which had always given, through the 'largest circulation in the 'world,' the fullest returns of racing and betting, and had so far accommodated itself to the spirit of the age as to admit into another part of its pages the inflated utterances and exuberant gushings of its own peculiar Turf prophet. While 'Senex' was fulminating in one portion of the paper against abuses real or imaginary, which had crept into the modern system, 'Hotspur's' article was painting in glowing colours the popularity of sport as it now exists, as if the Beacon Course had not fallen into disuse, and as if Cups had not given way to five furlong spins. Since 'Senex' ceased his drivellings, there have appeared from time to time in the same journal leading articles imbued with the same love of antiquity, and breathing the same spirit of factious opposition to existing institutions, and against Admiral Rous, the acknowledged dictator in racing matters of these our degenerate days. We repeat that in pages avowedly devoted to the cause of progress, and rivalling American contemporary journalism in the go-a-head style and 'high falutin' sentiment which its writers adopt, it is strange such things should be. But then, like its great pagod, the 'Daily Telegraph' is nothing if not mysterious and sensational.

Nothing even in the odiousness of comparisons surpasses that between circumstances or persons of the present time with those of a bygone age. Optimists and pessimists of the Turf as it is may harp on their own peculiar strings to all eternity, without satisfying either themselves or the public as to the desirability of what they are advocating. Even in discussing the merits of animals differing only a few years in ages, and which may possibly have met on the racecourse with varying results, there is no common standard to which we can refer for gauging their excellence, for all time tests in connection with racing have long since been proved to be fallacious by reason of the various disturbing elements which arise to perplex and confound. Like Sydney Smith's washerwomen, 'Senex' and 'Juvenis' argue from opposite premises, for the fashion of this world, which we are told passes away so rapidly, works an equal change in the human as well as in the brute creation, in reference to the various uses to which men and horses are put under the alteration of circumstances. Nothing has changed more than the fashion of sport, but common as are *laudatores temporis acti* of the 'Senex' school, they can hardly expect mankind to return backward through the cycle of civilisation to the simpler manners and ruder customs of their forefathers. Fashion has ordained that the long slow *hunting* run of former days shall be discarded in favour of that sharp, racing-like brush across country so dear to the modern 'Nimrod;' that lighter

boats and shorter courses shall be the order of the day in rowing; that railroads shall supersede stage coaches, and that 'rammers and 'dammers,' long beats, and wild game, shall give place to breech-loaders, and short, sharp, and decisive actions against the denizens of well-stocked preserves. Time seems more an object than it used to be, and the aim of the coming generation to crowd into a limited space a taste or touch of everything which the passing hour presents. How far all this is healthy or profitable we do not pause to inquire; it is sufficient for our argument to prove that which now-a-days needs but little proof, that

'Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.'

And in all such changes that have affected the business or pleasure of society, it is but natural that sport, and especially the sport of horse-racing, should have had its original character entirely altered, if not perverted, as many have been found, after the manner of 'Senex,' to maintain.

What is the end and object of encouraging and fostering the sport of horseracing in these islands, save the ulterior improvement of the breed? For this purpose, do we at any time expect to arrive at perfection; or are we to rest satisfied so long as a leaven of good blood remains to correct and improve our coarser breeds, leaving them to perpetuate the good qualities inherited from a purer source? Is it desirable or possible that by constant ingraftings of blue blood on the common stock, the character of our horses should so far be changed as to lose all distinctions formerly in vogue, and that the cart-horse, hackney, and hunter should at length merge in that perfect animal, the thoroughbred horse? This is, of course, putting an extreme case; but progressive improvement would seem to have this object and effect. In fact, the expression, 'improvement in 'the breed of horses,' is hardly so easily explained as enunciated, and if there be any method in it, it is difficult to discover, considering the way in which breeding operations are conducted now-a-days—mostly upon the happy-go-lucky principle. Two-year-old running has been described as the bane of racing, and the careers of *Crucifix* and *Achievement* declared to have been cut short owing to their juvenile labours. But is not the fact of the early retirement of so many celebrities from the course accounted for by the absence of any occupation for them after their three-year-old career? Cup races are not what they used to be—trials of strength between the giants of old days; but that is not the fault of the horse, but of a system, which insists on 'a good betting race,' and tempts owners to 'air' and 'pull' their animals all over the country for the sake of landing a great *coup* in some important handicap race. It is no longer a reproach, nay, rather an honour, for men to 'make handi-caps their study,' and during that process the horse goes to the wall, and the splendid but empty trophies of Ascot, Goodwood, and Doncaster are despised, for the sake of winning a good stake in a

Cesarewitch or Cambridgeshire. As to two-year-old racing, doubtless there is enough and to spare; but it has been the policy of more than one important stable, of late years, to engage its youngsters heavily, and run them out for their engagements, thus securing a quick return for their outlay. And this will be more and more the case now that the utterly rotten state of the Turf market is against an owner realising a fortune over his Derby winner, and of giving the knights of the pencil such a facer as Sir Joseph did with Beadsman and Musjid, and Mr. Merry with Thormanby in three successive years.

Demosthenes declared 'action' to be the soul of oratory, but all the eloquence of 'Senex' and his followers will fail to show that their perpetual cry of 'stamina,' in which they assert the modern racer to be so lamentably deficient, is anything more than one of those delusive visions which have from time to time arisen to lead astray the public mind. Like the ballot, it must be thrust upon men whether they care for it or not, and parliamentary interference is invoked for the manufacture of stayers just as Permissive Bill agitators aspire to make the nation sober by their fanatical enactments. If 'staying' means that, under our present system of *training*, there are few animals to be found to compass the Beacon Course at an average rate of speed, then we must concede to 'Senex' his point; but if it is sought to be asserted that our system of *breeding* is incapable of supplying the Turf with such animals as Blacklock and Reveller, then we must join issue with him, and declare our conviction that there are just as good stayers on the Turf as ever, provided that means were taken to utilise their lasting powers, which again brings us to the *fashion* of racing now in vogue. Will the retrograde party be kind enough to define what they mean by *stayer*? Can the word be used as a general term and applied to all order and degrees of horses, or is it to be held to apply only to those used for racing and steeplechasing purposes? If it be held to relate to the whole tribe of animals in general use, no one can be found to complain that our carriage-horses, hackneys, or dray-horses are endued with less endurance than formerly; while if the term be used in relation to flat racers and steeplechasers collectively, it will be found that 'staying' on the flat and across country are totally different things, and incapable of being comprehended in any one definition. It is not often that one of our known and approved good stayers on the flat is sent to try his luck between the flags, but instances have occurred to show how ingloriously such animals have performed; while it has been shown, over and over again, that the rankest sprinters and T.Y.C. horses have blossomed into first-class steeplechasers, capable of outlasting their more pre-tentious rivals of Cup celebrity. No one, either from looks or performances, would pick out such animals as Emblem, Emblematic, or Casse-Tête as capable of compassing anything over half-a-mile on the flat; indeed Lord Coventry's mares were voted mere rake-handles at Liverpool; yet they seemed to change their nature over

longer distances and heavier weights, defeating many reputed to be more stoutly bred.

Were it desirable or possible to revert to our original racing practices, and to revive the custom of long courses and heats, and such like barbarisms, the so-called golden age might yet be renewed, and the motto, *Stare super vias antiquas*, be triumphantly vindicated. But such a state of things could only be brought about by the most overwhelming Turf reform, and five-furlong spins and kindred abominations in the eyes of 'Senex' be utterly and entirely rooted out, save, perhaps, for two-year-old races, should any be permitted indeed, even at the extreme back end of the year. It is needless to inquire how the temper of the age would acquiesce in such an innovation, which would speedily cause the retirement of the majority of our present race of sportsmen, without inducing any new blood to embark on the troubled waters of the Turf. Only lately the last remnant of the iron age of the Turf has ceased to encumber the Newmarket autumn programme, and we imagine that not even the most ardent of reformers would seek to re-establish the horrors of the Feather Plate, in which whole fleets of devoted two-year-olds were to be seen rolling in distress up the Criterion Hill, and competing over a desperate three-mile course for the munificent sum of 50/. But there is no earthly reason why, by an alteration in the present system of training, our Sterlings and Shannons should not toil in heats over the Beacon Course, were any object to be gained by such a proceeding. In the absence of any less severe trials of strength a totally different method of preparation would be adopted, but the spirit of the present times would hardly tolerate such an apology for sport as to see even a field of Hunt or Steward's Cup proportions 'tittupping' along across the flat, after the fashion of competitors in some 'Hunter's Plate.' However magnificent may be the prizes offered, so long as short races are the fashion will Cups be limited to that very select coterie, the thorough exposure of whose form in the best company, rather than their merits as stayers, induces them to enter the lists, and gain occasionally a cheap celebrity by farming the massive trophies which Ascot, Goodwood, and Doncaster still offer for competition. If, according to the Bentinckian maxim, no one can afford to keep racehorses who does not bet, Cups can scarcely reimburse them for training expenses, and it is notorious that bookmakers do not open their mouths very wide over Cup races, which are generally 'close boroughs' for some few favoured among the best of their year.

If there exists the smallest particle of truth in the cry of deterioration lately raised, we must refer the decadence in quality of our blood stock to the constant demand of the foreign market, and the steady drain annually taking place on our resources. John Bull is essentially a commercial animal, and ready to part with any part of his home produce for money's worth; and considering the celebrity which these islands have attained for the production and development of the thoroughbred, it need be no matter of surprise that

the article of horseflesh should continue to be in extensive demand, more especially with those who have but recently turned their attention to the mysteries of horse-breeding, an art for which this country was formerly deemed to hold an inviolable patent. We have freely parted with the elements of our success to furnish the requirements of other countries, and, doubtless, together with the vast amount of rubbish which has been exported from our shores, some few valuable articles may have been parted with, and English breeders, who have redeemed a Saunterer, may look long and wistfully at Buccaneer as the most illustrious exile we have as yet sent forth to represent British blood on the continent of Europe. No one can deny that we have a goodly stock still remaining in hand, in addition to the credit acquired of having benefited the civilised portion of the globe by our home-blood missions. And if France can point with pride to her Gladiateur, Fille de l'Air, and Mortemer, we can trace the fountain of success still higher up to its source, and ask whether such prodigies would ever have arisen to shame *perfidie Albion*, had not their ancestors, like a king of illustrious memory, been 'born and bred Britons?' If the arrows, which have so grievously wounded our national pride were winged by our own feathers, we have the reason to complain; nay, the more reason to congratulate ourselves in that we have been the means of improving the breed of horses more universally, and that the benefits of our system have been extended over a wider sphere. We see no more chance of a regeneration of the thoroughbred, according to the views of 'Senex' and Co., than of a return of the *Saturnia regna* of the world. In the meantime let us jealously guard our best beloved institution of the Turf, as well against the headlong changes of modern innovation as against a retrograde movement from which we can expect nothing save failure and humiliation.

AMPHION.

WOLF-HUNTING AND WILD SPORT IN LOWER BRITTANY.

NO. XI.

ERE a single horn had proclaimed the '*mort*,' and while yet the monster boar was lying with his head and feet on the gravelly bank, and his hind legs still quivering in the stream, St. Prix on hands and knees was crawling into the cave—the first, as he always was, to give his aid to the suffering hounds. Fourteen couple only had crossed the river; while three shivering, limping hounds, out of the remaining four couple, were standing on the water's edge, as if utterly unable to stem the torrent in their maimed and helpless condition. Five hounds were therefore wanting to complete the number of the hunting pack.

An interval of more than ten minutes had elapsed, during which time many a peasant volunteered to enter the cave, exhibiting intense anxiety for the fate of the hounds; when St. Prix again appeared on the surface, dragging after him a hound by the hind legs, literally disembowelled and dead. The four others, he said, had been so cruelly mauled that, not being known by the hounds, he dared not handle one of them. M. de Kergoorlas's chief piqueur, the very man who had been nearly roasted with his hounds in the shed at Gourin, then stood forward, and divesting himself of his goat-skin jacket, entered the gloomy aperture. One, two, three, four were at length brought out singly and tenderly by the patient piqueur; and a more piteous scene my eyes never witnessed.

'How was it possible for them to escape,' said St. Prix, energetically, 'when eighteen couple were crowded together in that narrow cavern, cheek by jowl with that terrible tusker? it is a mystery to me that so few have been killed!'

'Too many, too many!' said Kergoorlas, with a groan; 'but who could foresee that the brute would run to ground, and there butcher my hounds in this fashion?'

Two out of the four died almost immediately after their wounds were washed; another, having several of his ribs protruding through the skin, and his stomach rent, was destroyed on the spot; while the fourth, sorely maimed, was carried to a distant cottage on a goat-skin jacket, which, with a peasant at each corner, served the purpose of a most convenient ambulance. An old army surgeon was fortunately present, and spared no pains, with brandy, bandages and needle, to alleviate the misery of the other wounded hounds.

For a short time only, however, did this episode cast a gloom on the general field; most of whom cared little about the hounds, but were deeply interested in the destruction of the swine that had ravaged their crops, and terrified the women and children throughout the district. The hounds, as yet, had scarcely done an hour's work; and fourteen couple, a larger pack than St. Prix ever used for boar, were available and fresh for further operations. About a league from the ground where the carnage described took place, up stream and in some thick scrub hanging under the mountain-brow, several full-grown boar had been harboured by the piqueurs; and, as that part of the forest had been quite undisturbed, the hounds were trotted thither without much delay.

The evil of working too large a pack for boar could not have been more severely exemplified than in the recent massacre, although the circumstances, to be sure, were somewhat exceptional; the cavern proving a fatal trap in which the mischief was aggravated by numbers; and the animal hunted being a '*solitaire*,' one of the fiercest and most powerful of wild beasts. So, when M. de Kergoorlas, with his love for a full choir of music, cast off again his whole pack, he might fairly calculate on neither running a pig to ground, nor finding another '*solitaire*' for that or many a day to come. But this consideration did not prevent St. Prix from impressing upon

him the doctrine of which he was himself so practical an observer : ' Better slip three or four couple at a time, Kergoorlas,' I heard the Louvetier remark ; ' and then throw in your relays—when the first ' have well settled on the game you mean to hunt.'

But no ; the master of his hounds would be master still ; fourteen couple were cheered to the drag, and in less than half-an-hour three pigs were viewed in the distance, pointing downhill, and galloping in frantic fright for the river below. Being in single file, and following a leader, the hounds did not divide ; and as the pigs plunged across the rapid stream, in helter-skelter hurry, even Kergoolas's love of sylvan music must have been more than gratified by the wild harmony awakened in the glen. Nor was it all mere towling, for four or five couple of hounds were dashing

' Abreast, like horses of the sun,'

into the gurgling waters, before the last pig could shake his bristly hide on the opposite bank. Crack, crack, went a smooth-bore within a few yards of the rock on which I stood ; and I saw that Keryfan, taking a snap shot at the hindmost pig, had rolled him headlong into the scrub. Instantly, however, he rose again, and hobbling back into the stream on three legs, he there stood at bay up to his belly in water, confronting the whole pack. ' Now then ' for more mischief,' I said to myself ; and scarcely had the thought crossed my mind than the boar charged, and I saw one hound at once float down the stream as helpless as a lumber-log—again, quick as lightning came the thought that, unless instant aid were given, the best hounds would be murdered or maimed wholesale in no time. So, springing from my perch, for I dared not fire among the hounds, I descended the steep ravine with the impetus of a kangaroo, and reached the water's edge in time to stop another charge. My *balle-mariée* then, at the distance of only ten yards, put an end to the fight ; passing through both shoulders of the beast, and rolling him dead into the hounds' jaws.

At that very moment St. Prix was at my side, his *couteau* bared, and he in the very act of springing into the thick of the fray ; he paused, however, on the brink of the stream, as the report of my smooth-bore rung on his ear ; and it might have been fancy, but I could not help thinking a shade of disappointment passed over the fine fellow's face, as the adventurous work of closing with the boar and delivering the hounds from their instant danger was so suddenly snatched from his hand. If it was so, the cloud vanished without breaking ; and he turned round to thank me heartily for the ready help I had given the hounds. The pig was a tusker, and pronounced to be three or four years old : his lower tusches, calculating that portion of them imbedded in the jaw, were about six inches long, not much curved, but sharp and pointed as a barking knife ; a pair of terrible weapons in a close fight. The peasants point out the stumps of oak trees on which they whet their tusches by way of keeping their armour in order ; and as many of the trees near the

water's edge were scored and seamed deeply all round their boles, they afforded pretty good proof that the boar of Kœnig were not only a numerous, but a very warlike race.

Louis Trefarreg, St. Prix's first piqueur, was so thoroughly versed in all the habits and slot-signs of the beasts he hunted, that he could approximately tell the size and age of a wolf or boar, not only from their track-marks in the ground, but he could gauge the height of the latter by the altitude at which he had scored the trees in whetting his tusks; every inch in the length of the boar's legs enabling him to strike higher or lower according to their length.

When the bristles from the last pig killed were extracted from his neck (a process immediately undertaken by some Cordonnier peasant, if he is not interfered with), the difference in size and strength between them and the bristles of the '*solitaire*,' was quite remarkable; the latter being more like wire-rods than the growth of a pig's back; long, strong, and stiff as an awl—the very requirement adapted for the cobbler's use. No wonder then that these connoisseurs pounced with such avidity on so tempting a prize; nor that their discomfiture was expressed in bitter terms, when Louis Trefarreg prevented them, as he sometimes did, from indulging in this spoil. A fight, St. Prix told me, had more than once occurred between the piqueur and the spoiler over a dead boar; but that, in every instance, Louis had proved himself the better man. On the present occasion our pastime was undisturbed by the semblance of a broil; on the contrary, while the '*mort*' was being sounded, and the usual obsequies duly enacted over the fallen prey, every bristle was extracted from its neck; and, in the absence of the gendarmes, not one of whom intruded on the scene, all went smoothly and merrily as a marriage bell.

It has been already remarked that our Gallic neighbours, previous to the business of entering on the *chasse*, are the most deliberative of human beings; and now, even with the game afoot and before them, much useful time was wasted in deciding how the pursuit of the two other pigs should be continued; one party deeming it best to clap on the hounds at once from the river, and to stick to the line of scent; the other preferring to lift the pack and throw them into a thick scrub-cover, about a league off, into which it was pretty certain the pigs had gone. St. Prix and his piqueur stoutly advocated the latter plan, explaining how it would rest the hounds and tell against the game; but '*music won the cause*,' Kergoorlas deciding that, if the hounds were lifted so far, they should lose so much sweet hunting, and probably not hit upon the line again.

'It appears to me,' he said pointedly to St. Prix, 'that the month you spent with that Squire's hounds in East Kent has warped without improving your former good judgment on Brittany hunting. You could not have gone, so Keryfan says, to a better school for a lesson in fox-hunting; but a fox and a boar are two different animals.'

'So they are, Kergoorlas; but why you should prefer trailing with

'a cold scent over a long league of rough country, when you could clap your hounds quietly and quickly on the very back of the boar in half the distance, beats my comprehension.'

The remonstrance was in vain; and in a few minutes the hounds, cheered to the scent, were picking it along merrily, but certainly not with that crash of music which was the delight of Kergoorlas's heart. Gradually, however, it improved; and in half-an-hour, as the hounds entered the scrub-cover, the 'field' being a mile behind, and scattered in every direction, a roar of thunder burst on our ears, and told of hot work in the cover above. Then came the blast of many horns, announcing 'the boar afoot' with a din that, like Virgil's Fame, seemed to gather strength as it went, rolling along among the valleys below; until

'Tot linguæ, totidem ora sonant, tot subrigit aures.'

The peasants, rejoicing in the well-known signal, hastily planted themselves, in small groups of twos and threes, at various points by which the chase was likely to pass. Some occupied the summit of a granite boulder far above the reach of the tusky foe; while others, preferring the ambush afforded by the trunk of a tree, took equal care to post themselves under an impending bough, into which, in case of attack, they could instantly spring out of harm's way. Keryfan, who was standing near me, listening attentively to the cry as the hounds' mouths were turned towards us, now suddenly started, and turning to me he said confidently, 'The hounds have changed; hark! that's St. Prix's horn sounding "Le Loup, vrai caffard:" he must have viewed a wolf, in spite of the signal given, "Le San-glier," by the other horns.'

He had scarcely spoken when, crossing an open space below us, a gaunt, grey old wolf went lopping along over some stony ground, his both ears pricked well forward, as if he expected foes in front as well as behind, and his stealthy gait betokening intense fear; he of course saw us, but, as there were several peasants posted on the opposite side of the glen, he held on straight down the valley, pointing for the great cover below. Our both barrels were raised simultaneously; but before a trigger was touched, either by Keryfan or myself, we saw him stagger forward, and then instantly heard the reports of at least three guns fired at him by peasants lying in ambush within fifty yards of the spot.

'Bravo!' shouted Keryfan; 'they've stopped the riot at all events; he must be hard hit; a body-shot or a leg broken for certain: let's after him.'

The hounds were now not a hundred yards from the wolf, rattling on like a storm of hail in his rear; and it occurred to both of us, if we could but catch another view of the wounded brute and give him his *coup-de-grace* quickly, we should probably save the leading hounds from a terrible and disastrous encounter. So rushing at once forward, Keryfan diverging towards the river and I still holding to the upper ground, we both managed to view him again as he limped

heavily towards the stream and was about to cross it for the opposite shore. This, however, it was not fated he should do : for, Keryfan and myself, firing four barrels into him, killed him almost instantaneously : the pack then rushed in, and every hound seizing his mouthful of hide, a fiercer worry it was never my lot to witness. But they did not 'tear him and eat him,' after the manner of English foxhounds running into their game : they did not even break a particle of his skin, and scarcely disfigured the thick, close jacket in which his carcase was encased : yet, for at least half an hour, every tooth in their heads and every muscle in their bodies was concentrated on the wolf's body, biting, shaking, and dragging it furiously.

This had been an old Tartar and the scourge of the neighbourhood for years : his four front teeth, above and below, were worn down to the gums : and his once formidable 'holders,' broken and blunted by age and use, had been reduced to mere stumps. He had frequently been found by St. Prix's hounds ; but invariably, on breaking away, had stuck to an interminable line of covers fringing the Black Mountains ; and reaching the forest of Dault, had either thrown them off by a change with another wolf or run them into dark night. His head was more than grey, it was almost white ; and doubtless, had his legs been as lissom as on former occasions, he would not now have turned short and run into the very jaws of death. The exultation of the peasants over this, their old enemy, was expressed in the strongest terms ; and, if St. Prix had been capable of jealousy, it might easily have been aroused by the laudation which, on every side, he heard bestowed on Kergoorlas's hounds : for to them alone was attributed the fate that had at length overtaken this ancient and shifty robber.

In reality the hounds had been guilty of a great fault, and no man knew it better than St. Prix ; they had changed, while in full chase, from one scent to another ; and, in the deep forests of Brittany, where so many kinds of game abound, the disposition to change is looked upon as a serious blot in the character of their hounds, and the habit simply as the reckless riot of an untrained pack. So, when the Breton peasants were lauding the hounds, Kergoorlas was busy in apologizing for their misdeed :

'I know,' he said, 'the wolf must have jumped up in view before them, and so lifted their noses from the old scent. I had hoped the frequent infusion of the grey-griffon blood—and that, too, of your kennel, St. Prix—had cured that love of change so inherent in the smooth Vendean hounds.'

'A mere accident,' responded the Louvetier, 'to which the best bred and best trained hounds in the world would always be liable : a view is a fatal temptation at all times.'

Kergoorlas was very proud of his hounds, and for many years had devoted the closest attention to the improvement of their blood as well as to their discipline in the field : and, although St. Prix's observation was perfectly true, it scarcely sufficed to allay the vexation he

so keenly felt, owing to this flagrant riot having been witnessed by all.

'Would I could pitch on the ringleaders,' he said, angrily, 'I'd make an example of them they would not readily forget.'

'Well,' said St. Prix, always the hound's friend, 'it is rather late now, after the worry, to chastise them for a fault, thereby condoned; punishment, to be effectual, should instantly follow the riot, *flagrante delicto*, or the hound will suffer without knowing why or wherefore.'

'By the death of this wolf, M. de Kergoorlas, you have done a rare good service,' interposed M. Richard, the mayor of the commune; 'and I propose, with the sanction of M. de St. Prix, to hand over the government bounty to your piqueurs. We have yet other days for hunting the boar; and I trust you will be able to give a satisfactory account of them ere the week ends.'

'With all my heart,' responded St. Prix, gladly helping to turn the conversation into another channel, and hoping to soften the irritation M. de Kergoorlas too evidently felt; 'they have done their work admirably; and, so far from begrudging the tribute to their fellow-piqueurs, my men will only be too happy if it is given as M. Richard proposes.'

It had always been M. de St. Prix's custom to divide the government award—thirty or fifty francs, according to the sex of the wolf slain—among his piqueurs; just as in former days, in this country, when a fox was killed, cap-money was levied from the 'field' and usually handed over to the huntsman, in token of the sport and success achieved by the pack under his management; so that to 'give Joe his half-crown' was looked upon as a happy privilege by those who were fortunate enough to live with the chase and to see it crowned with a kill. Therefore M. Richard, being well aware of St. Prix's practice, and deeming that they, whose hounds had done the work on the present occasion, were best entitled to the reward, proposed its distribution accordingly; and before M. de Kergoorlas could say ay or nay in the matter, he handed over thirty francs to the chief piqueur, the very man who had been singing, while drunk and incapable, on the previous night.

The selection on the part of the mayor was not a happy one; and for this and other reasons Kergoorlas appeared anything but gratified by the transaction; however, he so far mastered his feelings as to thank that official with the utmost courtesy, and at the same time, drawing a handful of five-franc pieces from his pocket, he beckoned to Louis Trefarreg, and at once made ample amends for the loss of the largesse which he and his followers were entitled to expect for a wolf slain by hounds in the Louvetier's country.

But the Breton noblesse are a proud and fiery race: and St. Prix winced ominously at the unexpected and large compensation made to his men, in lieu of the paltry sum paid by the mayor to Kergoorlas's piqueurs; and Keryfan subsequently told me that, if such a liberty had been taken by any one less friendly than Kergoorlas was

with St. Prix, the latter would have chucked the money at the other's head. Then the inevitable result would have been a sword duel—not usually a fatal affair, but always a bloody one. But a *Deus ex machinâ* appeared and averted the danger at once: a peasant messenger, in wild haste, rushed up to announce that a single hound had been all along in chase of the two hunted pigs, and had driven them to bay in a pool of the river, about half a league from the spot on which we then stood.

In an instant all personal aggravations were cast to the winds; Kergoorlas deliberately unwound his horn and commenced playing 'La sortie de l'eau' with a fervour that, if he had been nearer to his game, would have been certainly more suitable; while the peasants, impatient of delay, dashed off to the scene of action with an impetus that knew no control. Nor did the hounds, which stood round their master, lifting their heads on high and solemnly joining in the wild melody, move a yard from the spot before he had finished that formal announcement on his horn. The peasants seemed to be well aware they had no need of their services, and that the one hound, having brought the pigs to bay in water, was amply sufficient to keep them there, until they could come to his aid; so, without hesitation, away they all scurried, leaving the hounds and their master to their present enjoyment.

I felt for the moment somewhat embarrassed, longing to scurry away too and see the finale to this unusual day's sport; but, observing the studious composure of Keryfan and the fiery St. Prix, neither of whom stirred a step while Kergoorlas and his choir were executing this piece of music, I became aware, if I did so, that I should be guilty of a breach of etiquette which would degrade me at once in the estimation of these high-class Breton chasseurs; so I submitted to my fate and waited a long three minutes for the conclusion of this strange ceremony. The horn being re-slung into its usual place, we then followed the peasants.

Before, however, we could overtake them, the reports of several guns, rapidly succeeding each other, fell on our ears; and by the time we reached the pool, where the hound had brought them to bay, two fine boar were lying stretched out, side by side, on the river-bank, still quivering in the throes of death. The hound that had stuck so gallantly to his game was called Troubadour, and a grander specimen of the veritable griffon no man could wish to see; he was rufous-grey in colour, had a long, sensible face, with a high crown to his head, deep chest, good feet, long powerful thighs, and legs without lumber; above all, he carried a bold stern well-arched over his back, and feathered deeply to its very tip. I can see the brave beast before my mind's eye at this very moment: two long gashes furrowing his ribs and streaming with blood, but apparently skin-deep only, as he seemed to pay little or no attention to these ugly-looking wounds.

'Oh,' I said to myself, as I marvelled at his real hound-like beauty, 'would that I had powers of persuasion strong enough to induce some Master of hounds in England to break through that fashion-

'able routine of breeding, which is fast destroying the character and scenting qualities of foxhounds, such as they were in the days of the sixth Duke of Beaufort; when his long-headed and long-feathered badger-pies hunted like weasles, or drove their fox, like a flash of fire, over the cold fallows of the Gloucestershire wolds! The blood of Troubadour, judiciously infused, I venture to believe, is all that is wanted to bring back the modern foxhound to that grand type of former days.'

Captain Anstruther Thomson's recent testimony is worthy of the utmost attention on this point.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

NO. I.

A FRAGMENT OF SIMONIDES.

THE storm-clouds gather; hark! the night-winds wail,
Creeps with the mist along the restless sea;
The billows rise and dash the shallop frail;
Danae, weeping, sings her lullaby.

How deep thy sleep! no fears disturb thy rest,
Though the fierce winds thy golden ringlets tear;
Though wild waves rudely rock thy cradle strange,
And dash the cold spray o'er thy bosom bare.

My darling boy! 'tis well thou can'st not know
The fears for thee, thrilling thy mother's breast,
Else would her words reveal unuttered woe,
And waking horror banish seeming rest.
Shower thy fierce lightnings, Zeus! hurl *me* below;
Touch not my loved one; leave *him*; *he* is blest.

Hush! hush! my babe; peace, unrelenting sire;
Rude winds be still! sea! cease this uproar wild;
Great Zeus be just! withhold thy dreadful fire;
Hear my bold prayer, and save, *oh save my child!*

J. C. M. H.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE DOG SHOW.

The Crystal Palace Company have not rendered themselves remarkable for the tendering of unsolicited advice, except in the way of the mildest of lectures on the most uninteresting subjects by artists more or less known to fame. But they have grown of late laudably desirous of supplying a want which has been long felt though, it must be confessed, unacknowledged, namely, that of a more intimate acquaintance with natural history. Wombwell's menagerie was the first thin end of the wedge resorted to for this purpose, and great was the patronage bestowed upon that renowned institution while it lasted, whenever it made its welcome appearance at Sydenham. Poultry and pigeon shows next engaged the attention of visitors, to the no small neglect of the working bees, creatures that, vastly unlike that obtrusive personage the working man,

‘ Teach

The act of order to a peopled kingdom.’

Then, probably from the success which had attended similar exhibitions at the Agricultural Hall and Ashburnham Park, a dog show was started, and with such an amount of patronage, and under such good management and care of the animals exhibited, that it may now be confidently regarded as an annual institution, and among the chief of the summer sights of the Crystal Palace. Dogs naturally suggest cats; and if a dog show, by a parity of reasoning, why not a cat show? The advantages to be derived from a study of natural history ought surely to be extended to the ladies; and a contemplation of the different varieties of the cat species ought to be eminently beneficial to those strong-minded females who are looking forward to the passing of their Removal of Disabilities Bill, under the auspices of Mr. Jacob Bright and the Attorney-General. Indeed the cat show is a formidable rival of the canine exhibition, and bids fair to be quite as long-lived, which is but right, seeing that cats are proverbially longer lived than dogs. It is said that we are indebted to Mr. Harrison Weir, the eminent artist, for the notion and arrangement of the cat show. All honour to him for the suggestion, but let us hope that the hideous cat's head on the flaming yellow placard, which annually announces the coming cat carnival and frightens small boys at the railway stations, is not a design from the pencil of the great artist. ‘Complete in all its arrangements’ as the exhibition is said to have been, must not be taken to have included the unimportant matter of the advertisements, as far as regarded their pictorial illustrations. Mr. Harrison Weir was also the instigator of the late game bird show, through which Londoners, previously acquainted only with defunct or trussed game, have been enabled to view a variety of specimens, thoroughbred and hybrid, in all the glory of resplendent plumage, without dragglement and free from vermicular and Norfolk Howards.

No sooner were the summer lists of forthcoming Crystal Palace events out, with natural history opportunities 'looming in the future,' than the renowned breeders of winning stock 'got at it' again, and rushed into print, unmindful of the famous diversity of proceeding between angels and fools with regard to that practice. How to settle the rival claims of particular breeds of pointers and setters appears to be a problem incapable of solution. The trials in various parts of the country are understood to have been productive of very meagre results except among certain infatuated sportsmen, and hardly any two men can be found to agree upon the means of deciding what shall constitute superiority in a trial or series of trials. Mr. E. Laverack, who lays claim to be considered the owner of the best breed of setters in England, issued, not without provocation and in self defence, as he alleges, an indignant challenge to 'Idstone,' a gentleman who, in common, certainly, with many other sportsmen who do not breed for exhibition and the winning of prizes at shows, has perhaps an unorthodox but very strong belief in the excellence of the black and tan species. As the author of a book on the subject of dogs 'Idstone' is naturally regarded as an authority; and Mr. Laverack, taking umbrage at some remark of 'Idstone's' concerning a physical defect in his specimens, invoked the aid of 'Bell's Life' to decide between him and his detractor. 'Idstone' declined with considerable emphasis to submit to the proposed ordeal of trial before competent judges, preferring to rest his reputation upon his book as embodying conclusive proof of all that was necessary to substantiate his superiority in the matter of the breeding of setters. It is difficult to discover what can be the good of publishing these and such like letters in the newspapers, unless it be to draw the attention of the judges at forthcoming dog shows to the excellence of particular breeds, and thus to render the duty of deciding rival claims a matter of comparative ease. Rival claimants must content themselves with the consolatory reflection that the general visitor to the Crystal Palace is utterly regardless of the merit of individual kennels, and is satisfied if the entire exhibition be worthy of his dignified consideration. Mistakes and misjudging frequently happen, no doubt, but the Company may triumphantly advance the ancient boast that 'the proof of the pudding is in the eating,' to show that their arrangements and their officers have met with approval sufficiently general to silence a few cavillers; and that if the dreadful things threatened against officials in former years had actually befallen them, or if they had been guilty of the derelictions charged against them, they would hardly have been suffered to fill similar positions of responsibility again.

The entries for this year's show exceeded those of all former exhibitions—except the great and original one at Islington, in 1863; a fact in itself sufficiently gratifying to the Company, and a powerful answer to the numerous fault-finders of former years. Mr. W. Roué, of Bristol, was again the efficient secretary, and to him presumably is due the credit of drawing up the flaming placard containing the announcement that, after the manner of the Croydon

race committee under similar attraction-making circumstances, 1,000*l.* would be distributed in prizes. We know what a powerful inducement was the money advertisement in the case of the steeplechase fraternity, and there can be little doubt that the plan has operated not less potently among exhibitors and breeders of dogs, towards the prodigious swelling of the entry list at the present canine exhibition at the Crystal Palace. The judges were Lord Lurgan and S. Handley, W. Lort, J. Walker, J. Walker of Wrexham, A. B. Ashford, and J. Barrow, Esqs., and Mr. Nisbett, the last-named gentleman, being specially retained for the proper and delectable care and duty of judging the dandies, a task which appears to be beyond the ken of ordinary judges of dogs, whether of a sporting nature or otherwise. The importation of Lord Lurgan into the judging list was a great stroke of business, and it was very satisfactory to have such a 'reliable' authority in the matter of the greyhounds, among which animals there was an excellent show, and a keen competition. It would be difficult to discover a more splendid greyhound than the winner of the first prize for dogs, Mr. J. H. Murchison's black-ticked dog Fleetfoot, of the unimpeachable blood of Master McGrath and Victory; Victory being a daughter of Tom Price's celebrated Patent. Mr. Worthington, of Bury, Lancashire, was adjudged the second prize with his very handsome brindled and white dog Lord Derby, whose pedigree was not very distinctly set forth in the catalogue, it being thus: 'Geranium by Prince, Prince by Heart of Kings (*sic*); Geranium, winner of 29 courses; Canaradzo breed.' Lord Derby has been the winner of numerous prizes in the north, and has been seven times highly commended. It may, however, be remarked that to publish in the catalogue the previous winnings of any animal is not fair to the judges; and has been the cause in more than one instance of biasing their opinion in a direction otherwise than that intended. The owner of Lord Derby was sorely disappointed in not gaining the first prize, but fine dog as he undoubtedly is, Lord Derby probably had his right place assigned him, notwithstanding his long list of previous victories, for in addition to his pedigree militating against his chance, he appeared to be a little 'cathammed;' which is hardly a defect, perhaps, and is generally a mark of speed, but is hardly calculated to operate favourably upon a judge's estimation of points. Mr. Murchison won the third prize also, with Knight of St. Patrick, another handsome son of Master McGrath and Victory. In the bitch class, also, the same gentleman won the first prize with Cinderella, by Patent and Colleen; the second prize being awarded to Mr. E. Davey's Daphne, by Saracen and Bit of Silk; while Mr. Murchison's Columbine, by Patent and Trovatore, was very highly commended. Mr. J. K. Field's Rufus, and Major Cowen's Dingle, took first prizes in their respective classes for bloodhounds, grand and powerful looking animals, as were also Mr. Bird's Roswell, Mr. Lancaster's Ringwood, Major Cowen's Dauntless, and Captain J. W. Clayton's Lufra, who took first and second

prizes in the order mentioned for dogs and bitches of the non-champion class. These animals appeared to be as much admired as anything in the show, and people were much impressed by their solemn brows and bloodshot eyes. Among the deerhounds was an animal called Roy, by Oscar, who belonged to Mr. Dobell, of Cheltenham, a gentleman who, as Sydney Yendys, achieved some celebrity as a poet. Oscar's dam, Maida, was bred by Mr. Dobell, of Glengarry, whose ancestor gave Sir Walter Scott his celebrated Maida. Mr. Bowles's Bran carried off the first prize in this class for dogs, Mr. Hickman's Morni and Mr. Dawes's Warrior being second and third, and the Rev. G. F. Hodson's Oscar being highly commended; Keildar, bred by the late Mr. Cole, head keeper at Windsor Park, gaining no mention. For the bitches, Mr. W. Haviside Tyser was first with Vengeance, and Mr. Bowles second with Braie, Hilda and Lady Macbeth being highly commended. The mastiffs were a fine collection, especially the non-champion class, which was as well represented as any. Mr. Robinson's Punch, and his Hercules, were first and second, and Mr. Nicholson's Lion third, while no fewer than five were commended. In the bitch class, equally good, Miss Aglionby's Empress was first, Mr. Robinson's Judy second, and Mr. Seager's Carnac third, and three more highly commended.

The champion prizes for St. Bernards were, it is almost unnecessary to say, won by the Rev. J. Cumming Macdona, and in the non-champion class the honours were divided between him and Mr. Murchison. Miss Aglionby was first, however, in the smooth-coated class with her Jura, beating Mr. Murchison with his Jura, who had to put up with second honours. The Newfoundlands were a very fair class, Mr. Atkinson's renowned Cato being first, and Mr. Wiener's Marco second, Mr. Shorthose's Rupert attracting much attention on the part of the visitors. The prizes for bitches were won by Mr. Cunliffe Leo's Joan, and Mr. Damon's Sally, Mr. C. B. Bernard's Grace Darling being highly and deservedly commended. The pointers were an excellent class of dogs, and were greatly admired by the lovers of that popular animal. Mr. Brierley's General Prim, and Mr. J. H. Whitehouse's Flirt were first and second in the large-size champion division; and Mr. Whitehouse's Joke, Mr. R. J. Lloyd Price's Snapshot, and Mr. Hemming's Bob, first second and third in the non-champion class. Among the bitches, the first, second, and third prizes were awarded to Mr. J. Smith's Nell, Mr. J. Salter's Kate, and Mr. W. Walker's Fan; and for the champion prizes for small-sized pointers, Mr. Whitehouse's Rock, and Mr. Macdona's Miranda were first and second. In the non-champion classes, Mr. Arkwright's Don took the first, Mr. Hemming's Rustic the second, and Mr. Macdona's Squire the third prize for dogs; and in the bitch class, Mr. Walker's Lady was first, Mr. Wingfield's Hebe second, and Mr. Whitehouse's Blanche third. For the champion English setters nothing could compare with Mr. E. Laverack's Dash; and as we have heard for some time a great deal about this breed, it may be

as well to say that Mr. Laverack guarantees it pure for upwards of half a century in his hands, and prior pure for thirty-five years in the hands of the Rev. A. Harrison, near Carlisle, Cumberland, therefore pure eighty-five years. Mr. Shorthose won the first for bitches with Beauty, and in the non-champion class Mr. R. Purcell Llewellyn's Prince was first, Mr. Brierley's Tester second, and Mr. Jones's Rap third; six others being highly commended, and very properly, as the class was unusually excellent. In the bitch class Mr. Whitfield's Haidee, a handsome and well-bred animal, but who unfortunately was never properly broken, was first, Mr. G. Jones's Flash second, and Mr. J. Gibson's Belle third. The black and tan champion dog class had no award, but the Rev. H. Stokes's Daisy gained first prize for bitches. The non-champion class was good, Mr. Macdona's Lang being first, Major Allison's Lorn second, and Major Venner's Robin third. For bitches, the Marquis of Huntly was first with Silk, the Rev. W. Serjeantson second with Nell, and the Rev. H. Stokes third with Gipsy, three others being highly commended. The Irish setters were not numerously represented, but the quality was good. For dogs, Mr. Davey's Fortune was first, and Mr. Wardlaw Reid's Grouse second; and for bitches, Mr. Llewellyn's Carrie was first, and Mr. Macdona's Music second.

The retrievers, as usual at almost every dog show, were most extensively represented; and there were good specimens of almost every description, game and Newfoundland, curly-coated and wavy-coated. Mr. R. Souther's Sambo gained the only prize that was awarded for curly-coated dogs; and Mr. J. W. Morris's True, and Mrs. Arkwright's Duchess were first and second for the champion curly-coated. The wavy-coated champions were Mr. Haslehurt's Marley, and Mr. Tyser's Luna. In the wavy-coated class for dogs, Major Allison's Victor was first, Mr. Macdona's Banker second, and Mr. Bevan's Martin third; while Moncrief, the property of Mr. Bond Moore, and described as a good worker, was highly commended. In the bitch class the three prizes were adjudged respectively to Mr. Strawbridge's Rose, Mr. T. Smith's Jet, and Mr. J. Coats's Flora. There is no knowing to what length this paper might extend, if particular mention were made of all the celebrities in this most extensive collection. It must suffice, then, if the remaining animals be treated of generally, and particularly resorted to only as may be deemed necessary. The fox and Bedlington terriers were, upon the whole, the most creditable class in the whole exhibition. In the former class, Mr. Murchison's Vandal and Trimmer were first and second in the dog champion class, and his Bellona and Themis in that for bitches. There were no fewer than fifty competitors in the non-champion class, and so good were they, that four prizes were awarded for the representatives of each sex. The first in each division were Mr. Bassett's Spot and Mr. Gibson's Vanity; for the Bedlington's, Mr. Pickett took first and third prizes with Tyne and Tyneside.

The Irish water spaniels were good, Mr. Skidmore's Doctor and Mr. Salisbury's Blarney Stone being eminently conspicuous. In the large-size spaniel class Mr. Bullock's Bob and Nellie were a good first and second, and in the small size Mr. Bullock's Romp was first, Captain Arbuthnot's Chloe and Alice being second and third. The Clumbers were well shown up in Mr. Harley's Bloomer, and Mr. Charles's Duke. There were, strange to say, no foxhounds, and the otter-hound dogs were unrepresented, the bitch prize falling to Mr. J. Harrison with Glory, bred by Mr. John Irving. The harriers were a good class, Waspish and Famous, the property of Mr. Lionel Patton, the master of the Taunton Vale harriers, commanding much admiration, although the judges gave them the second prize, awarding the first to Mr. C. D. Everett's Rasselas and Ravager. In the small-size class Mr. T. R. Lewis of Hertingfordbury Park, Herts, was invincible, carrying all before him, and winning first and second prizes. Among the litters of sporting puppies those of Mr. W. J. Green struck many visitors as being worthy of something better than a third prize, though nobody would begrudge the first to Mr. Macdona for his young pointers. Need it be recorded that Mr. Lamphier was *facile princeps* with Crib, as the winner of the prize for champion bulldogs? There was a fine sprinkling of bull-terriers, and the King Charles's spaniels were an admirable class in which the judges, from their having commended so many, must have been sorely puzzled in their task of selection. The same meed of praise is due to the pugs—a very numerous and highly respectable class—in which Mr. Smith's Victor was first, Mr. Levy's Lady second, and Mr. Hadding's Rose third. Mr. Bowman's Dandy and Mr. Martin's Staffa were winners among the Skyes, and for Pomeranians Mr. Willoughby's Ruff and Mr. Mendel's Scottie divided the prize. The toy specimens of every kind and breed, known and unknown, were almost all good according to general opinion—one which the writer of this article, however, does not venture to express on his own knowledge.

There was the usual padding in the shape of nondescripts, known as foreign dogs not used in field sports, and several non-sporting puppies, to say nothing of some good sheep dogs and Scotch colleys. One of the men engaged by the Company to attend to the dogs, distinguished from merely ordinary individuals by the adornment of a red cap, received a severe bite from a black retriever bitch belonging to Mr. Paynton Pigott. The man had the wound cauterized immediately, and treated the matter—though he said he would rather have suffered a knock-down blow—with much *nonchalance*. In conclusion, it may safely be affirmed that the dog show has far exceeded, both in the matter of arrangement and character of animal, anything of the kind before seen in London; and it cannot be doubted that, however much certain exhibitors may be dissatisfied, the show has gained the general approbation of the public, and that of the sportsmen in particular.

MY OLD HORN.

DEDICATED TO FREDERICK BROCKMAN, ESQ., OF BEECHBOROUGH, LATE
M.F.H., WHO FOR THIRTY-SIX YEARS HUNTED THE EAST KENT COUNTRY
WITH UNFLAGGING PERSEVERANCE AND SIGNAL SUCCESS.

*'Nunc arma defunctumque bello
Barbiton hic paries habebit.'*—HOR. !

Now up in the heather, now down in the plain,
The secret shall never be known
How often I've pressed it again and again,
That sweet little lip to my own—
How oft in my youth to its musical note
I've bounded away like a deer,
When far in the shade of some deep mountain glade
Its tidings have thrilled on my ear.

And oft as in manhood I've shrunk from the crowd,
To play like a child with my toy,
Its music has brought out a gleam from the cloud
That turned every sorrow to joy.
'Tis a halcyon of peace to the priest and his flock.
When sever'd by discord they be ;
But a touch of that strain soon knits them again
In the bond of a blest harmony.

One note from that lip, too, and madly they fling,
Those hounds that are streaming ahead,
When the hunter has sped like a bird on the wing,
And the timid has quaked in his bed—
Till Echo, enchanted, has vied with delight
The lingering notes to prolong,
And, roused from their sleep in the cavernous deep,
The Naiads have danced to the song.

Together we've traversed the mountain and mere,
By many a desolate nook,
And, strolling along, have joined in the song
Of many a babbling brook.
When wearied, mayhap, I've slumber'd awhile,
Forgetting the world, it would seem ;
Yet still on my ear I catch a sweet cheer—
'Tis the sound of a horn—in my dream.

Other pleasures will pall, leave a poison behind,
Or oft, like a mirage, betray ;
Other lips have a snare—oh ! I bid you beware,
For I've suffered enough in my day.

But pure is that lip, and innocent too
 The pastime it ever promotes ;
 And, grey as I'm grown, I blush not to own
 That I've lavished my life on its notes.

Old friend and ally ! to bid thee ' Good-bye '
 Is a struggle I long have deferred ;
 Though the day is far spent, and the warning is sent,
 It chokes me to whisper the word.
 But if mute thou must be, and Time's iron will
 The die of the future has cast,
 In the depths of my heart thou'lt be eloquent still,
 While memory clings to the past.

Ah no, we'll not part ! As the Romans of old
 Their Larès were wont to adore,
 Near my own fireside thou shalt ever preside,
 To warn away Care from my door.
 There still thou shalt tell of mountain and fell,
 And many a far-away friend ;
 And ever to me thy presence shall be
 A relic of joy to the end.

E. W. L. DAVIES.

SHARK-FISHING AT JAMAICA.

'WHY, what on earth new can be said about shark-fishing ?' I fancy I hear some amiable critic exclaim ; but 'hold hard,' my friend, and perhaps I may enlighten you a little.

Some years ago I was stationed for nearly a couple of years at that much-maligned spot, Port Royal, Jamaica ; and, in spite of 'Yellow Jack,' I contrived to get a very fair amount of shooting and fishing. For the former we had wild-duck and snipe in the marshes behind the 'Twelve Apostles' Fort, opposite Port Royal ; and for the latter, excellent mountain mullet-fishing near Newcastle, and sea fish in the harbour and amongst the cays outside. These cays are small sandy islets, in general fringed with mangrove bushes ; and the reefs round about them abound with fish of all sorts and sizes, from the immense shark to the small, but delicious piper. Amongst these cays was my shark-fishing domain, and seldom indeed did I have a blank day.

The gear I used for this—in my idea the most exciting of sea-sports—was, first, a light 'dug-out' canoe, fourteen feet long, and about two feet beam amidships ; a couple of stout cod lines, with a large conger-hook, strongly snooded with brass wire, on each ; a whale-lance for giving the *coup-de-grace*, and a small hand-line and hooks to catch the bait with.

My usual plan was to leave Port Royal soon after four o'clock in

the morning, and setting the small bit of duck dignified with the name of a sail, run out before the expiring land-breeze as far as Lemon and Orange Cays, about five or six miles from the harbour. Then, having caught with the small line a couple of the small fish that abound there, and having baited the larger lines with one hooked through the back fin, exactly as a minnow is for perch, the sail was lowered and the canoe allowed to drift, having a line on each quarter, while I, stretched at full length, enjoyed a morning pipe.

The halyards and down-haul of the sail being led aft and belayed to cleets close to hand, enabled me to hoist or haul down my bit of canvas in a moment. I forgot to say that my shark-lines were led out of either bow through a couple of fairleaders, and then brought aft outside all, and led over a couple of thowl-pins, so that directly a fish hooked himself I could throw the line clear, and thus get him ahead of my frail barque.

Directly a jerk was felt on either line, to throw it off the pin, and lower and haul down the sail was but the work of an instant, and the fun began. On first feeling the hook master shark would, in most cases, dive to the bottom, and then start off at once, if a decently big one, towing the 'dug-out' after him at the 'rate of' knots, leaving me nothing to do but steer straight after him, and finish my pipe at leisure; but if a baby one, of merely three or four feet long, I hauled close up to him, and gave him his quietus with the lance.

If a big fellow, and he headed for the harbour, it was all well and good; but sometimes they would go straight out to sea, and on several occasions I have, after being towed by one too large to safely haul alongside of, had to cut my line and let him go, with ten or fifteen fathoms of line hanging to his ugly nose; but, on the other hand, if he ran for the harbour, I allowed him to tire himself out, and then, shifting the line aft, would tow him alongside the old 'Imaum,' pass a running bowline round him, hoist him in, and cut him up to feed his brethren in the harbour.

Even this sport had its attendant danger, and once or twice I found myself placed in a very uncomfortable fix. Once, in particular, I remember a morning's fishing nearly ending fatally to me. I had gone out as usual, and having hooked and, as I thought, tired out a fellow about six feet long, I hauled my canoe up to him, and, standing up, drove the lance deep into his back. Giving a furious lash with his tail, he started off again, the sudden jerk pitching me overboard and capsizing my frail bark. I was about a mile from the nearest cay, and, try all I could, I could not succeed in righting the canoe. I, however, got my knife out, and managed to cut away the line, and having picked up my paddle, I got astride the keel of the 'dug-out,' and endeavoured to paddle her to the nearest cay, at the same time keeping a jolly sharp look-out for fins. Presently I saw a couple, and it was evident that their owners were coming to see if anything in their way was to be picked up. My readers may easily imagine that the predicament I was in was very far from an agreeable one.

The bottom of the canoe was almost flush with the water; it was impossible to keep my feet out of the water and retain my seat; the sea breeze was just making; and two hungry, breakfast-hunting sharks were cruising round and round me, only waiting for courage to make a dash, and an end of me at the same time, while all I could do was to splash as much as I possibly could by beating the water with the paddle to deter them. Fortunately, the shark is as cowardly as he is ferocious, and these friends of mine were no exceptions from the rule. After swimming round and round for some time, they separated, and took up positions one on each side, keeping about four or five yards off, sometimes sheering a little nearer, sometimes a little further from me. The breeze was now waxing strong, but providentially the water continued smooth, so I could watch their every manœuvre. So I let the canoe drive before it, well knowing that my only chance of safety lay in the possibility of my being seen from either the 'Imaum' or by the signalman at the Commodore's house.

Nearly an hour had passed, and my arms and back had become almost tired out, when, to my intense joy, I saw a man-of-war's cutter coming round Port Royal Point. All fatigue was forgotten, and I redoubled my splashing; but my infernal escort still continued in attendance. All at once the one on my right hand turned slap for me, and came with a rush, as if determined to finish the affair. Instinctively I threw myself flat on my face along the bottom, and almost instantly felt the brute rasp his back against the canoe as he passed under her. For the moment I hardly knew if I was safe or not. I had let go my paddle, and it had floated out of my reach, so that I was perfectly powerless either to keep them off by beating the water, or to propel the canoe towards the now fast-approaching boat. With an intense feeling of dread, I turned my eyes over to my port hand, where I fully expected to see both my antagonists, and from whence I anticipated a second, and in all probability a final charge; but I could scarcely believe my eyes, or credit my senses—*no sign of shark was there!* I gazed all round, and at last, in the distance, I saw the terrible triangular fins, evidently receding from me. Whether disgusted at the result of my right-hand enemy's abortive attempt, or if they scented something more easily got at, I know not, but I saw no more of them; and in a very few moments I was safe on board the cutter, receiving a terrible wiggling from my father, the Commodore, for what he was pleased to designate my 'd——d fool-hardiness.'

After this adventure I took, if possible, greater delight than ever in destroying the brutes, and can safely aver that I have been 'in at the death' of as many sharks as any man in Her Majesty's service.

F. W. B.

THE BRUSH.

THE conventionalities of fox-hunting have to be regarded with the same respect that pursuits of a more serious nature demand from established professions, and the discipline of courtesy becomes not less worthy of observance than the *lex scripta* of statutory enactment. It is that social bond, the *lex non scripta*, which unites all grades in a harmony of mutual agreement; and the infringement of the compact, although not amenable to legal reprehension, merits, as it meets with, a censure that is yet more galling to the well-bred member of a society wherein intercourse is based upon a common propriety of action. These may be judged to be doughty words to convey the simple assurance that the laws of fox-hunting are to be held in respect by those who delight in that exhilarating sport. Their sense, however, is plain, and the application general and not restricted to station or condition; for custom is a catholic lawgiver, whose fiat cannot be gainsayed with impunity, and courtesy is its especial—and be it said righteous—commandment. A Prelate of the Christian Church cannot reprove charity without meeting with his desert; a cantankerous minister cannot violate the decencies of debate without paying for his indiscretion; or a jurisconsult affect culinary latitudes without importing therefrom waifs of an unsavoury jurisprudence; and when silvered mediocrity is transmuted into still baser metal, it is nailed to the counter as a brazen imposition for sterling worth. We have proved our case—we have said enough to satisfy any but a captious objector, that in the various channels of association custom operates as a law, and is especially held in respect by the supporters of that pastime which, in England, has the character and attributes of a national institution.

The word of introduction to this curt treatise is generally held to be descriptive of that articulated elongation wherein the honour of a fox dwelleth—the brush. Its capture and possession by ‘the first ‘up’ is a trophy of the chase, to win which men dare anything over fence, field, and flood; and even fairer things have rejected the attractive delicacy of their nature to contend for supremacy in the rough and masculine encounter. At all times, and in every country, each species of chase has its signal gage of victory—the antlers of a stag of ten, the branches of a moose deer, the points of a chamois, the tusks of a wild boar, the ivories of an elephant, the horn of a rhinoceros, the molar of a hippopotamus, the mask of a buffalo for the Indian war dance, the scalp of a gorilla, with the Darwinian *os coccygis*, the nose of the grisly bear, the pad of the puma, the skins of lions and panthers, the claw of the kangaroo, the oreiller of a wolf—and last, though not least, the brush of a fox; these trophies, one and all, resuscitate high resolve, and brace the energies for accepted and forthcoming adventure in the contest for their acquisition. That is well understood. But now, again, for our fox, with the honours of his brush; and the question, for the moment, turns upon the right

of appropriating that coveted warranty for speed and stay in the horse, and for nerve and judgment in the rider. The first man up has the right to claim the brush: so declares custom, and that is the present subject of discussion.

At a party of sportsmen in the Far West, the after-dinner conversation had reference to this topic. A very young lady, piloted by that bold and distinguished horseman, Captain Keating of the Devon Artillery, had gone brilliantly the day before in a sharp run over a rough country, with the West Devon hounds. She was well-placed at the finish, and with the hounds when they killed. The gallant Captain, proud of his pupil, claimed the brush for her; but it was surreptitiously taken by a wealthy yeoman—a good fellow, and a firm and liberal preserver of foxes—and, although not ‘the first up,’ strictly speaking, he refused to relinquish it, with a surliness of manner that was not his wont. The master of the hounds did not interfere. On being appealed to, as an old M.F.H., for an opinion on the subject, we remembered a conversation, many years since, with the late Lord Lonsdale at Laund Abbey. Our old Eton friend Sir Harry Goodricke, with Messrs. Maher and Holyoake, were staying at Rolleston with Mr. Greene, and met the Cottesmore at Swinthley. After the hounds, with Lambert, had well rattled their fox in Laund Abbey Wood, they forced him through, and he went away towards Tilton Hill; then he made for the Coplow, but finding the pace too hot, turned short back for Laund Wood, near which the bounds ran into him, after a racing burst of forty minutes. Over the deep grass grounds towards Tilton the Melton men held their own with becoming prominence; Mr. Maher—better known then as Val. Maher—having the best of it throughout, with Mr. John Payne, a horse-dealer, of Market Harborough, superbly mounted, close in his wake. Although the turn back had let in the field at the finish, Lord Lonsdale took the brush from Lambert and presented it to Mr. Maher, on account of the foremost place he had held throughout the run. Then ensued a conversation upon the validity of the claim of ‘first up,’ which we treasured in our memory, and of which the following is the substance. As a rule, a fox killed by hounds belongs to the master of those hounds. 1. The head, or mask, is carried home, tied to the coupling-buckle, on the saddle of the first whip, to be nailed on the kennel door. 2. The brush, after a straight-away chase, is commonly claimed by ‘the first man up;’ and this claim is always, by courtesy, acknowledged by the master. It is an act of courtesy on his part, and a general custom, but not an absolute right on the part of the man ‘first up.’ 3. The pads are the perquisite of the huntsman and whips. Lord Lonsdale gave Hugo Meynell for his authority.

In confirmation of the remark No. 2, the following passage may be quoted from ‘Silk and Scarlet,’ by The Druid. Upon the death of Sir Richard Sutton, in 1856, the Duke of Rutland, having been invited to hunt the Quorn country for a week, had two great runs from Mundy’s Gorse, and Aylesford Gorse. ‘Mr. Wood of Market Overton, and Mr. Burbidge of Thorpe Arnold, were the leaders in ‘the first, save and except Will Goodall, on Catch-me-who-can.

"Give me the brush, Will," said Mr. Wood; "I'm first up."
 "How can that be, when I've got him?" responded Will. "I
 would not let you have it for a hundred guineas." (Page 370.)
 This would appear to settle the question of the customary claim of
 him who is 'first up.' Will Goodall retained the brush—not for the
 Duke of Rutland, whose huntsman he was, but for himself personally,
 upon the alleged reason of being 'first up.' When the field are well
 placed at the finish without particular distinction, the brush belongs
 to the master, *ex officio*. In proof of this assertion it may be observed
 that the M.F.H. frequently presents the brush to a lady, or to the
 young son of some leading personage of the hunt, when out for the
 first time, and who may have taken a creditable place in the run. The
 M.F.H. so presents the brush from the fact of its belonging to him
 of right. Mr. Davies, in his poem of 'Dartmoor days,' after de-
 scribing a chase over the moor with Mr. Trelawny's hounds, says—

"Buller of Deane, give me the head;"
 —"You take the brush," Trelawny said,—
 "Go bear it to your infant boy,
 And deck his cradle with the toy."

Mr. Trelawny, there and then, exercised his prescriptive right as
 the Master of the Hounds. Mr. Mills, also, in the 'Flyers of the
 Hunt,' makes good the authority of Lord Lonsdale:—"As the
 brush was handed to Sir Digby by the huntsman, the bang-tailed
 mare came up, showing most decided symptoms of distress. "You
 went well, sir," said the Baronet to the scarlet coat that came
 from a distance, "as long as it was possible for you to last. Permit
 me to present you with the brush." (Page 74.) When a fox is
 chopped in covert, or otherwise inadvertently killed without a run,
 the right of the M.F.H. to the un mutilated animal is positive; and
 if any one should take the brush furtively without permission, the
 master can demand restitution of it, if he insist upon the point. 'In
 a time that may be said to be recent,' writes a M.F.H., from
 Coldrenick, 'unseemly disputes have sometimes arisen for the
 honours of the "brush," greatly to the annoyance of the master,
 and the disturbance of the general harmony of the field, so that in
 the metropolitan shires the claim has fallen into disuse, save upon
 exceptional occasions, that carry their own warranty.'

Let this dry page of matter of fact be enlivened by a narrative
 of auld lang syne. The celebrated Shavington day in Shropshire is to
 the point. The Woore, or Shropshire hounds, belonging to Mr.
 Wickstead of Betley, the Cheshire, during the mastership of Sir H.
 Mainwaring, and the Shropshire, under the alternate management of
 Sir Edward Smythe, E. W. Smythe, and Mr. William Lloyd of Aston
 Hall, made a match of six couple of hounds each, the meet being at
 Shavington Hall, the seat of the Earl of Kilmorey. It was a trial of
 hunt and speed between the three packs, and of nerve and riding
 with the respective fields. Will Head of the Cheshire was ap-
 pointed chief huntsman, with Will Staples of the Shropshire, and
 Wells of the Staffordshire to assist. It was a brilliant sight,
 for not less than two thousand horsemen made their appearance, of

whom seven hundred were in scarlet, and there were gay equipages full of ladies in great number. In those days the third crutch had not made its appearance—ladies did not ‘bruise’ over a country, smoke cigarettes, or take a nip of V. O. P. neat. At eleven o’clock the hounds were thrown into Shavington Great Wood, found immediately, and had a fast, ringing run over the park for thirty minutes, and lost. They had a scurry with another in Lord Combermere’s park, which they killed; and then came the run of the day. Finding in the sedges at the side of the lake a good fox, he went away with a will, the hounds well at him in a body, and carrying a grand head. Flying through the park, they crossed the Chester Road, and thus got somewhat clear of the dense mass of horsemen that pressed upon them over the park sward; but the pace served the hounds, and not less did a well-known yawner, that made the leading men swerve from the line to look out for a weaker place. It was a sunk fence, broad and deep, with stiff rails at the top, and the width and the height of timber made it almost impossible for a horse to clear it cleverly in his stride. It was a stopper, and the first flight turned away; but a voice was heard behind bestowing hot anathemas on the craners, and crying out, ‘Out of the way, you fellows; here goes for the ‘honour of Shropshire.’ Mytton sent along his Hit-or-Miss mare at the fence at the rate of twenty miles an hour, but the brave little animal, one of the best anywhere and everywhere at that time, could not quite manage the extent of the jump, and down she crashed, with Mytton under her; whilst several men who could not stop their horses came rolling into the deep ditch. Mytton got up much shaken, bleeding profusely, tattered, torn, and hatless; and the mare having been caught, he rode the rest of the run bareheaded. ‘There’s a man to breed from!’ exclaimed Sir Bellingham Graham. After running sharply for an hour, with a very diminished field, the hounds were stopped, for it proved to be a vixen heavy in cub. Will Head, never having left his hounds, and, as it were ‘first up’ when they were stopped, was accorded the brush. Will Staples of the Shropshire, however, won two sovereigns from Will Head on the wager of whose hounds would first taste blood, for the Staffordshire Ambrose had been the first to run into his fox in the morning scurry. It was conceded generally that Chaunter, Orator, and Ambrose of the Shropshire, were the commanding hounds of the day. Mr. Wickstead’s celebrated Countess by Col. Wyndham’s Caliban, and the dam of the not less famous Crazy, and her sisters by Joker, by Jovial from Vestal, straining back to Osbaldeston’s Vanquisher by Vigilant, was out on this memorable day.

The laws of fox-hunting are guided by that high sense of honourable dealing betwixt gentleman and gentleman, which is more stringent than any legal enactment, for the silvered cajolery of a skilled advocate, or the brutal audacity of a forensic ruffian, privileged and protected, may succeed occasionally in violating with impunity the principle of right; but no sophism can disturb the imperial functions and the duty of honour; and so long as this cardinal motive of

action remains undisturbed in its government of society, will that harmony exist which Bishop Butler says, in his dissertation on Virtue, is founded upon the absolute existence of such moral faculty. It is in the possession of that same that constitutes at once the nature and the value of character, and 'the absence of it in such 'and such characters is declared to be deserving of indignation 'and punishment.' Hence the difference betwixt the foxhunter and the blackleg—essentially blackleg. One is the ornament, and the other the pariah of sporting society. To the one is said, 'be 'welcome;' to the other, '*haro sur le bandit*,' with a slam of the door. 'But,' adds the discerning and just bishop, 'when persons come to poverty and distress by a long course of 'extravagance, and after frequent admonitions, though without 'falsehood or injustice, we plainly do not regard such people as 'objects of compassion, for they deserved to suffer such calamities 'because they brought them upon themselves, and would not take 'warning.' This just observation may be made applicable to one whose name has been used in these cursory remarks on 'the Brush'—poor Mytton of Halston! With all his tempest storm of errors, he deserved better treatment from his friends than the 'wanton 'exposure' of his frailties to satisfy the greedy appetites of a licentious public. They made every one conversant with the dark without giving the brighter side of his character, and rendering prominent the one, and indefensible, they ignored the apologies of the other and kinder attributes of a nature not originally formed for evil. Talented and educated, stimulated by kind propensities, and an inherent generosity of nature, he was shipwrecked in life by a fatal indulgence in youth, criminal in those to whose care he had been intrusted, and who were responsible for this error, as wardens and guardians. Never shall word of ours add to the chorus of the ill-conditioned and corrupt amongst his once panders and associates, converted into ungrateful detractors and dishonest gentlemen. Well might he have apostrophised, in allusion to the lacqueys who surrounded him, *fronti nulla fides*. That he possessed friends who loved and stood by him through good and evil report, and also associates, and even strangers who were not unaware of his many deeds of an unemblazoned charity and hearty kindness for the sake of human nature, there can be, happily, no doubt. It is only sufficient to state that, when his death in prison was announced suddenly by Clarke, the head waiter of the coffee-room at Steven's, which had been his frequent resort in the heyday of his life, George Fitz-Herbert, S. Worrall, Sir Lewin Glynn, George Payne, Gen. Gilbert, Charles Trelawny, C. Arthur Harris, Spurrier, and others who had known him, preserved a mournful and ominous silence; and even the impassive Portarlington, with his stiff neckcloth and imperturbable physiognomy, started up from out the well-known window corner of his coffee-room existence, and exclaimed, 'Poor fellow! *Requiescat in 'pace*.' Not inaptly may the name of Mytton terminate these passing remarks on the subject of 'the Brush.'

M. F. H.

RECOLLECTIONS OF OUR STALE CONTRIBUTOR.

ALL ABOUT A BALLOON.

'Fly?—not yet.' MOORE (*slightly altered*).

'I am not now in fortune's power.

He that is down can fall no lower.'—HUDIBRAS.

MAN is animated by a variety of passions; but there are two of which the student of 'Baily' is as susceptible as the rest of the millions who constitute the whole; and they are the spirit of adventure, and the love of gaming. The one demands of its devotee courage, perseverance, and self-sacrifice; the other, and by far the more general, arises from the greed of gain and the hope of reaching riches by a royal road. Should the registrar-general at the next census ascertain the number of Mr. Micawbers among us who are waiting for 'something to turn up,' his blue-book will be interesting, and therefore novel. Dispute it as we may, we are all believers, more or less, in luck, and take the odds every day of our lives—sometimes without knowing it—in the most commonplace sort of way, from the lad who plays at pitch and toss, to the man who lays his hundreds on the Derby. Parliaments may legislate, moralists lecture, and cynics growl, but it is in us all, as though it were the indigestible core of the original apple. There is no use in arguing against the principle here laid down, so do not try. The means by which we indulge in this common propensity are of ancient invention. Authorities are divided as to the introduction of dice, one giving the honour to the Lydians, another to Palamedes, and a third to a soldier named Alea, both Greeks; but we look in vain for the name of the first individual who spun a coin, or the original party who first drew lots. Two gallant officers at the Alma tossed up for the honour of leading their regiment, and the winner fell! Starving men have cast lots who shall die to feed the others; and thus we see that men will and must look upon chance as the readiest way out of a difficulty or into it. In order to ascertain the relative proportions of mankind that are influenced by the two great motives which form the germ and pith of this philosophic and instructive paper, we must have recourse to an illustration.

In former days, before our town of Brighton-on-the-Coal had bulged itself into its present huge dimensions, its suburbs were adorned by an Elysium, ycleped Vauxhall. Mirth and music, finery and fireworks, dancing and delight. Beauty was there in every phase of form and face, fat and lean, tall and short, chubby and classical, natural and artificial, fanciful, real, and ideal; fleeting, alas! and always fickle. Port wine negus and threepenny cigars! What fun we had at night, and what headaches in the morning! Just retribution! The head had no right to complain, it had taken no care of the stomach; why should the stomach care for the head?

On one occasion it had been announced that Mr. G——n, the intrepid aeronaut, would make an ascent in his grand balloon, and a great gathering was the consequence. The swelling monster was swaying gracefully in his majesty like the king of peg-tops, when the exciting intelligence was communicated that anyone might run the chance of sharing the perils of the intrepid one for the small charge of sixpence. Two hundred tickets at sixpence a-piece would produce five pounds, the price of the ascent. Alas for the spirit of adventure! But twelve reckless men possessed of sufficient coin could be found to run the chance of gratifying it. Drawing lots to go up in a balloon did not seem to take, and the spirit of adventure was a drug in the market. ‘Take a ticket, sir?’ ‘No thank you;’ ‘rather stay below,’ was the invariable reply.

About this time the great balloonist arrived, and his appearance was not calculated to increase the sale of tickets by the inspiration of confidence. Rocking and reeling he staggered round the garden in a frightful state of inebriety. ‘Wen tup fr’m Z-log-cal Gardens ‘Liv’pul lash night—fell i’ Mersey—drinkin’ hot brandy water all ‘day—keep cold out.’ ‘Take a ticket, sir?’ said the solicitor-general, again and again. ‘Not if I know it;—seen G——n.’ The spirit of adventure had evaporated, but the five pounds must be raised nevertheless. The ticket agent, an ingenious man, understood human nature, and acted accordingly. ‘If noble motives will not do ‘it, the meaner shall—the love of gain,’ quoth he, ‘will tempt ‘them.’ ‘Ticket, sir? Know you don’t want to go up; but ‘there’s a gent in the parlour as is very anxious—a sporting gent he ‘is—and he’ll give five pound for the winning ticket; so you can sell ‘it, you see.’ ‘Oh, very well, if that’s it, I’ll have sixpenn’orth—‘here goes.’ ‘Thank ye sir, all right.’ The chord was touched; the gent in the parlour with his five-pound note acted like a charm, and the tickets were disposed of. Then came the general inquiry, ‘Shall you go up if you win?’ ‘Not me,’ (such was the ungrammatical way of speaking in those days); ‘I shall sell my ticket to ‘the gent in the parlour.’

The draw is about to take place. It is an exciting time: two waiters or supers of the garden are holding hats; one is diving for the names of the speculators, one by one, the other for the one prize among the many blanks. There is a crowded circle round the rocking, rolling monster. Two hundred more interested than the others in the result are pressing to the front, and may be distinguished by their anxious faces. Anxious indeed! who is not when waiting for some wished-for prize, and here is one to give somebody a rise in the world with a vengeance. There may be a country where people raffle for rattlesnakes, and if the promoters sell the tickets without the aid of ‘a gent in the parlour,’ the draw must be an interesting sight. Here was the aeronaut indulging in grotesque gyrations; a selected companion attached to the establishment inarticulately announcing by way of encouragement to the timid that ‘there would be Lots champagne in car;’ and ticket-holders

awaiting their doom with straining eyes, open mouths, and cheeks blanched with the pallor of fear. 'John Wilkins,' shouts waiter No. 1. That is John Wilkins, you can tell him at a glance; he is elbowing his way past the man in the light over-coat; and how white he is! 'Blank!' shouts waiter No. 2. 'Hooray!' says Wilkins, and disappears among the crowd again. 'Benjamin 'Blenkinsop,' look at him grinning to make believe he likes it. 'Blank!' says No. 2. 'All right,' says Blenkinsop, as he tosses his hat up and catches it again; 'All right, my boys,' and disappears in turn. 'Joseph Jenkins,' shouts No. 1. 'Ah! Jenkins; we're 'a looking at you.' He tries to hide himself, but two wicked girls insist on holding him to the front. 'Blank again!' says No. 2, and Jenkins shouts his loud 'hooray.' 'Matthew Merry,' shouts waiter No. 1. There is a breathless silence auguring some great event. Waiter No. 2, an imperfectly educated man, is eyeing the little piece of paper; he hands it to No. 1. 'Ah, yes! it must be so!' 'Prize! prize!' shout both the waiters. 'Prize! hurrah!' shouts everybody in the gardens, with one melancholy exception. The stunning cheer would startle an admiral landing at Portsmouth after a naval victory, and gladden the heart of a prince royal if he heard it in the streets of a manufacturing town. But how is Merry? he belies his name; he is being dragged limp and languid to the car of the balloon; a human sacrifice is to be offered at the shrine of Mirth. Yes, Merry; it is all up; the British public demands a victim, and you are the man. But stay! there is yet a chance of escape, 'the gent in the parlour.' Merry appeals to the love of fair play on which Englishmen pride themselves. He is not afraid, oh no! he is a house painter, and used to heights. But, dash it, 'the "Gent in the parlour." Five pounds more use to me than a 'ride in a balloon.' Carried *nem. con.*, and he makes his way to the house followed by a knot of sight-seers who will not brook disappointment. Oh no, the pleasure of seeing somebody else in a fright does not come every day. He soon returns under his powerful escort to the gardens. 'The gent in the parlour' has been gone five minutes; 'His missis has been and took him home.' 'Come 'along, up you go; we've been waiting long enough.' 'Will any-'body buy my ticket?' gasps poor Merry in despair. 'No!' thunders the crowd, and *volens volens*, arms and legs, he is pitched into the basket as the ropes are loosened. One expiring 'Ugh' is all that tells of the victim's presence as he lies in helpless terror at the bottom of his receptacle. There are three men in the car, but only two are seen as the balloon leaves her moorings and sails away.

But Merry was a hero after all: the balloon descended safely three miles from the town, and he came back to the gardens a prouder man than he had ever been. 'Wouldn't have missed such 'a treat for fifty pounds, blessed if I would, now then! know'd it 'was all right.'

CRICKET.

WE promised last month to say a few words on the leg-before-wicket question. Our opinions on this point are very similar to those expressed by the well-known umpire R. Thoms, in the 'Scottish Cricketers' Annual' for the present year. A single sentence goes, to our mind, to the root of the matter:—'The bat ought to play the ball that is about to hit the wicket; and, in a spirit of fairness, if the bowler, by extra spin or break back, can beat the batsman, it seems but right that he should have the benefit of his skill—the more so when the perfection to which grounds are now brought is kept in mind, and the difficulty—speaking professionally—of making the ball do anything.' By very hard labour and incessant practice a bowler may acquire the art of putting on break, sometimes from one side, more rarely from both, and by this device he hopes to circumvent the accomplished batsman to whom straight balls are no possible trouble. But just when he appears to have accomplished his aim and fairly beaten his adversary's bat, one or perhaps two supplementary bats—in the shape of the batsman's legs—are brought into play, by the aid of which the batsman saves his wicket; and because, forsooth, the ball did not happen to pitch in some arbitrary line, the bowler is defrauded of his victim. In other words, for his ordinary balls—those, namely, which pitch straight and get up straight—the batsman is allowed one bat only; but for the extraordinary balls—those, namely, which pitch clear of the stumps and then suddenly curb in or break back—he is allowed three. In short, the better the bowler can bowl, the more heavily he is handicapped. And this is made the more evident when we consider that if a ball pitched straight to the middle stump has much break on, the break will probably take it away from the wickets. For a ball with much curl to break or to hit the sticks, it must, in the majority of cases, not be pitched straight; and all such the batsman may play with his legs with impunity. Bowlers who bowl round the wicket are specially ill-used in this matter; for they can hardly ever hope to obtain a verdict in their favour; and even in the case of a bowler like Southerton, who mostly delivers over the wicket, it must have been continually noticed how often he pitches a ball two or three inches wide of the off-stump, which then suddenly breaks back and would infallibly take the middle stump, unless intercepted. In these days of overworked bowlers—and, moreover, of a very insufficient supply of bowlers in proportion to the amount of cricket played—of easy grounds, of free hard-hitting batsmen, and of long scores, it certainly seems strange that such an obvious relief to the bowler as giving him the benefit of all balls that would hit the wicket, irrespective of their pitch—giving him the benefit, in fact, of all his best balls—should be withheld out of favour to the batsman. But we do not suggest a change in.

the law as a relief to the bowler only. It is urgently needed as a relief to the umpire. Are there six umpires in England to be relied on for just decisions of appeals for leg before wicket? No. Are there six hundred, or six thousand, acting all over the country, on every day of the week, who are utterly unable to come to any decision whatever on the subject, but who give their verdicts either from fear or favour, by haphazard, on the principle of giving each side a turn, or according to the loudness and urgency of the appeal made by the bowler? Yes. Then can it be reasonable—merely from a certain natural dislike to fancied changes and innovations, which after all are not seldom in reality a return to old but neglected principles—to maintain an arbitrary law, which does not grow out of the theory of cricket, but, on the contrary, is, in our opinion, quite antagonistic to its true principle—namely, that the bat, and that even limited in height and width, is the one and only weapon of defence permitted to the batsman—which is shamefully and flagrantly abused, the administration of which is an utter farce, and the execution of which is the fruitful source of dissatisfaction, discomfort, grumbling, growling, and ill-will, happily otherwise absent from and unknown in so noble and so manly a game?

The matches in which the rival elevens of Oxford and Cambridge have taken part have naturally excited more interest than others which have been played in London during the past month; but we may glance briefly at the results of a few county encounters. Two which have been played at Prince's, in which Sussex and Kent were in turn opposed to wretchedly weak elevens of the Club and Ground are, indeed, hardly worthy of notice, and we should hardly think that the experiment would be repeated. At the Oval Gloucestershire suffered an unexpected defeat from Surrey by one wicket. An easy chance was given, but not accepted, when Surrey wanted one run to win. Mr. W. G. Grace was disposed of by Southerton in both innings; and, on a wet wicket, it is possible that he has at last found his master. In Mr. Brice Gloucestershire has been fortunate to find a first-class amateur bowler. At Lord's Middlesex beat a strong eleven of the M.C.C. and G.; but the weather was so bad that run-getting was well nigh impossible, and, moreover, on the third day, when nine runs were wanted by the Club to win, two prominent members of the M.C.C. were absent from their posts. Such unsportsmanlike conduct deserved and received official condemnation; and a memorandum on the subject was sent to 'Bell's Life' the following Saturday by orders of the Committee. Mr. Grace was again unfortunate; and, with the exception of Mr. J. D. Walker for Middlesex and Mr. Yardley and Smith for the M.C.C., there were few if any scores worthy of note.

Cambridge, very sensibly, played their match against Surrey ten days instead of, as in former years, three days before meeting Oxford, and it would have been well for Oxford if they could have adopted a similar plan with their match against Middlesex. Surrey expe-

rienced a one-innings defeat, the Surrey bowling not being formidable enough to stop the Cambridge batsmen, eight of whom obtained double figures. Mr. Powys was kept in reserve; and Mr. Thornton, Mr. Bray, Mr. Cobden, and Mr. Raynor did most of the Cambridge bowling. At Lord's, on the following Monday, the weather was fine, but very hot, and the light blues were beaten by M.C.C. and G. by four wickets. The scores were small, Mr. Bailey, Mr. Yardley, and Mr. Longman alone getting double figures against A. Shaw and Wootton in the first innings. Great was the delight of the Cambridge men, however, when their crack bowler clean bowled Mr. Grace for four runs; and though he did not follow up this successful beginning, Mr. Harvey and Mr. Raynor disposed of the rest of a fairly strong eleven for under a hundred runs. In the second innings of Cambridge, Shaw and Wootton were irresistible. Wootton has quite got back to his old form, and Alfred Shaw's bowling is simply perfection, for precision, and head-work, and variation of pace and pitch. The M.C.C. and G. had 95 to get to win, which they accomplished, thanks to Mr. Grace, whose 54 (not out) was far the best innings we have seen him play this year. It was splendid cricket, for Mr. Powys bowled in very good form through this portion of an innings, and clean bowled four of the six wickets that fell. Meanwhile, the Oxford men were working in fearfully hot weather, through three long days' cricket at Prince's, which must have done them a good deal more harm than good. Over eight hundred runs were scored during the three days' play, for 527 of which the Oxford men had to field out, and yet the match was not finished. It was quite a batsman's match, high scoring being the order of the day. Mr. Francis did not bowl, but Mr. Butler was sufficiently successful in the first innings to satisfy the backers of Oxford. At Lord's on the Thursday, in the same week, Mr. Butler did not play, and Mr. Francis only bowled at half speed. But even then the Oxford men looked jaded and weary, and another day's leather-hunting was not calculated to improve their condition. Mr. Grace and Mr. Green gave them plenty of work to do all over the field, and Captain Rowley's hitting was very effective. After a long day's work came the inevitable Shaw and Wootton, and the dark blues were not able to make much stand against it. The following day they showed better form all through, and batted in good style, but, of course, a one innings defeat was inevitable. Mr. Francis (who hit freely and well in both innings) and Mr. Townshend did the best of the batting. As far as their batting was concerned the Oxford trial was considered satisfactory, 123 on Lord's against such bowling as that of Shaw and Wootton being a fair score, and there was besides a certain amount of form shown all through that promised to be effective against less formidable bowling. Barratt, we should say, has not been successful of late in his bowling. There is not variety enough about it. One ball after another is

pitched—very far up too—almost in the same place, and in a manner most inviting to any man who can hit at all. With these few remarks we pass to the great cricket event of the year.

The proverb that every dog has his day is annually verified with pretty sure regularity in the Oxford and Cambridge match. Two or three batsmen may not improbably distinguish themselves equally; but it is odd how, year after year, a single bowler rises up, carries everything before him, wins this particular match for his side hand over hand, and then relapses into obscurity. A few years ago it was Mr. Fellowes; last year it was Mr. Butler; and now Mr. Powys has been the hero of the thirty-eighth inter-University match; while Mr. Butler could neither bowl straight or destructively. Up to the very moment of the commencement of the match Oxford had a decided call in the market over Cambridge: nor was this to be wondered at when the two elevens were carefully criticised, man by man. In the first place the Oxford bowling was presumably superior. Both Mr. Butler and Mr. Francis had been bowling well during the present season, and Mr. Ridley was much above the average of lob bowlers. There was good, strong, steady batting pretty well all through the eleven, and it seemed a moral certainty that five or six of the eleven must get a fair share of runs. On the other hand there was a considerable element of chance about the Cambridge bowling. Mr. Powys might come off, but, so far as his bowling has been seen this year, the general opinion was that it was too erratic to be depended upon, and that it would also be expensive, judging from the indifferent long-stopping of Mr. Tobin in the M.C.C. and Cambridge return match. Mr. Bray ought to be easy to batsmen so experienced as Mr. Ottaway, Mr. Townshend, Mr. Tylecote, and Mr. Francis: and there the Cambridge bowling came pretty well to an end, Mr. Raynor not having at present fulfilled the expectations formed of him. Then, as to batting, there was Mr. Yardley, to be sure, confessedly the second best bat in England, and Mr. Tabor and Mr. Longman, who, having scored freely on Lord's before, were likely to do so again. But it was impossible to deny that Cambridge had a very decided tail: and if Mr. Yardley should happen not to come off in batting, or Mr. Powys in bowling, Oxford might be credited with a very easy victory. Oddly, however, Mr. Yardley might have been a hundred miles away, and still, as it turned out, Cambridge would have won. The winning the toss was, in our opinion, equivalent to winning the game. The ground was in the most perfect condition for run-getting, played as easy as the Oval or Prince's; and the Oxford men, fagged and jaded with five days' severe work in the broiling weather of the preceding week, were by no means in condition for run-getting. Ominously, also, as the day proceeded, the glass fell steadily, and there were indications that, when it was time for the dark blues to take the bat, the ground would be more difficult to play on, and the ball would not travel so fast. These

forebodings were realized to the letter: and nothing could have been so unlucky than for the Oxford men, after toiling in the field through that colossal innings of Cambridge, to have to go in in a bad light on the Monday evening, and then on the Tuesday morning, when there might have been a chance for them to display their real and undoubted batting powers, to find the ground sodden and slippery, and to be satisfied with singles where, on the preceding morning, fours would have been easily obtainable. The dogged and determined defence of the first two representatives of Cambridge, Mr. Tabor and Mr. Longman, quite broke the neck of the Oxford bowling, which, not being in any way helped by the ground, was comparatively harmless. But it was soon seen that Mr. Butler was not going to have another day, as in 1871, and Mr. Francis at first was not much on the spot. Later in the day he bowled beautifully, and kept up his end with the greatest pluck and perseverance. Fifty, sixty, and at length the unprecedented number of one hundred runs went up on the telegraph without the loss of a wicket; and when at length Mr. Tabor left, after obtaining his 'fifty' in excellent style, it was only to be followed by Mr. Fryer, who at last came off at Lord's, and played a very fine free innings of forty-six. Every one was pleased at his success, remembering the frequent disappointments he has experienced at Lord's—so frequent that he was beginning to be left out of all calculation in the estimate of runs likely to be made in the match. It was worse and worse for Oxford when Mr. Yardley came in to assist Mr. Longman, and, after a little momentary unsteadiness, began to hit hard and fast in all directions. No bowling changes were of any use. Mr. Butler, Mr. Francis, Mr. Law, Mr. Ridley, Mr. Isherwood, Mr. Hadow, came on, went off, and came on again without any result. Chances were given—and missed: it was hardly to be expected that the fielding of such a weary eleven would be very brilliant. Mr. Longman at length considerably ran himself out, having put together 80 in excellent form; and really, but for this mischance,* we do not see why he should not have got his 100 as well as Mr. Yardley. It was a most promising commencement of his career as a University player; and no doubt he will be a tower of strength to Cambridge for the next three years. Mr. Thornton made twenty runs off ten balls—there were eleven really, we believe, but one was out of his reach. Like a sensible man he played his own game, which consists in hitting short-pitched straight balls to square-leg, and driving off balls over slip's head. So he got his twenty, and twenty runs are not to be despised. Had he tried to play 'the correct game,' as it is called, he would most probably have been bowled for 'a duck.' When the last Cambridge wicket fell the total amounted to the enormous number of 388 runs. Mr. Yardley's 130 were worthy of his fame; and his clean hitting and hard strong play on the on side were exemplified to the greatest advantage. Two years ago, it will

be remembered, he made 100 in the University match. Of the Oxford bowling Mr. Francis's was far away the best, and improved as the innings went on. Mr. Butler, on the contrary, was seldom straight, and never difficult. There was no spin about his bowling as last year; and not one of the Cambridge Eleven seemed for a moment 'stuck up' by it. What a contrast to 1871! The Oxford fielding was very variable. Several easy catches were dropped, and many runs were lost in the field; and then at times some brilliant things were done. Mr. Wallroth's catch that disposed of Mr. Thornton was admirably judged and well waited for.

The light was getting bad and the rain was not far off when the unfortunate Oxford Eleven commenced their arduous task, and in less than an hour and a half they were all out. Mr. Ottaway and Mr. Townshend made a stand at the beginning, and played well; but there was fearful grief after the first two wickets had fallen. Mr. Powys did not bowl particularly straight; but every now and then he sent down a ball that no human being could play except by good luck, and his loose balls cut away at such a pace that it was not easy to hit them. Mr. Tobin also let nothing go past him, so the expected crop of byes failed also, and another 'good thing' for Oxford was gone. Mr. Powys was having his day, or the first part of his day, it was clear; but why, in the name of fate, should Mr. Bray have his day also? Simply, because we are bound to say the Oxford men, with few exceptions, played him very badly, feebly, and timidly, playing back when they ought to have played forward, and making graceful but ineffectual sweeps forward when the ball was pitched rather shorter than usual. The spirit was out of the batsmen, it was clear; for if two or three out of a University Eleven cannot knock off Mr. Bray, they must be a poor lot indeed. We should think that about six overs from Mr. Bray to Mr. Yardley and Mr. Green would result in his giving up the ball to a new bowler. Anyhow the Oxford men did not play Mr. Bray nearly so well as they played Alfred Shaw the week before; and as they could not hit Mr. Powys, and would not hit Mr. Bray, they had to succumb for the insignificant total of 72. The next day there had been heavy rain, the ground was slippery, and it was soon clear that the ball would only travel at a snail's pace. A speedy termination to the match was looked for; but the dark blues made a sufficient stand to show that their batting powers were not wholly mythical, and were not disposed of till they had put together 150 runs, or about 100 less than they would be worth on good ground and in good light. Mr. Ottaway's 41 was by far the best innings; Mr. Tylecote's 40 was plucky and praiseworthy, though his play is hardly so good as last year; Mr. Isherwood made some good hard country strokes; and Mr. Ridley played steadily, though he makes terribly little use of his height and reach. Mr. Powys was again the destructive bowler, getting seven wickets, and Mr. Bray the other two. Very briefly, our opinion about the match is this. The partisans of Oxford were

quite justified in making their men the favourites, for they could not foresee or assume that Mr. Butler's bowling would be good for nothing and Mr. Powys's good for everything. Their chance was diminished twenty-five per cent. by the injudicious amount of work they did the week before the great match. Another twenty-five per cent. was gone when they lost the toss, and Mr. Powys and Mr. Yardley did the rest. The moral of the whole is—put no reliance on fast amateur bowlers. There is only one in England to be depended on. The rest do wonders one day, and are absolutely worthless the next.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

THERE has been assuredly no lack of sport during the past month, and the three great yacht clubs of the Thames have provided some capital sailing. The Royal Thames had an excellent entry for their Cutter Match; but the old grievance—no wind—spoiled the day's pleasure, and, after a most tedious journey, the course, which was round the Mouse and back to Gravesend, had to be shortened considerably. Alcyone (Sir W. Topham) and Myosotis (Mr. T. G. Freke) took the first-class prizes, and the Foxhound (Marquis of Ailsa) the second-class one. The Royal London had better luck with their match from Erith, round the Nore and back to Gravesend, and, with a fair W.N.W. wind, were actually able to go the whole distance—a triumph rather rare in river races. Count Bathyan's new cutter, the Kriemhilda, showed the way nearly all day, with the Vanguard, which is now owned by Mr. Pitt Miller, in close attendance, and the forty tons difference gave the latter the first prize, Count Bathyan taking second honours; though it was a very near thing for him, as Mr. Boutcher, in the Fiona, was a good third, and missed only by five seconds. The only vessel not a cutter engaged in the match was Major Tharp's yawl, the Gertrude, which carried away her topmast in Sea Reach on the voyage down. The Royal Thames secured thirteen entries for the Channel Match from the Nore to Dover, and, as all but a couple started, there was a first-class squadron. The wind, W.N.W., held well throughout, and, after sundry casualties, the leaders finished in this order—Guinevere (Captain Thellusson), Oimara (Mr. J. Wylie), Egeria (Mr. J. Mulholland), Fiona (Mr. E. Boutcher). Mr. Mulholland took the first prize by time, and the Fiona the second.

The Royal Cinque Ports Club, which, having Prince Arthur as Commodore, and Mr. Brassey, M.P., as Vice, has been started with every prospect of success, arranged a Channel Match, Dover to Boulogne and back. The entry was good enough, but there was sad want of a breeze throughout. Boulogne was reached first by the Fiona; Oimara, Gwendolin (Major Ewing), and Dauntless (Mr. F. Willan) next. On the road home Mr. Willan took second place, and Mr. Ashbury's new cutter Iona third, Gwendolin coming in fourth. A protest was entered that the match, not being finished by half-past nine should be re-sailed; but this was withdrawn, and the prizes were awarded to Fiona and Gwendolin.

The Schooner Race of the New Thames proved a great success, the weather being unusually propitious, and the programme, Gravesend round the Mouse and back, was carried out in its entirety. The five clippers entered—Egeria,

Gloriana (A. O. Wilkinson), Harlequin (Colonel Markham), Pantomime (Mr. J. F. Starkey), and Flying Cloud (Count Bathyan)—all started; and Mr. Mulholland, after showing the way, won, with a quarter of an hour to spare from the Gloriana, which gained the second prize with almost as much margin. The Royal Thames, for their Schooner Match, had Egeria, Gloriana, and Flying Cloud entered, with the addition of Gwendolin, Gertrude, Hirondelle (Mr. J. Graham), and Surf (Mr. F. D. Lambert). The fleet were divided into two classes, those under 100 tons ranking separately. A combination of circumstances spoiled the affair. Owing to a strike amongst steamboatmen, the Club steamer was late, and, as the yachts were not started until she got down to Gravesend, and the wind was very light, the course had to be shortened to a mile and a quarter below the Nore. Egeria again won first prize, and Flying Cloud and Gertrude the second-class prizes. The Royal London, on the following day, had better luck, and managed to get to the Mouse, though they were rather late home. With a good E. wind, the lead lay between Egeria, Gwendolin, and Flying Cloud, which finished in this order, Count Bathyan's old clipper being, however, so close up as to win the first prize easily by time, Egeria having to be content with second, for a change.

We observe among recent launches a new schooner, the Julia, built by Hansen for Lord Ducie, and are sorry to hear that the owner of the old Julia, Mr. Moss, is in so bad a state of health that his presence in yachting circles cannot be expected for some time.

The attraction of the international boat race between the London Rowing Club and the Atalanta Boat Club, of New York, brought to the banks of the river an assemblage rivalling, if not exceeding, an University day; though many were, doubtless, kept away by the notion that the match would be postponed owing to the water being rather rough, as the Americans had expressed their wish for a smooth course. On arriving at Putney we found the banks lined with spectators, and the utmost anxiety was felt to ascertain whether the race would be rowed up, as intended, or postponed until the tide had turned, and rowed down on the ebb when the water would be perfectly smooth, as the wind blew down stream. Towards high-water the course looked fit for anybody's rowing, and the London men, as well as Mr. Lealey, the referee, were of this opinion, but, in deference to the views of the Atalanta men, it was agreed to row down. This change of plan, besides involving considerable delay, was open to the serious objection that the arrangements of the Thames Conservancy for keeping the course clear were made with a view to a race up; and there was no time to make equally satisfactory plans for the reverse journey, which might be seriously interfered with by some of the craft swinging at their moorings. From the American point of view, however, the change procured them an advantage, which we give them the credit of supposing they did not think of—that, in rowing down, the Atalanta men, who had practised chiefly from Hammersmith to Mortlake and back, were really better acquainted with the most important part of the course—that is, the beginning of it—than the Londoners, who had done their work principally between Putney and Chiswick. A start downwards was also far less favourable for the four privileged steamers which accompanied the race than one from Putney, where they would have more room. However, the rival crews were soon taken on board the umpires' steamer, and their boats paddled to Mortlake. On the voyage up we had leisure to notice the vast numbers of the spectators, who, for the entire

length of the course, crowded the banks. Hammersmith Bridge was as usual a favourite resort, and the inhabitants of Barnes Terrace appeared to be coining money enough to satisfy Mr. Tomline. Steamers of all sorts had been chartered by public and private parties, from Citizen Z, at a crown a-head, and her sister Y, with a select circle and all the delicacies of the season, down to the puffing billies (registered tonnage about three-quarters) with a crew of a man and a boy, and passengers three or four, who had apparently concealed all the cargo about their persons! Small and big steamers, however, alike carried a policeman 'as a guarantee of good faith,' though we may presume 'not necessarily for publication,' and very comfortable did many of the Roberts look—especially those on the small steamers, who, astride on the bows, with the regulation boots displayed in their full elegance, formed an impressive figurehead to the vessel, and, we hope, enjoyed themselves as much as they appeared to. Of the four steamers accompanying the race, the Umpires' Press, and London Rowing Clubs' boats, had made no attempts at decoration, but the American's vessel was very tastefully arranged, and a stand of flags covering each paddlebox was something really most elegant. Unfortunately, those in charge of the vessel, which was pretty fully laden, had omitted to take the usual precaution of having the bows kept clear, so everyone of course pressed forward, and the steamer, which lay slightly astern at the start, could not make any way at all, and must have seen nothing of the race.

As soon as the tide had well turned the men got to their boats, London—which had won the toss—taking the Middlesex shore. On arriving at their stations they were ready at once, and started so soon that half the lookers-on did not see them go; and amateur chronographists had to take a shot, and allow a trifle of five or ten seconds in their very accurate clocking. London led at once, rowing at the start probably as rapidly as the Yankees, and drawing away quite perceptibly. They appeared to sheer rather out of their course, and, for a moment, a foul seemed imminent, as the London boat drew towards the *Atalanta's*; but it was seen almost instantly that they were clear of them, and, taking their water, drew further away. London, below the Brewery, slackened their stroke to about 38, while the Americans were still pulling 42 or 44, but the Englishmen increased their lead, and the Americans' boat was steered towards the Middlesex shore to avoid the wash. The London boat, off the White Hart, lay full wide, and the Americans appeared to be going for the near arch, but, changing their course, both crews went through the centre, the Americans about three lengths astern. Hence, to Chiswick Church, the Londoners, despite a slower stroke, went further away, and the most interesting thing left to notice was the relative merit of the steering; first Gulston went, as we thought, too near Surrey, then Smith committed a fault in the other direction, and so on; but, altogether, there was little to choose in watermanship, both the wire-pullers showing remarkable skill. This, however, must be remembered—that none of our English rowers could steer the boat as well as Gulston, combining equal oarsmanship, while presumably several of the American cracks could guide her nearly, if not quite, as well as Smith. At the top of Chiswick Ait there were six lengths, and at Hammersmith more than double that distance between the crews, and the course here looked dangerously crowded with boats, which the Thames Conservancy had, owing to the change of programme, no time to keep in order. The Londoners had several narrow escapes, but we believe were not actually touched by any of the boats which thronged the water between

Hammersmith and Putney, though they had to go out of their course a good deal. Unfortunately, however, the Americans did not get off so well, as just as the Englishmen were off the Crab Tree and the Americans passing Cowan's Bridge, a big skiff, loaded principally with women—no doubt anxious to have a good stare at their cousins!—fouled the *Atalanta's* stroke-side oars, completely stopping the boat. On getting clear they gallantly resumed the hopeless chase, and the Londoners, who were now rowing very leisurely, eventually won by about a furlong, or three-quarters of a minute in 21 min. 26 sec. from the start. The *contre-temps* off the Soapworks, though palpably it had no effect upon the result, was much to be regretted; had the race come off as intended, the efforts of Mr. Lord and the Thames Conservancy would, doubtless, have kept the course clear, though the difficulty of the task can scarcely be over-estimated; and it will be remembered, that at the last international race, the Oxford men were seriously hampered by a boat, and that at a most critical point of the race. Fortunately, in the present case, the boatman's stupidity did not influence the verdict, as the Londoners were many lengths ahead, and pulling easily. As to the relative merits of the crews there can be but one opinion, the Englishmen were not merely a good crew, but a remarkably good one; and whether with coxswain or without, could, we think, challenge England, without much risk of a defeat. We believe the *Atalanta* men are on public form decidedly superior to the Harvard men who came here to row Oxford; and we should consider the London crew as much superior to the Harvard's conquerors, who, though extremely powerful and enduring, we fancy lacked pace. The Londoners wished, and offered to join in that race; but the Harvard men declined the proposition. Had it been accepted, London would have sent the identical men who commenced practice for the present affair, and, with the exception that John B. Close was recently substituted for George Ryan, the exact crew which rowed three weeks ago. Last month we abstained from giving more than a decisive expression of opinion that the London team would win; now, however, that the race is an affair of the past, we may remark that the objections to the *Atalanta* men's style of rowing were, according to English notions, fatal. They pulled an inordinately quick stroke, which was therefore apt to be short, and there was a decided hang between each, instead of the pendulum-like motion which our coaches are wont to inculcate. There is no doubt that they were magnificent specimens of men for their weight, and their pluck and condition is best evidenced by the fact, that at the finish of the four and a half mile course they were rowing about 40. The London Rowing Club, wishing to show every attention to their gallant opponents, asked them to a dinner to be given in their honour, proposing the 25th June as a date falling conveniently after Henley, but the offer was refused. Though there was no trophy attaching to the race, the men may be said, in racing parlance, to have 'put their shirts on it,' as they had a friendly wager of their Jerseys and neck-ties, which the Americans wore round their heads during the race—this eccentricity, added to the striking effect of their crimson Jerseys, giving their boat a remarkable appearance. Some difficulty was experienced in getting a referee; but an excellent representative was eventually found in Mr. Lealey, President O. U. B. C. In accordance with the wish of the Americans, each boat was represented by an umpire, a practice which was until lately universally observed in watermen's wagers, but is now quite obsolete even amongst professional oarsmen. However, as the drayman said

when his wife beat him, 'It pleases her, and don't hurt me;' so Mr. Webster, Vice-president of the Atalanta, stood for the visitors, and Mr. H. H. Playford, a former amateur champion of the Thames, and hero of a hundred fights, did duty for the L. R. C., though, fortunately, these appointments were sinecures, and had only the result of giving their holders an exceptionally good view of the match. The Londoners, who adopted sliding seats, were quite used to them by the day; and the general opinion is that they relieve oarsmen of a great deal of labour, especially towards the finish of a race, when men are tired.

This being an affair of importance, we may repeat the names of the crews as given last month, with their weights at starting:—

ATALANTA BOAT CLUB.			LONDON ROWING CLUB.		
<i>New York.</i>			<i>London.</i>		
		st. lbs.			st. lbs.
E. Smith (steerer) . . .		9 13	John B. Close . . .		11 8
A. Handy . . .		10 0	F. S. Gulston (steerer) .	119	
T. Van Raden . . .		10 13½	A. de L. Long . . .		12 3
R. Withers (str.) . . .		11 3	W. Stout (str.) . . .		11 13

Henley Regatta, the most delightful reunion of the racing season, was this year more enjoyable than ever, thanks to the clerk of the weather, who, contrary to precedent, did not insist on the traditional 'one wet day.' The entries were quite up to the average; but, as several of the boats in for the Grand prudently reserved themselves for the Ladies', the racing was somewhat tame. One feature of this year's meeting was not merely that the London Rowing Club had a prospect of a day out, but everybody seemed to know it; so that several events which have on former anniversaries produced intense excitement were now regarded as foregone conclusions. It is to be regretted that the Atalanta men did not appear in the coxswainless fours, for which they had entered; as the L. R. C., in the interest of sport, abstained from sending their crack four, and had entered a presumably inferior crew, to give the visitors a chance. When, however, it was found to be a walk over, the champion crew were got together, and showed an admiring crowd in the meadows how the thing ought to be done. The Grand, which closed with five entries, opened the proceedings with a W. O., Eton declining to meet Kingston; and in the next heat London disposed of Jesus (Cambridge) very easily. Pembroke (Oxford) having scratched, only London and Kingston were left for the final, which the former won with consummate ease, leading throughout after the first few strokes. The Ladies' Plate settled pretty plainly a point of some interest to Cantabs—the relative merits of the Lady Margaret and Jesus boats. The former succeeded in getting head boat on the last night but one of the racing, and the latter made five places in six nights, leaving off second, so their credentials were pretty equally balanced. Henley rowing, however, makes Jesus far the better, as in the first heat Pembroke (head boat at Oxford) ran away from Lady Margaret, Dublin splitting them. In the second, Jesus beat Eton; and when Pembroke and Jesus met for the final the latter won all the way, and by several lengths. This makes Jesus by far the best of the Cambridge boats, and the Lady Margaret men may think themselves lucky that they had made their bump when they did, or possibly St. John's, instead of First Trinity, would have gone down before Jesus. Fortunate, however, as Goldie was in leaving his boat head of the river, his bad luck in the Diamond Sculls must be taken as a counterpoise; for, in

spite of the form shown by Knollys, we begin to think he was the best sculler at Henley. Whether or no, the improvement he has made since last year is something marvellous. The entries were unusually numerous; but one of these, Russell Withers, the *Atalanta* stroke, did not appear, so there were ten starters. Goldie won the first heat easily from May and Ryan; in the second, E. Smith, bow and steerer of the *Atalanta* four, met W. Chillingworth, who has generally shown pace, but uniformly lacks staying powers. The American, who pulled with his colours tied round his head, as in the Putney race, also proved he possessed a great turn of speed, as he cleared his man after a quarter of a mile, and had the race easily in hand for the remainder of the distance. His victory was the signal for quite an outburst of applause; and, on going down the station for his next trial heat, he again had a tremendous ovation, all the spectators both on shore and in boats vieing, as it were, with each other in expressing their appreciation of the pluck of the man who alone of his crew, after a decisive defeat as an oarsman, had come to unknown waters to meet the best English scullers. There is no doubt that had he won the Diamonds his reception would have been something unequalled in rowing annals either at Henley, the Universities, or on the London waters; for as it was, the cheers and enthusiasm that greeted him were more than were given to the winners of the greatest races of the day and of the International match besides. The third trial, between Lawton, Thompson, and Ommanney, was expected to be a near thing, and proved so. Lawton led after half a mile, but had no rest, Thompson pressing him throughout, and being beaten only by about a length. The next heat brought Fawcus, last year's winner and champion, and Knollys together. The latter recently won the Oxford sculls, doing the course in one of the trial heats in the fastest time on record; and being now very fit, he was looked upon as a dangerous customer, though Fawcus's prestige made him favourite, in spite of a rumour of want of condition. The champion, however, was never in the hunt, Knollys taking his water at the Farm, and afterwards going right away. Fawcus ran into the bank, apparently intentionally. The next, between Goldie and Knollys, finished unsatisfactorily; Goldie from the centre came away, and though Knollys drew up, got ahead again, and when barely half a length clear, took the Oxonian's water in the bay. As by the Henley rules a boat is bound to keep its water, or at least takes another's at its peril, all Knollys had to do was to spurt up to Goldie, touch him, and win on the foul: this he did, the Cantab being of course disqualified, though he was home first, Knollys not persevering. In the next heat, between Lawton and Smith, the American again showed great pace at starting, but Lawton soon drew up, and they rowed level until past the Farm, when Smith, who started from the centre, began to sheer towards the towpath, and finally fouled Lawton, who was clearly in the right. The umpire, however, presumably wishing to give the stranger every chance, started them again just above Remenham, when the American, as before, got away, but was soon collared, and Lawton, going straight away, won easily by three or four lengths. The tug of war now lay between Lawton and Knollys, and proved a close thing for a mile; the York man with the station holding his own to the Point, where Knollys spirting, ran slick away, and won with ease by four lengths. Up to the Point it had appeared anybody's race, and the way Knollys came along at the finish took most of the spectators by surprise. We may reasonably hope to find a good field for the Wingfield Sculls, as if Knollys, Goldie, and Fawcus should enter, Slater and Gulston

may, perhaps, join. This lot appear pretty evenly matched. Fawcus has only one man to meet, but he must be more up to the mark than he was at Henley to have a chance. For the Stewards, London's prestige frightened all rivals but Kingston, who gallantly came to the post, but were never in it; and the same may be said of the Pairs, for which, as last year, only one boat (Lancaster) entered against Long and Gulston, who again won with consummate ease.

The Visitors' Plate produced the best race of the regatta, Pembroke and Dublin rowing neck and neck to the Point, where Dublin, served by the station, showed a trifle in front. In the straight run in, Lesley brought the Pembroke men up, and though the Irishmen spirted gallantly close home, Oxford just managed to maintain their advantage and win by a quarter of a length amidst intense enthusiasm, popular feeling being vastly in favour of Dublin, who have of late years showed so much pluck at Henley, with but slight success. A First Trinity (Cambridge) crew also started, but were tailed off. The Wyfold secured a good entry, but all went down before the Thames Club, who have now won three years running. This time they extended their borders, and also carried off the Thames Cup for eights; so the Club may be looked upon as dangerous for provincial regattas. The Town Cup was carried off by Marlow; and, as though local talent were not sufficiently encouraged, the Committee devoted a prize, given by E. Hermon, Esq., M.P., to another local race, which proved but a repetition of the Town Cup. It was curious to notice how suddenly nearly all the crews adopted sliding seats. During the practice the good time made by the London eight was put down by most of the amateur touts to the sliding novelty, so messengers were at once despatched to Oxford and other centres of rowing to fetch slides, and by the day nearly all the crews rowed with them.

And after the medals had been distributed everybody went to dine with everybody else, and at the Lion and other headquarters the big pots were filled and emptied, and success to—everything was duly honoured, and the competitors and their friends, sooner or later, got to bed. Next day we had the Lion lawn pretty much to ourselves, but it was not dull, for skimming the dailies afforded much gratification. One had turned on the flowery tap to the utmost, and, hopelessly confusing the Universities, remarked that the 'green jackets of Jesus had disappeared.' This was correct, only in the sense that they had not been there; for Jesus (Cambridge), which had been rowing, has red and black for its colours, and Jesus (Oxford), who sport green, have never been represented at Henley regatta. Further on, alluding to the exaggerations of Professor Skey, it is written, 'that Woodgate is not yet reduced to a shadow; that Risley still drags his cruel slashing stroke,' &c., *à la* Earlewood.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—June Jottings.

JUNE is the month sacred to the horse. He paweth in his box at the Agricultural Hall, and rejoices in his strength on the sawdust of the ring. He scents the battle from afar on the New Mile, where he certainly also may be said to hear the thunder of the captains, and the shouting. Mr. Sidney, the Stewards of the Jockey Club, and the executors of the late Mr. Blenkiron may be said to be the high priests of his *cultus*; and his worshippers come from the four winds of heaven. There are other religious rites to which we pay due observance in the leafy month, such as the slaughter of doves, the hitting of cricket balls, afternoon teas (a worship supposed to bear an affinity to the mysteries of the Bona Dea), parks, and Richmond and Greenwich dinners; but hippomania is our highest act, and we all chant the praises of him who swallows the ground with fierceness and rage, who mocks at fear and is not affrighted.

And a pleasant worship too, though, as we shall have to note, we do, in some of the rites, degrade our divinity to a very mountebank level, and act towards him as the Philistines did to Samson. But it is pleasant to find ourselves even at Islington (which is not a pleasant place, and never will be), on that Saturday after the Derby, when, some Prince Charlie cobwebs brushed from our brains, we are prepared to meet the judges of the land—not set in a terrible row—but looking rather jolly, if, with due deference to the judicial ermine, we may be allowed the expression, than otherwise. Judges, too, who have met before, and had friendly tussles over back and loins, shoulders and headpiece, and two of whom, the Lord Chief Justice especially, are inclined to look with lenient eyes on the weaknesses of weight-carriers. But if we searched broad England through, we could not find three better than the trio who, on that Saturday, hesitated long between the claims of chestnut and brown, till the big horse won the day, and the blue riband went to Pioneer; a horse yet to be proved, but with appearances in his favour, though there was a somewhat unfurnished look about him too. Many eyes followed the handsome Landmark and Brampton Boy when the gold medal competition came on, and shook their heads when Pioneer got that too; but we are inclined to think the judges were right. Brampton Boy, however, was a very nice horse indeed, and Mr. Henry Sanders, a good sportsman well known with the Pytchley, deserves very great credit and encouragement for breeding and exhibiting two such good half-brothers as he did. There was a good many niceish horses that a man might have liked to have, but still the tenth commandment need not have been broken often, though we confess to much coveting one lot, a bay mare belonging to Major Quentin, of Cheltenham, who was to the fore, looking as jaunty as ever—a mare that was both handsome and clever, and who, when the Cotswold meet on Puzedown, would no doubt take the Major over the walls like a bird. A good many people fancied Marmalade should have had the first prize in his class, instead of Landmark, but we don't see on what grounds, though why Iris was passed over with only a commendation in his, we can't say we know. It is just on the cards that he may be going, when some of the blue, red, and yellow-bedecked ones may be in oblivion. There was about the usual show of roadsters and park hacks, and there was some fancy business with a four-in-hand of ponies belonging to

Colonel Richardson Gardner, which were very handsome and handy, and which the gallant Colonel tooled in a workmanlike manner before the eyes of Royalty and the British public, to the satisfaction apparently of all concerned. Everybody fancied the pony team, though we should have preferred seeing a lady in charge to a man; and there was also a pony tandem, whose owner fancied himself, we think, though, we are bound to add, not without cause, for Mr. Charles Myring handled his extremely clever and handsome pair remarkably well. He sometimes, it is true (especially on the occasion of the Prince's visit), kept possession of the stage long after the cue for his exit had been given, and while Mr. Manager Sidney's arms were raised in menace, and his voice was heard in entreaty. Mr. Myring could have turned his ponies in a saucer if necessary, and did so dodge policemen and circumvent Mr. Sidney on one occasion, when that enterprising Master of the Ring had posted himself and an attendant henchman, so as effectually (as was vainly imagined) to compel the retreat of the audacious Myring—that gentleman actually drove *between* them and *round* the manager before the latter had recovered his presence of mind. The Prince was much amused, and we need scarcely say so were the B. P., who cheered the culprit to the utmost, and when that individual culminated his offences by taking off his hat, and holding it in one hand while he drove with the other (Mr. Sidney being by this time utterly vanquished), the cheers were redoubled, and under their parting fire he condescended to leave the ring. All this took place, of course, after the judging was over, and when the show, which some foolish people imagine is solely instituted to improve the breed of horses, had entered upon its profitable phase—when the reserved seats go off, as an official was pleased to remark, 'like one o'clock!' when front rows are parterres of beauty and colour, and our only wonder is, that ten shillings is not demanded for them instead of five; and we throw out that suggestion to the excellent Sidney against next year. Indeed we do not see why there should not be guinea stalls (say the first row), and let places be taken at the West End Libraries, with announcements from Mr. Bubb and Mr. Mitchell, that 'the best seats opposite the water jump' might be secured on early application.' Bless you, the B. P. would stand it like lambs, and there would be a rush for stalls as when La Diva shows how she can both flirt in one act and die to soft music in the other, or one of Mr. Mapleson's brand-new tenors vainly seeks to recall the memories of the past. We think, however, the entertainment is susceptible of improvement, and though the comic element is strong (Mr. Sidney is a host in himself), here and there hitches occur, as was the case on the occasion of the Royal visit, when there was a long and tedious 'wait;' at which the house very properly expressed its indignation in hissing, and requests to the then occupants of the arena to 'get out!' with divers other pleasantries. Of course when people have paid their money they like to be amused, so we would suggest to Mr. Sidney that he engages next year the Bounding Bricks of Bermondsey, or some such eminent contortionists, together with two or three Shakspearian jesters, as they are called, who would help to agreeably diversify 'the scenes in the arena,' and, moreover, give the tired horses and their riders much-needed rest. Also if some of the riders could be taught to ride before they appear in public—but perhaps that is too much to expect, and we shall be thought unreasonable in making such a request. The performances—these little drawbacks we have mentioned apart—were 'highly successful!' (*vide* daily journals *passim*); and as four days out of the six were given up to them, we don't think the public ought to complain. It struck us (but perhaps we were inclined to be hypercritical) that there was a sameness in some of the feats. There was the

stout party who took his horse, or rather whose horse took him, at a smart trot round the ring, until the stout party nearly dropped from exhaustion (loud laughter); there was the plucky boy who went at everything, and generally tumbled off for choice (laughter and applause); there was the charming young lady who sent her horse at the gorse hurdle, fifty miles an hour, landing on the other side in grand style (enthusiastic cheers); one lady's horse doing a performance not included in the bill, and jumping the barrier among the crowd, knocking down and injuring an old man (the applause here was frantic). There was the gentleman who came at the water leap like a steam-engine, and was nearly shot over his horse's head by the gallant animal's sudden refusal (shouts of laughter); there were the gentlemen who really did clear the water, and there were the gentlemen who were deposited in it. All of which we have seen here for two or three years, and, speaking for ourselves, we should like a change, or at least an improvement in the scene. But an eminent caterer for public amusements suggested to us that this would not do, or, in other words, pay. The public do not care, said the eminent caterer, for good riding, or good jumping as a rule. What amuses them is the mutton-fisted groom, or the clodhopping countryman on some scared animal that cannot be induced to face the gorse, the crowd, and the row—whose rider loses his temper as the laughter gets louder, and the chaff more stinging, and concludes his performance by being deposited on the sawdust. This is what fills the stalls—we mean the reserved seats—this is what Mabel says is 'awfully jolly!' and Blanche calls 'such fun!' So we presume the stock properties of mutton-fisted and clodhopping ones 'will always be retained on this establishment;' and we shall flock year after year to Islington, to swell the profits of the Agricultural Hall.

But we are summoned to a different scene. From the conduct of the ring and the gallant steeds who are there made to perform such monkey tricks before high heaven and the occupiers of the reserved seats, we turn to the broad expanse of Ascot Heath, which, though shrouded in wet and gloom, is at least a genuine article in which, or on which, 'there is no deception'—at least we hope not, but perhaps we have been rather rash in making that assertion—but still it is the Royal Heath, and the Royal Meeting, with such racing as we never see anywhere else, and the best of company. Ascot, though, was tried very highly this year; and we thought, as we looked from a solitary eyrie among the jackdaws on the skirts of Windsor Forest, which had been specially secured for the Van driver, that it was hardly 6 to 4 on the Royal Meeting pulling it off. What the noble Master of the Buckhounds thought of it as, in the insignia of office, with a remarkably well-built coat, and mounted on a gallant grey that we seemed to know, he ambled before the closed carriages of the Royal procession a few hours after we made these observations from our eyrie, we don't know, but he must have got very wet; however, *noblesse oblige*—which observation applies equally to a noble lady in the Royal Enclosure in a suit of mackintosh from head to heel, defying the war of elements, and only tempting Providence by a study of the Sybilline volumes of 'Judex' and 'Paul Walsley,'—those modern seers who lure us to the Tom Tiddler's ground of the golden pieces—only sometimes we don't succeed in getting farther than Fiddler's Green. But enough of the prophets—we were talking of the weather and its disastrous effects on that Tuesday which is wont to be so bright and gay. The rain did not efface the racing, though, which was quite up to Ascot Tuesday form; almost, indeed, too good, because it is Ascot fashion to set forth all their good things for a first course and leave nothing, or next to that, for dessert. The consequence is we have a surfeit on Tuesday, and the rest of the banquet seems

stale and indigestible. This is bad management ; but it is very much a racing fashion to cram everything into one day, and done at other places than Ascot, so we must submit. Queen's Messenger was the hero of the day, or it might be said of the week, for he won his two races and became the warmest favourite for the Leger that we remember at this time of year. Wenlock's pretensions received two settlers, one on Tuesday, in the Prince of Wales' Stakes, and another on Thursday, in the All-Aged Stakes, and we shall not hear much more about him except for a handicap. The Gold Vase was the first of those terrible facers which everybody who backed favourites, were they peers or *parvenus*, got plenty of before the week was out. It was Sterling's first race over a distance of ground, and was to decide the question of his staying or not—whether 'the best horse of the present century' was as great a wonder at two miles as he was at one. Between him and Corisande the race was said to lay, and when at the distance the scarlet jacket of our old friend Albert Victor (a good wholesome outsider at 10 to 1) was seen with the crack and Corisande, there was momentary surprise, increased to utter amazement, when Sterling on rising the hill was seen to falter, and though Custance administered, rather unnecessarily, a side-binder, with a terrific yell from the ring, Albert Victor won by half a length. The faces of the Messrs. Graham were studies—so were those of a good many others, including Tom Oliver, who stood perfectly still for a second or two, and then muttering 'Well—I am d—d !' hastened down to receive the winner. Clearly Mr. Cartwright has been an unfortunate man, and his horse an unfortunate horse ! Judged by this and his subsequent running in the Alexandra Plate, we now see he was the best horse of his year if he could have been fit and well, which probably he never was until in this race. People began to say, 'What about Albert Victor for the Cup ?' and to nod their heads mysteriously, particularly as Corisande ran very badly in the race, and looked nearly as badly as she ran. It was remarked, that when one of the Baron's horses performed indifferently they all did, and there was a great disposition on the part of backers not to trust Favonius on Thursday, which if they had encouraged it would have been better for them. But this is anticipating. The Royal Hunt Cup—a beautiful idea of Monti's well carried out by the Hancocks—was another of the many exemplifications that fortune never comes single-handed. Not content with Derbies and Grand Prizes, Mr. Savile now takes the Hunt Cup ; and Ripponden—said not to be trained, though he ran Hannah to the shortest of heads the previous day—came and squandered all the favourites in the easiest manner. Generally, favourites cut a good figure in this race, but this year they must have been a very spurious lot, though the A 1 gentleman hailed of course from Woodyates, and proved to be—after the customary little finessing—Theodorus, a wretched plater, that Admiral Rous gave to Mr. Sturt for a hack, but which had developed such extraordinary form since William Day had had him that 'he couldn't lose,' &c., &c.—our readers know the formula. But he could, though, and handsomely, too ; running for about a quarter of a mile and then turning it up, while another first-class impostor, Bonny Swell—cracked up by the Press as a wonder in reserve—was about the second to beat a retreat, and he in his turn was succeeded by another favourite, Anton : so a greater exhibition has never been made in a Hunt Cup. What made people back Bonny Swell, except that they trusted to the writers who persistently sung his praises—we don't know. His stable did not. Lord Calthorpe's investment was, we believe, a modest tenner ; Captain Machell and Mr. Walker would not have him at any price, and Mr. Chaplin laid against him, and backed Ripponden ;—but still the talent, bless you ! *they* knew better than the Captain or the Member for Lincolnshire, and up to the last moment

nodded their heads knowingly, and took the 5's to 1 eagerly. Now as the talent had seen Ripponden run so well the day before, we must say this was not what we should have expected of them or the public; but we can't always have our eyes open—and so the winner, except for a stray investment here and there, was missed—to the great joy of the ring. The racing was bad on the Wednesday, as we have before intimated—very mild indeed, and so was Thursday's, and if it had not been for the glorious weather (summer came with a rush on that day), Ascot Cup day would have been heavy in the extreme. But there never was such an attendance remembered; and Mr. Superintendent Mott and his men never had such hard work as they had course clearing; the persistency with which the people stood staring at the Royal Enclosure and its occupants,—from the Prince and Princess to the Burmese Ambassadors—being almost too much for the tactics of the gallant A Division. The line of carriages extended far below the new telegraph board, and there were said to have been 180 coaches on the ground. This was immense, of course; and the Four-in-Hand and the Coaching Clubs were in great force, the former having their quarters opposite the Royal Stand, while the latter were by the telegraph. The hospitality was immense; and he was a lucky man who, as he threaded his way from one drag to another, came out of the ordeal unscathed. Then, in addition, those terrible fellows, the soldiers, who always will insist on their friends eating and drinking more than is good for them—they had marquees in a snug little hollow not far from the Four-in-Hands, where the Scots Fusiliers, the 7th Hussars, the Carbineers, and the 12th Lancers kept something very like open house, and to which pleasant *locale* came dainty little women from the Royal Enclosure, showing dainty little feet, *bien chaussée*, as they tripped over the banks and the broken ground, and who having been fed and cherished, tripped back again—a sight that, coming on the top of a mayonnaise and an unlimited quantity of 'dry,' was almost too much for one. But we got over it somehow, and managed to survive the crushing result of the Cup with what fortitude we might. It was a Cup that neither cheered nor inebriated, that Ascot one of this year of grace; and succeeding to Sterling, who had been beaten in the All-Aged Stakes by Prince Charlie just before, it was what Mr. Richard Swiveller would have termed 'a stifier.' Favonius beaten, and by a French horse who had not eaten a feed of corn since he had been at Ascot, and whose trainer did not fancy him a bit! The victory of Henry must have been balm to the outraged feelings of the gentlemen who were said to have hissed Cremorne when he won the Grand Prix, and must have been also particularly grinding to Mr. Cartwright, who had, no doubt, not started Albert Victor, as not liking to stand in the Baron's way. The latter, too, backed his horse for more money than he generally has on, and laid his 3000 to 1000 like a man and a Rothschild. Of course everybody else was 'on,' too; for, we need scarcely say, the Baron thought he had a real good thing, and told all his friends; so there fell a great silence on the Royal Enclosure when Henry was seen to be on terms with Favonius at the distance, and to quit him at the Stand and win in a canter!

Then, as if to make the cup run over, the Makeshift colt, on whom they laid 7 to 4, was beaten by Khedive in the next race, and that really *was*, you know, &c. It was a tremendous day, in fact, a succession of 'facers' without a parallel; and we crept back to our crow's nest with our tail between our legs and thought of that handsome son of Zephyr, in whom we had such faith, with despair. Friday finished us up, and poor Mr. Cartwright was doubly unlucky. If he couldn't, or thought he couldn't, get the Cup, why there was the Alexandra Plate at his mercy with Albert Victor—and lo! Musket came and snatched victory from him in the last half-dozen strides. Poor Albert

Victor ! Just when he is fit and well, for probably the first time in his life, he meets with what people call 'a glutton,' a great striding brown devil, who wore him and Don Carlos—both game horses—down. The French horse ran remarkably well, for his jockey made a terrible use of him, and at one time he and Hobart were leading twenty lengths as they came down the hill into the Swinley Bottom, reminding us of the way in which Regalia and Breadalbane slipped Gladiateur at the same spot six years previously, and the great Frenchman looked in such trouble coming down the hill (his weak point) that Tom Jennings, near whom we were standing, thought it was all up, and, like the Highland Chieftain, 'swore at large.' How Gladiateur won (and what a win it was !) is matter of history ; and though Musket did not settle his field in that grand fashion, the two leaders had to come back to him and Albert Victor, and one of them being beaten, the remaining trio made a grand fight for it, Musket—to repeat our former expression—fairly wearing them down in the last half-dozen strides. As Corisande beat Dutch Skater in the race, so she was bound to do in the Queen's Plate, though the talent chose to make the latter the favourite,—partly, we suppose, on account of George Fordham and partly because the Baron's horses were running so badly—and the Ascot Plate was a gift for Khedive. It was a Royal Ascot in attendance, especially on the Thursday, but, in the matter of sport, a falling-off. Tuesday—as we said before—had the cream ; and the other days—with the exception of a race here and there—was but very skimmed milk. They are going to add another race on Thursday, and the programme wants something besides the Cups and the New Stakes. We did not think very much about the two-year-olds that came out at Ascot ; and the appearance and figure cut by some of the dark division more than ever made us regret that Cantinière is a roarer. Paladin, a brother to Queen's Messenger by FitzRoland, was thought good enough to take 1000 to 80 about, after he had won (beating nothing) the Twentieth Triennial on Wednesday—a remarkable price : equally remarkable we consider the flat who took it. Prince Charlie's defeat of Sterling has almost, in the eyes of some, condoned his Derby running, and he was backed for the Leger for some money. It looks, however—fond as we are of the bonny Prince—only a question of 'sound and well' for Lord Falmouth's horse ; though there is no doubt Prince Charlie will run a different horse over the Leger course. For the rest, Ascot was as brilliant a *fête* as ever—probably more so. There were, it is stated, 180 coaches there on the Cup Day. Shade of old Sir Henry ! you of the yellow and the four greys, what would you have said, if you had revisited the glimpses of the moon-tide ? It almost takes away one's breath. One hundred and eighty ! They represent money, do these well-hung vehicles, with the bays, browns, and chesnuts, to say nothing of the luncheons thereto pertaining. 'Our new plaything,' some one called it. Well, it is a good thoroughly-English 'plaything,'—helping to circulate money, pleasing to the eye, and, to our young fellows who can afford it, a very harmless way of spending their money. Better than a sitting at baccarat or *ecarté*, or laying three monkeys on Favonius. The worst of it is that some of our youngsters *will* do both—which is sad.

We must not quit Ascot without mentioning how many hunting men were glad to see Frank Goodall in the Royal livery, preceding the noble Master of the Buckhounds in the Royal Procession. 'There's Frank,' said many a Leicestershire friend, pointing out the neat figure and the accurate get-up of the new huntsman. We took occasion, a few months back, to congratulate Lord Cork on his happy selection of Frank, and the gentlemen who hunt with the Royal Staggers on their fortunate acquisition, which we hope they will appre-

ciate. Goodall had a very gratifying reminder of his Leicestershire friends during the Ascot week in the shape of a handsome silver cup and a purse of sovereigns therein, being presented to him in token of the estimation in which he was held in his old country.

Who does not like Hurlingham this weather? We do when we get a chance, which is not often, for there are few pleasanter places for an afternoon or late evening, or far into night, when there is a moon, or, for the matter of that, when there is not (in fact, we have heard the non-moonlight nights preferred by some of our fair friends), and there has been a little dinner and a quiet stroll under the grand old trees. The Club opened in the last week in March, but it did not settle down to its work till the latter days of April, when on the 27th there was a near approach to a grand day, and Mr. Aubrey Patton carried off the honour. By-the-way, at the General Meeting of the Club, held on May 3rd, a gallant Colonel, who shoots under an assumed name, and is, as the phrase goes, 'full' against the Press, brought forward a motion to exclude reporters, which was defeated by a large majority, though, as last season, they are only admitted on Saturdays. What were the gallant Colonel's reasons we cannot say. If the sport is worth recording—and pigeon-shooters say it is, and are, we fancy, rather fond of seeing their names in print—what good reason can be assigned of excluding Press representatives? It has a rather awkward look about it, that motion of the gallant Colonel's. The weather was, of course, all against the gun in the early days; but another assumed name, which, not to deceive you, is Carrington—a gentleman who is said to be as good at oyster spat as he is at blue rocks—managed to grass the latter handsome on the day after the General Meeting. Nothing could be worse for shooting than the weather was on the 11th of the same month, on the occasion of the Second Spring Handicap, which was won by Captain Gist. There was a good Derby Handicap on the 24th, when Captain Pritchard Rayner, at 26½ yards, killed a dozen birds in grand style; but the first really good shooting of the season was at the Gun Club on the 7th of June, when Captain Starkey won the Great Champion Sweepstakes at 27 yards, hitting on the first day 13 out of 14 birds, and following up this good shooting on the second by making his score 33 hits to 7 misses. This was, of course, first-rate, and the Handicap, moreover, was worth having—525*l.*, besides 50*l.* Cups added by the Club. The weather here, too, was atrocious—cold, wet, and windy—so Captain Starkey's performance was all the more meritorious. At Hurlingham on the same day Captain Maxwell Lyte won the Ascot Handicap (120*l.* and Cup), and gave Mary, the flower-girl, a fiver for his button-hole, from which we surmise the gallant Captain must have had a good day. The spectacle of the Guards' Band playing in their great-coats in 'the leafy month' was presented to the intelligent foreigners who are so attached to our climate on that afternoon. On the 15th (the same day, unfortunately, as the Middle Park Sale) there was an early meet at Hurlingham to see the match between Mr. Reginald Herbert and Mr. Lorillard, the American who shot so well at Nice in the spring, for 250*l.*, 50 birds each; but it proved a very one-sided affair, for Mr. Herbert, the favourite at 7 to 4, won at the 43rd round, when he was 10 birds in front. Mr. Herbert killed 31; Mr. Lorillard, who often shot under his birds, 21. He is the owner of the Enchantress yacht, and has recently been elected a member of both Hurlingham and the Gun. Pigeons, by-the-way, are getting scarce. In this match 30*s.* per dozen were charged for birds, which were certainly grand rocks, but still the figure is high. The price for first-class birds at Hurlingham is 26*s.* per dozen, and ordinary practice birds 20*s.* During the height

of the season Hammond, we are assured, gets rid of 400 dozen pigeons per week. The question is, where do they all come from? and we should like Mr. Tegetmeier, who knows the unfortunate dove so intimately, to tell us. On this day (the 15th) the show of womankind was what might have been expected from an Ascot Saturday; toilettes that had shown in the Royal Enclosure were to the fore here, and the wearers looking none the worse. Here, too, came Isabel—her first appearance—looking rather sad and careworn, we thought, and in that respect affording a remarkable contrast to her vivacious superiors and fellow-countrywomen. But then, in their case, *noblesse oblige*. We ought to mention that Mary has come out in a wonderful toilette of Mr. Savile's colours; so that it really looks as if the Jockey Club will have a *bouquetière* after all. Consequent on the increasing popularity of this sport, there are, of course, an increasing number of shooters, and Hurlingham is, very properly, getting particular who it admits. One gentleman has been pilled twice lately, but, as there is luck in odd numbers, means, we believe, to try again. More power to him. We may add that Stephen Grant holds the lead among our crack London gunmakers, that Barker's patent traps still work as well as ever, and that Mr. Battcock, as last year, will coach the English team at Baden, and for which meeting Mr. Emanuel, of Burlington Gardens, has manufactured some very artistic cups and tazzas as prizes.

The Royal Stud sale was a failure, the Middle Park a grand success. The former result might easily have been predicted, but not so the latter; for what with a bad Ascot, a scarcity of buyers, 'nobody coming on,' as some horsey reprobate grown old in iniquity and bear-leading, remarks to brother bear-leader, and a general depression in the money market, it did not look altogether wholesome for the fortunes of that celebrated establishment. It was a melancholy gathering, too, to anybody who really cared for the future of our country as a horse-breeding country; for on whom is Mr. Blenkiron's mantle to fall? was the thought of most of us as we strolled through the boxes and looked at the grand old matrons in the paddocks. A dispersion—an ugly word—a sale of goods and chattels, beyond price some of them—the labour, the judgment, and, what is more important still (for is not money everything?), the capital embarked in an undertaking such as Europe could show no equal to—all this we were assisting at on that hot Ascot Saturday when Mr. Herbert was blazing into the American at Hurlingham. To think that there was to be an end of Middle Park, and that 'eligible villas' would probably be planted on the grave of old Defenceless, and that of the Knight of the Silver Hair, whose bones would be carted away by some 'eminent contractor,' has a sorrowful thought enough. It is a chord that was touched upon last month in this magazine by an able hand who had had the benefit of a 'Private View;' and it was one that found a response in the breast of many on that Saturday. There was regret for the past, which the luncheon-ticket—a black shield, whereon the name of Prince Charlie was stamped in gold letters—forcibly recalled—a memorial of the kind-hearted and liberal owner, who, since our last meeting under the old elms, had been gathered to his rest—a reminder that this was the beginning of the end, and that in a few short weeks, and before another number of 'Baily' meets the eye, the whole of that unequalled establishment would be dispersed to the four winds of heaven; surely here was regret for the future. Mr. Tattersall administered, or tried to do so, balm in Gilead by telling us that a Liability Company was going to buy all the brood mares and sires, and that Middle Park would rise again at Cobham. The eloquent auctioneer waxed still more eloquent, as, after a well-devised and neatly-turned tribute to Mr. Blenkiron's

memory, he rose to the occasion, and told us that 'not a stone of our fortresses, not an acre of our territory,' should be yielded to the dreaded foreigner. Well, we hope he is correct, and that we shall at least keep Blair Athol and Gladiateur, and the pick of the mares; but we rather 'funk' that very plethoric Prussian purse; and if we see our worthy friend M. Cavaliero with a business look on his face near the box on any of those last days of July we shall feel uncomfortable. To hope that Government and Colonel Maude may be induced to buy some of the mares and kindly shoot a lot of those illustrious Hampton Court matrons who, as the 'Times' remarked the other day, 'have a most persistent fashion of never breeding 'a winner,' is, we suppose, too much to expect. Fancy a deputation of racing men, breeders, &c., waiting upon the Right Honourable Robert with a request that he would sanction the purchase of Blair Athol and Gladiateur. What would be his feelings? But, after all, neither the present Ministry nor the present Chancellor of the Exchequer are to be blamed more than their predecessors. If our breed of thoroughbred horses was by any chance to show symptoms of decay, no Government, Tory, Whig, or Radical, would think of stretching out a saving hand. There would still be that splendid establishment at Hampton Court which, it is well known, is the envy of Continental monarchs, with its two or three sires and the celebrated matrons above referred to (another celebrity, by-the-way, Gunga See, has recently been added); and pointing with becoming pride to what our rulers do for what was once the pride and glory of England, we should be expected to regard the decay calmly and philosophically. Therefore we must not look for Colonel Maude among the bidders, except something goes very cheap, and so we sincerely trust the Cobham Limited Liability, which is to have the aid of Mr. Bell's very efficient services as Manager, may be a *fait accompli* before another 'Baily' gladdens the world. There is plenty of money forthcoming, it is said, and the thing will pay, we have no doubt; only we still fear Prussia, especially after the tempting offer she made the Messrs. Blenkiron for the whole concern. It shows she is in earnest; and what cannot a man or a nation who is in earnest and with plenty of money in his or its pocket, do? The sale on the 15th was a wonderful one, for, though good the lot, there was nothing very extraordinary about them; and, moreover, so many of the good-looking ones were cursed by that often fatal defect, light and long pasterns, that good judges (and there were plenty there on that Saturday taking notes) were inclined to think the average would be like the pasterns, light. But there is no predicting with any certainty the value of yearlings, or the value individual men set upon them. Small as the number of buyers looked grouped round the ring, it is evident they *were* buyers; and as they warmed to their work, and the cups went merrily round, as of yore, something of a flavour of the old hot Saturdays came back; and when Mr. Merry had given 480 guineas for a very good-looking Blinkoolie, and then 510 for a sister to Ethus, why we were in some measure prepared to find the same gentleman fighting a battle for the possession of a brother to The Druid with Captain Machell and Mr. T. E. Walker, and getting him for 1550. It had been long clear that the sale was going to be a good one; and Mr. Tattersall, this lot knocked down (by-the-way, his little son and heir was 'entered' on this occasion, and handled the hammer, under his father's directions, in a very business-like manner), took a pull at the silver tankard with a mind evidently at ease. Then the gigantic Governess colt brought 800 guineas, and M. Lefevre, or, rather, Tom Jennings for him, gave 1150 for the Margery Daw colt; and so the game went merrily on until a 'demnition total' of 17,095

guineas was reached, and an average of close upon 300 guineas disposed of our ideas of a light one. So we have no fear of the foreigner taking our yearlings—at least at these figures. He is not such a fool. But when he sees the sires—but we will not harp any more on that string, only wish success to Cobham and Mr. Bell, and drink his health and his family's, and hope we shall spend as pleasant Ascot Saturdays with him in the Surrey paddocks as we have done in the Kentish ones.

'Once more unto'—not 'the breach,' but the Magazine. The meets there are very popular—a 'Lawn' one couldn't beat them; and really there is so much buff and blue about on that 19th of June that it might almost be one. To add to the resemblance, too, why, here comes 'the Duke' bringing up his team in that workmanlike style and dropping quietly into line as only a workman can; and we should not have been surprised to see 'the Marquis' with Long and Pickard—only we didn't; but Lord Arthur was on the box with his father—and so there was a good deal of Badminton here and there. It was the second meet of the Coaching Club—now, by the way, numbering nearly 100 members with 60 coaches—and 'society' turned out to do it honour. We do not know how the police and the Park constables managed, but they had induced 'society' to restrain its impetuosity this time and keep within bounds, by forming a double line of carriages, in some places three deep, from the Magazine down to the Achilles' statue, and from there along the Mile to Queen's Gate—a sight in itself. There was then sufficient space for the coaches to come and take up position and not to be interfered with by 'society,' and so well was the roll-call answered that 27 came to the trysting. This was by far the largest meet the Club had had; and indeed we believe the number has never been equalled, much less surpassed. It was the first time, too, their noble President, the Duke of Beaufort, had been able to come out with them—so, altogether, it was *the* meet of the season. To say who was there is somewhat difficult; for our eyes—with every wish to be everywhere—were, as Mr. Samuel Weller observed on a memorable occasion, 'only eyes,' and not 'patent double-million-magnifying gas microscopes;' but we did manage to see, besides the Duke, the Marquis of Downshire, the Earl of Aylesford, Earl Poulett, Lord Carington, Lord Cole, Lord Bective, Lord W. Beresford, Mr. Coupland, Mr. John Kirk, Mr. Gerard Leigh, Mr. H. Wombwell, Mr. Alfred Rothschild, Mr. C. Edwards, Captain Candy, Mr. De Murietta, Mr. Brand, Mr. Whitmore, Captain Chaine, Mr. Villiers, Mr. Forbes, Colonel Armytage, *cum multis aliis* whom we did not know. Every coach had a load, and some were brightened by the presence of ladies, notably those of Mr. Coupland's, Captain Candy's, Lord Poulett's, Mr. Edwards', and Lord Downshire's. We could not help being struck with the turns out now as compared with some of those that came to the meet at the Marble Arch about this time twelvemonth, or a week later. There were some scratch teams there, it must be confessed, and much keen criticism did they evoke as they came down St. James's Street (where, if we remember rightly, the cab-stand proved a stumbling-block to some of the younger members) from a group of veterans in Boodle's window. But where be their jokes and their jibes now—and what has become of the objects of them? We do not mean to say that there was no room for criticism—there is always that—but, taken as a whole, the coaches and teams were as near perfection as they could well be. What a thoroughly working team was the President's. What four good ones had Lord Poulett (we believe he has driven the leaders seven or eight years). How grand Lord Carington's well-known chesnuts. How well looked Mr. H. Wombwell's team, and after a hard Ascot week too. What four splendid browns had Mr. Alfred Rothschild—

and how excellent were Mr. Kirk's chesnuts; though we fancy he had a substitute for one of them. We only mention those that more particularly caught our eye; doubtless there were many more. Perhaps the turn out that most took the eye was that of Mr. Alfred Rothschild's, one of the new members, and we believe his first appearance in the buff and blue. The browns were perfect in shape and action, but they did not look quite so much like work as many there—too much like phaeton horses than coach horses. Still they were beautiful to look at, the coach a model; and if the harness had not been twisted—which may be all correct enough in a Park phaeton—there would have been nothing to criticise. We wonder which was the ladies' pick? They are much better judges than we are apt to give them credit for being; and from some little whispered confidences that came to the Van driver's ears, we fancy, if the voting-papers had been collected, the election would have fallen on the Duke, Lord Carington, and Mr. Rothschild—as the Turf prophets say, 'in order named.' Some of the coaches were very late; and after the Duke had given the signal to move, and we were driving down by the Serpentine, we encountered some laggards hurrying up; but we made a brave show, and our coachmen ran the gauntlet of bright eyes with credit and renown. Mr. H. Wombwell had a chance given him of showing a bit of very good coachmanship; for his leaders evinced a decided intention to go out at Prince's Gate, and he caught them and pulled them straight very cleverly. Our destination was Richmond; and from the pleasant reception down the road, we should certainly say coaching is popular. It was Mr. Weller senior, we think, who remarked that one of the advantages of the coachman's life was, that he might be 'on the best of terms with fifty miles of females,' and nothing was thought of or expected from him. The C. C. was evidently 'on the best of terms' with the feminine life between Hyde Park Corner and the Star and Garter, and we trust nothing will be expected from them in consequence, for even *their* resources would be hardly taxed. About fifteen coaches came down, the rest dropping away at various points, and forty sat down to dinner, the President being supported by Sir Charles Legard (who had come across from Windsor), and Lord Carington, and the party including Lord Aylesford, Lord Arthur Somerset, Lord William Beresford, Mr. Coupland, Captain Goddard, Major Carlyon, Mr. Kirk, Captain Montgomery, Colonel Armytage, Mr. Herman, Mr. Edwards, &c., &c. The dinner, we thought, was a trifle better than Star and Garter banquets, and the wine was fair. It is astonishing what grooves we run in our hotel dinners, and how it is supposed we *must* drink the inevitable curious sherry, and then go through a course of what the waiter calls 'ock,' when perhaps the majority of us only care for champagne, or claret, as the case may be. It was with some difficulty that Colonel Armytage made a rather autocratic Manager or Chief Butler, or some official of that sort, understand that we wanted to drink what *we* liked, and not what *he* liked; but the difficulty was got over at last, though we should say the Club sunk in the Manager's estimation in consequence. But it was a very pleasant day—a day that evoked old memories in some of us, and called forth old coaching talk about the dead and gone celebrities of the road. None more qualified than the Duke of Beaufort to speak of some of them; and we had anecdotes of Jack Adams, and 'Black Will,' and Jim Witherington, better known as 'Sanguinary Jim,' and other heroes of the Western road. The drive back to town, on a glorious night, was not the least pleasant part of the affair; and set down at the hospitable door of the Raleigh—into the courtyard of which Club, by-the-way, a gallant member of the C. C. has backed himself to take a coach and bring it out at the other end—was a good finish to a well-spent day. One word more,

which we had nearly forgotten, and it is a word of criticism on costume. The blue coat is a very good coat, and the buff waistcoat, when seen, is a capital relief—but it must be seen. Now some of the members don't show much of it, and then the blue coat looks rather dead. Might we suggest a high—what tailors call a 'step-collar,' to the waistcoat?—but it must be high enough for all to see. This doubtless appears a trifling matter, but effect is everything, and the high collar—higher than the usual run—would give the relief which the dark blue wants: at least we think so. Instead of the word 'criticism,' we ought to have said 'suggestion,' and such as it is, we offer it to the C. C.

The general meeting of the Hunt Servants' Society, at Tattersall's, on the 7th ult, was a complete success. Masters and past-masters mustered in good numbers, and huntsmen and whips came from all parts of England. Lord Cork was in the chair, and Mr. Anstruther Thomson, the Hon. Sec., brought the house down when he told the meeting that the munificent donor of the 200*l.* was the Dowager Marchioness of Westminster. The donation—originally anonymous—was made through the proprietor of the 'Field;' but it was not right that such a light should be hid, and Lady Westminster, with the best feelings, consented that her name should be made public. We may also add, that Mr. Horace Cox sent, by the 'Field' reporter, a cheque for 20*l.*, which handsome gift is worthy of record, if it is only an incentive to others. Several ladies have joined the society as annual subscribers; and one, enclosing her guinea, said, emphatically, that it should be supported not only by every sportsman but by every sportswoman. With this liberal sentiment we cordially agree, and recommend it to the notice of the tight-fisted Scrooges who give nothing.

During the past month three well-known Hampshire sportsmen have passed from amongst us. The first, Colonel William Greenwood, of Brookwood, known in his earlier days as 'Greenwood of the Grenadiers,' in distinction to his brother Colonel George Greenwood of the 2nd Life Guards. He was a real genial country gentleman, beloved by all who knew him, a capital rider to hounds, and long will he and old Prism be remembered in the H. H. country. The second was his neighbour, 'Old Tommy Scotland,' as he was called by all who knew him, and this without any undue familiarity, for he really was a perfect Nestor and a wonder to all his friends and acquaintance. He was 88 when he died, and long after he had passed 80 he would ride immense distances to meet hounds. Charles Davis was his friend and contemporary; and he made an annual practice of riding from his house at Bishop's Sutton to the 'Turnle Down Dick' at Farnborough, to meet him at Knap Hill the next day. Within the last three or four years he walked from Harley Street to Hendon Races, and on returning home was knocked down by a butcher's cart and laid up for some time, but his iron constitution pulled him through. On the first day of the last season, though unable to ride, he walked up to see the opening day of the H. H. on Bramdean Common. There were few better judges of horses and hounds than Mr. Scotland, and within a year of his death he would ride a three-year-old. When we say that Mr. Arthur Yates, the well-known gentleman rider, is his grandson, our readers will think that the pluck and sporting qualities of the old Hampshire Nestor have been inherited by his descendants. The third on our list is Captain George Delmé of Cama, aged 74, another South country worthy, well known in the hunting-fields of Hants, a general favourite, and fond of a bit of racing. He had a horse or two in training, but did not run them beyond the home circuit, we believe—Winchester, Salisbury, Southampton, &c. Peace be to the trio!

We have also to record the loss of Colonel George, formerly of the 4th Hussars, with which regiment he went through the Crimea. His name has

long been familiar to racing men, as for some years he was the Secretary to the Grand Military, in which post he was succeeded by Major Dixon about six or seven years ago. Colonel George was also associated with the palmy days of the Phoenix Park Races, some two-and-twenty years ago, and was well known and much liked in the service. He had been in ailing health for some time, and died from a disease in the throat on the 18th ult.

The following communication from a correspondent in Australia we make no apology for reprinting *verbatim*, and commend it heartily to the notice of all cricketers. We trust the invitation may be responded to as it deserves :

'Cricket has during the last few years become very popular in the colony of Victoria, and the players have attained considerable proficiency in the various branches of the game.

'With the view of giving it an impetus, by making the next season the most attractive we have yet enjoyed, it has been suggested that an invitation be sent to an eleven of the gentlemen of England to pay us a visit.

'The idea has only just been mooted, and will, of course, require much consideration, but we believe it will be taken in hand by a few of the leading supporters of the game, and we hope they will be able to put it into such a tangible form that it may be very shortly laid before the proper persons to decide whether it can be carried into effect. Should it be so, as we very much hope, the adventurous spirits willing to travel round the world to play a game at cricket may rest assured that they will be received in the most warm-hearted, hospitable manner, and that no effort would be spared to render their visit a source of enjoyment to them ; and we are sure it would be productive of the greatest gratification to all here.

'It would be useless for any but a first-class eleven to come, as we could array a very strong sixteen or eighteen against them. We have most excellent grounds ; that of the Melbourne Cricket Club would be a credit to any city in England.

'Should they come, they will see such an assemblage on that ground about Christmas next as will prove to them that we Australians have lost none of the love of sport instilled into our hearts by our forefathers in "merrie England."

The theatrical amusements of the last two months have been as varied as their flowers. Islington has invaded the Strand, and the gambadoes of the 'wiry' *prima ballerina* of the former refined locality have been as acceptable to the fashionable audiences of the Gaiety as they have to the rather mixed assemblies of the Philanthropic. So it is that a fine taste levels all distinctions, and what pleases the 'gent' pleases my lord, ay, and my lady too. Mr. Head, by-the-way, had something to say to the same visit, and not unnaturally thought that there was a danger of killing that prolific and philanthropic goose which had laid him such golden eggs up at Islington. Miss Soldene had been so exhausted by her double duty of singing at the Gaiety in the afternoon that she was unable to sing at the Philanthropic in the evening, to the proprietor's great detriment ; and so Mr. Head consulted Vice-Chancellor Wickens on the subject, and asked for an interim order to prevent Mr. Morton, the manager, from so abusing Miss Soldene's eminent vocal powers. As nothing was said about 'Wiry Sarah,' we presume that charming young person is really deserving of the epithet by which she is known in polite society, and that no amount of performances, be they morning, afternoon, or night, can take the 'wire' out of her shapely form. But, however, Vice-Chancellor Wickens declined interference by an 'interim order,' or whatever it was that Mr. Head asked him ; and so Soldene and Sarah had to follow the fortunes of Morton.

We thought it our duty to go one night to the Royal Surrey—that new venture which Mr. Strange has entered on with such pluck and outlay; and we wish we hadn't. It was indescribably dreary and depressing; and we much fear that the enterprising lessee will find he has made a mistake in seeking to resuscitate a place that, whatever might have been once its attractions, has now fallen behind the age. The lake is pretty enough, lighted up with coloured fires and fireworks; but there was something wanting when the last cracker has fizzed in the water, and the last rocket has burnt upon the night. Everything appeared to be exceedingly proper, and Mr. Spurgeon might have brought his family there without fear—only it was dull; and we came away with a feeling of regret that so much enterprise and capital should be wasted on what appeared to us a very desert air.

We fear another enterprise did not meet with the success it deserved—we mean the efforts of Mdlle. Beatrice and her company to present, in an English dress, at the Olympic Theatre, some of the best modern comedies of the French stage. We were charmed with 'Our Friends' (a translation of 'Nos Intimes'), and the way in which it was acted, and that, too, by a provincial troupe previously unknown. The acting of Messrs. W. H. Vernon, Sinclair, Harvey, and Wenman was such as to make us regret that such artists were not London fixtures, instead of wandering provincial stars. Mdlle. Beatrice's rendering of the rôle of the wife was charming, and the whole play went with a completeness of detail and a finish in the performance such as fairly surprised us. But it was 'caviare to the general,' we fear. Too good, perhaps; at all events, the house did not fill well during Mdlle. Beatrice's brief occupancy.

There is always something good and lively at the Court; and, in addition to that lively 'Christabel,' we were glad to see 'Randall's Thumb' revived for a few nights, and to welcome Miss Litton to the boards of her own theatre, where she might let us see her oftener, we think. We missed poor Frank Matthews in the part of the married gentleman who wishes to be taken for the most uxorious of husbands; but there was Mr. Righton and Miss Brennan to make us laugh as of yore, and Miss Bishop to look pretty and interesting. 'Extremes' has been revived, too, for a short time, and it is well worth a visit, for the cast is a strong one—indeed, we never thought so much of Mr. Falconer's play before. Mr. Righton has got a part that suits him to a hair, and Miss Ada Dyas—a new acquisition to the Court company—made a decided impression. 'Christabel' runs riot with fun, and every time we see the piece Mr. Righton seems to have got something new out of it. But we missed the other night that graceful and pretty actress Miss Nelly Bromley. Whither has she fled? 'Where, and oh, where, is the Lowther Arcade?' is a charming production; but where, and oh, where, is Miss Bromley gone? will be the burden from many stalls. Seriously, though, Miss Bromley was an attraction to the theatre, and we are sorry to see her name no longer in the programme.



George Haunley

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George Haunley, Esq., of the County of...

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

LORD GEORGE MANNERS, M.P.

To the Newmarket *habitué* there are few better-known figures than the Senior Steward of the Jockey Club, whose *vera effigies* our artist has so happily caught. Other swards than that of the Flat or the Bunbury Mile doubtless see him; but it is at Newmarket—so associated with the family name and possessions—that we look for him in an especial manner, and that he is specially at home.

Lord George John Manners, the third son of the fifth Duke of Rutland, was born in 1820, and after a course at Eton and Cambridge, at which University he graduated in 1841, entered the Blues in 1840, serving some years with his regiment, and retiring with the rank of Colonel in 1866. His Lordship entered on parliamentary life in 1847, as member for Cambridgeshire, and, with the exception of an interval of five or six years, has sat for that county ever since. He has been nearly all his life a strong supporter of the Turf, though never keeping much of a stud, and the one or two horses he has in training have been under Arnall's care at Newmarket. To the true interests of racing Lord George Manners has always shown himself a warm friend, and taken a very prominent part in all Jockey-Club legislation; and he was Chairman of the Committee appointed in 1870 to take into consideration the present condition of the Turf. He also did the state service in revising the Second Spring at headquarters, and doing away with the Monday racing in the Craven and First Spring Meetings, and so obviating the necessity of Sunday travelling in those weeks.

Lord George fulfils the *rôle* of a county gentleman at Cheveley Park, and is popular with all classes. He married, in 1855, Lady Adelina Howard, daughter of the thirteenth Duke of Norfolk.

THE STUD COMPANY,

It has been the tendency of modern times for companies formed on the limited principle to undertake businesses formed by private individuals, and to trade, in most cases, 'under the style and name' of the firms whose interest they have secured. And although the Stud Company, whose prospectus is now before us, does not by its title assume to succeed to the name and fortunes of the house of Blenkiron, yet there can be no doubt that its formation arose from the circumstances which have caused the dispersion of the famous Eltham establishment, inasmuch as it has ostensibly been instituted 'with a view to retaining in this country, for breeding purposes, 'some of the best horses and mares shortly to be offered for sale at 'Middle Park.' It must be admitted that the promoters come into the field with singularly propitious circumstances in their favour. They have before them a grand opportunity of acquiring, almost wholesale, the cream of a stud selected with the utmost care and judgment, administered most liberally, and having a ready-made reputation; instead of being compelled to purchase chance animals piecemeal, and experimenting on unknown crosses of blood. Despite the fact that our most successful sportsmen of the day breed their own animals, yet they are always to be found on the look-out for anything beyond the common in yearling lots; and besides those equally influential owners who dislike the trouble, or do not possess the means of carrying on a breeding establishment, there remain to be supplied the wants of that large body of Turfites who depend entirely on professional breeders for filling their boxes year by year. Last, but not least, there remains that largely-increasing body of foreign buyers, who are continually on the alert to secure our best blood, and who promise—after Mr. T. Hughes shall have abolished racing—to become our only reliable customers. The British public, too, have always had a fancy for dabbling in racing matters; and as it has been pertinently suggested, 'It is to be hoped that the public 'will not allow the whole of this fine stud to leave England.' Despite the drivellings of 'Senex,' and his school, there is still some money and more vitality left among lovers of the sport of kings; and we think that the new company is fully justified in the assertion contained in its prospectus, that 'An establishment of this 'description is not only much needed, but will prove a most successful undertaking.' With the Royal Stud pining in the cold shade of opposition, owing to the want of enterprise and liberality shown in conducting it; the dispersion of Mr. Naylor's and other leading emporiums of the thoroughbred; with amateur breeders, save a few staunch ones of the Cookson stamp, declining business and selling off their stock; no wonder that persons who had been watching their opportunity, desecrated such an opening as the one presented by the break-up of the most magnificent stud in the

world ; and that, be it remembered, solely owing to the lamented death of its genial founder, and not by reason of any failure in public estimation or support. We are fully aware that the experiment of a stud company has been tried before, attended, perhaps, with unsatisfactory results, but inaugurated under different auspices, and carried on under a different *régime* to that now proposed to be established. Keen and shrewd as are our countrymen in the North, they want imparted to them a dash of that enterprise without which no public undertaking can hope to succeed, but which, in too many instances, has degenerated into wild speculation. We have sufficient faith in the good sense of those who are fostering their new scheme, that they will steer between the two extremes ; and although we are bound to enter a friendly protest against the over-sanguine nature of their expectations, yet we have no wish to throw cold water on a project which has so long been engaging the attention of those best able to form correct opinions on such matters.

Crises, happily, are more infrequent in the sporting than the commercial world, and the Turf may be said to be only just emerging from that state of feverish excitement which marked the Hastings era, and from the effects of which we are now gradually recovering. At such seasons, when the disease is abating, and the patient gaining strength, reason commences to reassert her sway ; and we feel sure that a company formed for stud purposes would reasonably prefer a steady and moderately profitable demand for what they profess to supply, than variable and unreliable returns, of however sensational a nature. After excitement has subsided, reaction is inevitable ; and seasons of meagre dividends are apt to follow upon years of 'unexampled prosperity,' such as we now look back upon with feelings of thankfulness for their having passed away.

The selection of the Cobham Paddocks is, perhaps, the best that could have been made under the circumstances. The soil is dry and light, and the air bracing and healthy, as those who know the climate of the Surrey hills do not need to be told. But then it is nearly certain that the annual sale cannot take place there as at Middle Park. The latter place is within easy distance, both by road or rail ; but would-be purchasers at Cobham must encounter a four-miles' drive before reaching their destination. This does not sound very formidable ; but then it should be remembered how averse even those most interested in sales of blood-stock are to anything which does not take place under their very noses, as witness the sales at East Acton and Mather's, both within easy reach of the metropolis. We fancy the venue will have to be changed to Albert Gate, if room can be found there ; but even that convenient and time-honoured spot has its disadvantages, as there is no means of keeping out loafers and copers, and it is difficult to get a good sight of the yearlings when led out, an all-important point to purchasers. But then it was impossible to secure any other place on the home circuit than Cobham, and breeders are naturally averse to long journeys for their young stock, as risking accidents in railway-boxes,

and the hundred and one other mischances which tend to depreciate their value. It would be too much to expect, we fear, that one or more of the Ascot mornings should be given up to the disposal of the yearlings, for the fashionable world is hardly stirring soon enough at that season of the year, and previous sales at Ascot have not altogether succeeded. But we have no doubt some one will come forward with a 'happy thought' for the solution of this difficulty; and we think the present intention of the company a wise one, namely, to have but one sale a year; and taking their own reckoning of brood-mares at seventy-five, we can assure them, on a combination of authorities, that they may consider themselves exceptionally fortunate to be able to bring fifty of their produce under Mr. Tattersall's rostrum. Rose-coloured views of such things may be all very well, but heartily as we wish the company success, we shall be doing them no benefit by raising hopes never likely to be realized. Second sales, though they may possibly comprise some of the best of yearlings, are looked upon by the public suspiciously; and fifty lots can be disposed of within reasonable time, as at Middle Park in last June's sale.

One weak point in the programme, however, we feel bound to notice, as a rock on which contending factions seem bound to split, and that is the announcement that the 'Directors will, so far as they 'consistently can, give the preference to shareholders in nominating 'the use of stud-horses.' Now whether this slightly ambiguous paragraph means that shareholders are to have a voice in selecting sires to stand at Cobham, or a choice in mating the mares of the company, it must be obvious to those who have given a thought to breeding matters, that such a proceeding would stir up endless discord and jealousies among proprietors. Every one has his little 'fad' anent the theory of breeding, and with the owners of a dozen or so of second or third-rate animals as candidates for distinction among the body of subscribers, there would be no end to the divisions and strife of tongues, whenever a discussion arose as to what addition should be made to the lords of the harem, or to what stallion such and such a mare should be sent. The proceedings would resemble those at the election of inmates at some lunatic asylum, or the nomination to a vacancy in some eligible charity, when agents are canvassing and beating-up votes, and 'spirited proprietors' are well-nigh driven to distraction. Shareholders must stand in the same relation to their board of directors as in other companies, and the entire management of the concern must rest in that body and their officers. It is neither usual nor desirable that the management should be embarrassed in matters of interior economy by the shareholders who have committed the working of the scheme to their hands; and should any alteration be advisable, it is always in the power of a meeting to effect a change in the direction.

This brings us at once to that body and their officers, the latter of whom we may here dismiss with the remark, that the proposed manager seems in every way a person fitted for so responsible a

situation. Mr. Bell is no novice in the art of breeding, and will bring to his work considerable experience in the all-important branch of superintending the rearing and feeding of the young stock, as well as of finding suitable crosses for the stud matrons at Cobham. We hope that, unlike some other managers, his hands will not be tied, nor his suggestions vexatiously scouted by the ruling powers.

We hold that a manager should be well-nigh absolute, and not liable to have his senses confused by a multitude of opinions, however well meant; and inasmuch as no two persons will be found to agree as to the proper admixture of bloods in the thoroughbred, that decision should be left in the hands of one person, and the ruling powers be content to stand or fall by his judgment. But if every one is to have his say in the matter, then a lottery—such a breeding has often been designated—might be had recourse to, and the names of horses and mares put in two hats, and drawn at random; or that beautiful system of free love be allowed to prevail, such as found favour at the late Sir Tatton Sykes', and the Diss Stud of 'permissive' memory.

As to striking averages of yearlings, such a theory may look well enough upon paper, but enthusiasts are apt to lose sight of the fact that luck cannot always be ensured, and that even a good start may not be of any enduring advantage, when panics in the Turf world and other influences are taken into consideration. The company will certainly have the advantage of a commencement, as it were, on Middle Park lines, and will not have the arduous task of making a reputation, such as it cost the late Mr. Blenkiron so long a period to acquire: but in breeding, the goodwill cannot unfortunately be reckoned upon, and buyers will abide by the same inexorable laws as of old; and without putting fashion entirely on one side, be guided by rules applicable to all yearlings alike. And intending subscribers are bound to take this important fact into consideration, that if breeders all over the country, with some few notable exceptions, are throwing up their studs, the inference can scarcely be that they are deliberately sacrificing a profit of over thirty per cent. on their undertakings. If the stud company pays moderately well it is all that can be expected of it; but we are satisfied that its promoters are assigning a very large margin to profits, the assumed proportions of which would do credit to those Eldorados which we wish for in vain, but seek and never find. However, we shall be glad to see an idea so long talked of brought into shape at last, and the thousands interested in breeding making the experiment of how far it may be considered a paying game, and gaining some insight into the working of a business hitherto involved, to a certain degree, in mystery and sensation.

If the company desire that their horses should be well patronized by the public, a source of revenue upon which the promoters have reasonably laid no inconsiderable stress, they must take especial care that animals placed under their temporary care be properly fed and cared for. This may seem a superfluous piece of advice, but

we have learnt from various sources, that the neglect of mares sent to the most fashionable establishments has been a frequent cause of complaint, and that the Belgravian mothers have returned home stunted in more senses than one. This is caused partly by insufficient attendance, but mainly owing to want of proper accommodation in the breeding paddocks, where several mares are left to chance it, and the weakest, as in human affairs, naturally goes to the wall. Only lately we have had ocular proof of a valuable mare and her foal having been sent home almost in a starving condition; and it is not needed to show how prejudicially short commons must affect both at that critical juncture, when the dam requires all her powers to satisfy the growing foal, and the latter the greatest amount of nourishment to prevent it becoming a dwindling weed for the rest of its life, without hope of recovery. Besides, a fair price is charged for keep, and carelessness becomes absolute dishonesty when the screw is put on, and the positive necessities of life withheld.

We have no desire or intention of offering the shadow of a suggestion in affairs with which we have no personal concern, but the company will do neither wisely nor well to neglect the warnings so significantly held out by those who have failed as breeders, because they chose to fill their boxes in the first instance with second-rate or unfashionable animals. And though private individuals may air their fancies and experimentalize to their heart's content without hurting any one save themselves; in the case of a company the circumstances are widely different, and those who cater for the public are bound, for their own advantage, to consult the public taste, which in the end has generally been found to rest on a sufficiently solid foundation. We have, however, no fear on this score, and there are plenty of eligible stallions at present in the market, which the foreigners have not yet set their hearts on. At any rate there is happily no chance of the blaze-faced Blair setting his mark on the remount of a Uhlan regiment, or Saunterer begetting chargers for Black Brunswickers. We should vastly like to know the price offered by the Teutons for the Blenkiron stud *en masse*, and which was so magnanimously refused, to give the poor Briton a chance of retaining some of his high-bred beauties.

As we have said before, the company starts most propitiously as regards the completion of advantageous purchases, the temper of the public, and the requirements of the Turf. Large dividends, if they are ever to accrue, must not be expected immediately, and ample time must be allowed for things to settle down in their new quarters. The manager will have no easy task before him, for, after all, he is bound to be a well-abused individual; and while the success of the undertaking will not be credited to him so fully as he deserves, on the other hand, he will have to bear the onus of any failure or disappointment without having any other shoulders than his own to share it. The directors, too, will not have quite a bed of roses to lie on, unless things go on swimmingly; and much tact and temper will be required to control the body of amateur-casual breeders who

have always a Derby winner on paper in their pockets, and who are well-nigh as irritable a race as that of disappointed authors.

England should not be without a representative stud, something for Britishers to swear by, and foreigners to envy, such as that recently disestablished at the most remarkable sale in the world. Royalty stands aloof, and dull routine holds her 'ancient solitary reign' within the thick enclosures and under the spreading elder-bushes at Hampton Court, many of whose matrons not inaptly represent the retired tabbies of its neighbouring palace. The North is split up into many sections, though the love of the thoroughbred still reigns supreme among the Tykes; and Moorlands, Sheffield Lane, and Neasham have stepped into the places of renown vacated by Fairfield, Rawcliffe, and other once-famous names. Our faith is not so great in companies as in individual enterprise and labour; but we hail the foundation of this new society as likely to set at rest for ever the question of profit and loss in breeding, which has hitherto been discussed in an unreliable spirit, owing to the ignorance prevailing on the subject, but which every one will soon be able to duly weigh and calculate for himself.

AMPHION.

WOLF-HUNTING AND WILD SPORT IN LOWER BRITTANY.

NO. XII.

It has already been mentioned in a former chapter how difficult it is, in the deep and rocky forests of Lower Brittany, to check riot and to keep hounds steady and together on the game which it is the object of the day's *chasse* to pursue. Hence the necessity of the piqueur and lime-hound in the first place, and of the relay system afterwards; by which, the right game being harboured and roused, the oldest and staunchest hounds are laid on; then, as the chase waxes hotter and hotter, the less steady are thrown in; then the rest of the pack, in batches, according to their degree of steadiness and love of the game pursued: and thus the chance of change is greatly diminished, even in a pack of hounds accustomed to run every beast of the forest from a roe-deer to a wild boar; and that, too, in the trackless depths of a Brittany cover.

The use of the lime or lyme-hound can be traced to a classic age; and several authors of antiquity, both Greek and Latin, have recorded his characteristics so minutely, that his identity, in point of use, with the Breton *limier* of the present day, is beyond all doubt. The *lymer*, so called from the *lyam* or leash in which he was led, was, from the nature of his employment, necessarily mute; and, as muteness in a well-bred hound is rarely met with, this indispensable pioneer was always a hybrid—the result of a cross between a hound and a mastiff, or pointer; the puppies favouring the hound being rarely kept for the purpose. Thus, this 'canis ductor' is

defined by Skinner as 'Canis vilior ex cane sagace venatico cum 'Molosso copulato prognatus:' by which the mastiff blood is shown to be the cross adopted; but, if I mistake not, in Brittany the preference is usually given to a Spanish pointer for that purpose; that race being less addicted to throwing their tongue than even the mastiff or Molossian breed.

That the practice of commencing 'the chase by means of lymers, or, as Seneca calls them, the 'canes tacitæ,' should still prevail in Brittany and other parts of France, after the lapse of so many centuries (for the use of these tufters can be traced back to a boar-hunt on Mount Parnassus, as described by Homer in the 19th Book of the *Odyssey*), would indeed be extraordinary if, 'in a country abounding with a vast variety of wild game and endless forests, the same tactics in sylvan war were not as necessary in the present day as they were three thousand years ago.

In England, with a single exception, the services of the lymer have long ceased to be required; the cultivation going on, and so many of our wild beasts disappearing before it, the system has gradually dropped into disuse. The Devon and Somerset stag-hounds, however, still have their 'tufters' and their 'harbourers,' both of which perform duties similar in many respects to those of the *Limiers* and *Piqueurs* of former days, and to those in France at the present time. But that pack, under the able management of Mr. Fenwick Bissett, is the only one now left in Great Britain that hunts the wild red deer in his native haunts. Long may it continue to flourish and represent the far nobler fashion of our forefathers in their pursuit of this grand beast than that so widely practised in the present day; long may those deep covers of Exmoor, erstwhile the hiding-place of the Doons and the red deer, continue to produce their warrantable stags; and long may the fastnesses ring with the chirrup of his hounds and the merry blast of Bissett's horn.

On our return from Kœnig that evening an agreeable surprise awaited M. de St. Prix, and, indeed, several of the Breton chasseurs, including myself, then gathered at Gourin: an Englishman, called Shafto, had arrived at the Cheval Blanc, after an absence of some months passed in Norway, whither he had gone for the purpose of salmon-fishing during the preceding summer. I had often heard of this gentleman during my stay in Brittany, but hitherto had not been lucky enough to meet him, much to my regret; as, almost invariably, on being introduced to a strange chasseur, the first question he asked me was, if I knew my compatriot, Mr. Shafto? and the look of surprise and disappointment expressed, on hearing I had not that honour, made me quite feel I was arguing myself unknown, and that the sooner I made his acquaintance the stronger would be my credentials in that country.

Well, here he was at last; and a heartier demonstration of welcome and kindly feeling than that shown him from the host of the Cheval Blanc to M. de St. Prix I never yet witnessed. They

actually hugged him ; and would, I think, have saluted his cheek, but for his natural repugnance to that kind of salutation. They would, however, have found that a difficult matter, as his face was as hairy as that of a Carlisle otter-hound, and looked as if it had never been visited by the edge of a razor.

When St. Prix had formally introduced me to him, he said pleasantly, 'Very glad to meet a fellow-countryman in such good company ; but how on earth did you find your way here ? I have lived twenty years in the country, and never met an Englishman before at Gourin.'

I explained that my object in visiting the country was to get some good wolf-hunting, *more antiquo* ; and that my friend the Baron de Keryfan, having introduced me to M. de St. Prix, the Louvetier had kindly invited me to join his party on the present occasion.

'The man and place of all others for the sport,' he observed ; 'but, happily,

"Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum ;"

'and this little town, the centre of the best wolf and boar-hunting, and, I may add, cock-shooting, in all Brittany, is, and I hope will long continue to be, a *terra incognita* to tourists in general, and gunners in particular. These latter, especially from the Channel Islands, have so overrun the covers and country bordering on the sea-coast, that henceforth it is proposed a *permis-de-chasse* should be granted to no foreigner who has not resided at least six months in the country. It is no mere figure of speech to say that these men have sent cart-loads of game to the Paris and English markets from this country ; and hence the need of a more stringent law for the protection of the game, and the native chasseur.'

The very fact that I was a friend of Keryfan's, and in St. Prix's company, was a sufficient guarantee to him that my sole object was wild sport ; and feeling this, he not only did all in his power to promote that object, but bid me frequently to his 'Hermitage,' and showed me the most cordial hospitality during my two seasons' residence in Brittany. Of Shafto and that Hermitage I could fill a volume. However, I will only give a brief description of each for the present. The dwelling, so called, consisted simply of four square ground-floor rooms, such as might be constructed from a parish pin-fold, if roofed over and divided into compartments. It stood in the centre of a large yard, surrounded by a high, strong, stone wall, the entrance to which was by a *porte-cochère*, massive as the gates of a Norman castle. Situated in a wild, solitary ravine of the Black Mountains, and surrounded on one side by deep woodlands, and on the other by long ridges of granite rocks, the building had originally been intended as a place of refuge for cattle during the heavy snow-storms of winter ; when the wolves pack, and are driven by hunger to attack, even by daylight, the horses and dogs of peasants at their very doors.

Alexander Selkirk's abode could scarcely have surpassed this spot

in desolation and solitude; but, while his company consisted of a cat, dog, goats, and a talking parrot, varied by the occasional visits of a tribe of savages, bent on a cannibal pic-nic, who, by-the-way, left him a valuable legacy, and did him far more service than harm in the long run, Shafto's court-yard was furnished around with pipe-casks from Bordeaux, every one of which had brought its quantum of good wine to the Hermitage, but was now converted into a comfortable dog-kennel. Setters, Sussex spaniels, and wire-haired Brittany wolf-hounds, numbering altogether about fifteen couples, had their separate lodgments in these *barriques*, and formed a useful and appropriate garrison for that tenement. The wolves, however, in the winter season, notwithstanding this formidable force within, were continually reconnoitring the premises; and of all serenades ever listened to, the most dismal is theirs, wailing their hunger in the dead of night. The cat-tribe are said to make night more hideous by their cries. They, we know, are mere love-squabbles, and our ears, if doomed to city life, soon become familiar with, if not reconciled to, the nuisance; but there is something so mournful, so expressive of distress, so appalling in the howl of a wolf under your window, when all else is silent around, that he who has once heard it will never forget it while life lasts. The first time I slept at the Hermitage, at least half a dozen wolves howled in concert around its walls the live-long night. Some fresh meat for the hounds had been hung in the shambles hard by, and with this attraction for their noses their dismal serenade was unceasing, till, like Richard,

'Methought a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling wak'd ——'

Saving Shafto himself, and the sturdy Breton peasant, Owen Mawr, whose domicile was the stable-loft, and who, with his wife, fulfilled in a wonderful way the various offices of cook, groom, piqueur, and general purveyor; no other human being lived at, or within a league of the Hermitage. However, Shafto had sundry advantages over the hero of Defoe's story, in his four-roomed house; two spare beds were always ready for visitors during the hunting season; and these were kept tolerably well aired by kindred spirits, who, having once lodged there, were as regular in their visits as woodcock in their migration ever afterwards. When Frederick the Great furnished Voltaire's apartment for him at Sans Souci, he humorously decorated the walls with pictorial epigrams on the character and habits of that philosopher; and among others, the figure of a stork represented the regularity of his visits to that favoured spot. But here, at the Hermitage, the sole garniture of the panelled walls consisted of roe-deer and stags' antlers; on the tines of which were suspended whips, hunting-horns, spurs, rods, and fishing gear; while the floors were covered with skins of the wolf and the fox; trophies of the chase serving the purpose of a carpet, but more durable and far softer to the tread than the finest

Axminster ever manufactured. Then each bed had its otter-skin coverlet, beneath which it was a luxury to lie on a cold winter's night; it was so warm, so soft, and withal light as an eider-down quilt; the French artists far surpassing ours in their treatment of fur-skins. The grisly hide of the boar was also turned to profitable account, and supplied a capital door-mat to each apartment.

Shafto's sire was yet alive, a large landed proprietor in the north of England; but, having a numerous family by a second wife, he had given a willing consent to the self-imposed exile of his son and heir; with whom, owing to his devotion to the chase, and refusal to adopt a learned profession, he had held little or no intercourse for years, beyond paying him his regular allowance in quarterly instalments. When this was exceeded—a by no means uncommon event—and a request made for a 'farther advance,' the phials of the old man's wrath, charged with the bitterest invective, were poured unsparingly on the son's head. On one occasion he denounced him as a prodigal anticipating his inheritance, and 'eating up the calf while yet in the cow's belly.' To which the son, not without reason, thus replied: 'Father, I am the oldest heir-apparent in Great Britain; and you would have me wait till I've no teeth left either for cow or calf.'

So Shafto had naturally given the paternal roof a wide berth; and for twenty long years, the best years of his life, had adopted the Hermitage as his home, and the forests of Lower Brittany as his chief hunting-ground. From his open-handed liberality, giving his game wherever he killed it, keeping his wine-tap always going, and his tobacco-pouch well stored and ready for every peasant's pipe, he was literally adored by that class; and thereby enabled to save many and many a wolf's litter from the inevitable fate of being knocked on the head, instead of getting the chance given them of showing sport on a future occasion. Consequently, among the Breton noblesse, not only on this ground was he popular, but because he was, as they called him, 'Un chasseur de première qualité,' good company, and a thorough gentleman.

Having introduced my compatriot and his belongings thus briefly to the reader, let us hark back to the party who were receiving him with so cordial a welcome at the Cheval Blanc.

'We've expected you daily for the last week,' said St. Prix, still grasping Shafto's hand; 'and to-day you ought to have been with us, as we have not only killed the great boar of Laz, but the old wolf that led you so many dances from Scaer to Dualt, and kept your hounds without their blood for so many days.'

'Bravo! that is a great triumph; but Keryfan tells me you were obliged to borrow a Vendean pack to achieve it.'

'Quite true,' shouted Kergoorlas; 'though, to speak fairly, the old brute had not a tooth left, and might have been gallop'd to death by a donkey. However, his skin goes to the Hermitage; for all agree he was an old friend of yours, Shafto; and that you have a prescriptive right to that memento.'

'I should have liked to be in at his death, I must confess,' said Shafto, turning to me, and parrying the taunt pleasantly levelled at his hounds; 'but I could not control the winds and the sea. 'Good sport though I have seen with my old friend Reginald James, in the Norway waters, I would not again undergo the misery of that voyage from Christiansand to Bordeaux for the freehold of Torjedahl. Fancy, one-and-twenty days in a Norwegian timber-brig, with nothing but a "hurricane house" abaft the mainmast to live in, for captain, crew, and passengers; no 'tween decks; all occupied by timber; and the wind blowing as if all the bags of Æolus had been ripped at once. The ship scudding wildly, with two men at the helm, under close-reefed topsails and reefed foresail! It's a lesson, believe me, I shall never forget. The only moment of merriment I enjoyed throughout the voyage, was to hear a Devonshire man declare solemnly it was "They 'qua'ter-noxes a-blow'ng;" although it was a good month after the usual period of the equinoctial gales.'

That night was one of wassail at the Cheval Blanc; and the ceremony of drinking healths and toasts and singing Breton songs, suggested by the return of Shafto and the unusual success of the day, was prolonged to an hour better suited to the habits of confirmed Bacchanals, than those of a party met for the enjoyment of wild sport. Hunting and headaches don't go well together; and he who would really enjoy the former must forego the indulgence of 'cakes and ale' for the time; must imitate, by his moderation and early habits, the example of that 'Prime Minister' of the North, who though,

'So prone to the chase that he followed each scent,
From the stag in the forest to bubble-a-vent;'

yet the poet adds—

'Not a lover of wine,
He was sure to be fast on his pillow at nine;'

and, like the student who would attain his object, he must be careful to keep body and mind in healthy condition; to abstain from all that tends to enervate either; or the goal will not be gained. It is impossible to carouse and at the same time enjoy the charms of the chase; nor ever, in classic legend, do we find Bacchus and Diana associated together.

Notwithstanding St. Prix's hounds were appointed to meet some four leagues off at eight in the morning, the wassail was still going on merrily long after midnight. Prominent among the night-ingles, too, was the chairman, the Louvetier himself. The popular peasant song of the country he sang with great effect; it was called 'Ann hini goz,' and declared the passion of a young man for an old woman for the sake of her wealth; the refrain, in which every Breton joined heartily, creating roars of merriment. The chairman's power appeared to be imperative; and, on whomsoever he called for

a song, that person was bound to sing. Shafto and myself responded to the request as well as we could; he, by singing, 'Twas on a 'dark day in December;' and I, the 'Kilruddery Fox-chase.' But when Kergoorlas was appealed to, he proved a recusant; and no solicitation could induce him to change his mind: he was willing to make a speech, though; and this commutation being accepted by the chairman, he commented in the most humorous style on the Breton song 'Ann hini goz;' and ended by especially recommending its burden to St. Prix, who was then a bachelor.

Apropos to this musical supper-party, still the fashion in Lower Brittany, and formerly one of the most popular of institutions at Oxford, not long since a lady, an octogenarian, made her appearance at Torquay; and, meeting a mutual friend, she expressed a wish to have an interview with Henry, Bishop of Exeter, the late Prelate—whose claim, by-the-way, to the title of '*Fidei Defensor*' was a strong and a real one compared with that of his Royal namesake. 'For,' said the lady, 'I should like to ask his lordship a question, while he yet lives; and he is the only man now living who can give an answer to it. I want to know whether, on the occasion of a supper-party at Magdalen College, Oxford, he did or did not say, what he is reputed to have said, to my old friend Dymoke, 'father to the late king's champion.' It appears that they and a lot of jovial Demies had met together in the common room; and under the influence of a mighty bowl of 'Bishop,' it was agreed that every man present should either sing a song, tell a story, or drink a pint of salt and water. The lot fell on Dymoke to begin; but he sang so execrably ill, that every one present was relieved when the song came to an end. Next, it devolved on Henry Phillpotts to fulfil his part, or suffer the penalty. 'I cannot sing,' said he, 'and I should be very loth to drink a pint of salt and water; but if I must tell a story, I should like to hear Dymoke sing that song again.'

The lady and the Prelate met soon afterwards, and the question being put, his lordship at once owned to the impeachment, and greatly delighted the lady by naming the very song Dymoke had so maltreated.

The clock at the Cheval Blanc struck three, A.M., as the last of the revellers quitted the *salle-à-manger* for their short night's rest; and the consequent knocking, kicking, and shouting that ensued at the doors of the various tenements to which they sought admission must have disturbed every soul in Gourin. On retiring to my own apartment my misery may be better imagined than described when I discovered that my bed was already occupied by a chasseur, fast asleep, and breathing loudly and heavily under the influence of the wassail, of which he had been one of the chief promoters. He proved to be a M. de —, a large landed proprietor from the neighbourhood of St. Brieuc; a duellist, too, of no favourable reputation throughout Brittany. The very first day he joined our party Keryfan called my special attention to him, and said, 'Whatever

‘you do, don’t quarrel with that man : he is as much given to duels as the editor of a Paris *brochure*.’

I had taken him twice or three times by the shoulders and endeavoured to rouse him by a lusty shout, close to his ear ; when, the light falling on his face, I discovered who the intruder was ; and at the same moment, as Keryfan’s warning flashed across my mind, I said to myself almost audibly, ‘ Well ! now I am in for a row ; but ‘ it can’t be helped ; he has no business here, and out he shall come, *coûte que coûte*.’ I was in the act of taking him by the ankles for the purpose of ejection, when, hearing Keryfan’s light step on the staircase, I paused an instant, thinking he would readily lend me a hand, and that two of us could manage the matter better than one. But, he knew the man too well for that ; he knew that bloodshed would be the inevitable result ; and although he was bold enough to take a lion by the beard, if necessary, yet he was sensible enough to hate a brawl, and to advise caution when danger was nigh.

‘ Don’t touch the man,’ he said, emphatically ; ‘ he is evidently fast asleep and very drunk ; why not drag the mattress from under him, and with a blanket around, you take your rest on the floor ? you would be just as comfortable as on a wooden bedstead.’

So I followed this timely advice ; and putting on a warm pair of slippers, and rolling myself in a blanket, the mosquito-net being superadded, I slept soundly and sweetly for four hours, when the blast of Shafsto’s horn, ringing out ‘ *Le point du Jour*,’ told the ‘ coming of the morn,’ and roused me from further slumber. Let me add, the occupier of my bedstead, instead of provoking me to a deadly encounter, made an ample apology for the wrong he had done me ; and many a day afterwards he and I hunted together on the best of terms.

SCOTCH MOORS AND SHOOTING.

BY ‘OLD CALABAR.’

ALREADY have shooting men began to take guns out of their neat leather cases, and fondly look them over ; others are working away cartridge-making. I must say I like manufacturing my own, because I then know what I am shooting with. The time is rapidly approaching when they will be wanted, though if in any great quantities I am unable to say. I fear the grouse-shooting will not this year—on account of the deluge we have had, and at the time I am writing (13th July) having—be up to an average. I hear, from reliable authority, but poor accounts of the birds, but I trust it will not be so bad as represented.

Many are yet, doubtless, on the look-out for moors, and it is to those I principally address myself.

Hundreds of men have been deceived in taking shootings, but more particularly Scotch moors. They are generally men of means

that 'go in' for the latter, and care but little for the cost of the range, provided they get fair sport as some equivalent for their money, but are bitterly disappointed if the shootings do not come up to their expectations: it is, in a great measure, their own fault. They see a flourishing advertisement in some sporting paper; they make but few inquiries, and close with the factor. These advertisements are numerous; sometimes there is a famous moor, 'on which 'a few red deer are occasionally to be had.' 'Occasionally,' indeed; for it may only occur once in a man's lifetime.

In other notices it is differently and more cautiously worded. 'Red deer are occasionally *seen*.' Now it is not at all unusual for deer to be 'seen' on grounds they do not feed on; they are ever on the move, and may constantly be crossing over this particular piece of ground as their shortest way to some forest, or favourite browsing spot; these deer are denominated 'travellers.'

In some advertisements you are restricted to the number of grouse, black game, or deer you are to kill—the advertisers well knowing the whole of the moor advertised would not yield the number they have restricted you to. This is a very old dodge.

A gentleman some years ago took the island of H——s, and was limited to so many red deer, and so many brace of grouse, which he felt sure he should be able to obtain; but to his great surprise and chagrin he soon found out there were not half the number on the island.

Another gentleman who rented shootings in the Isle of Skye was also limited, and finding scarcely any birds, remonstrated with the proprietor; and on telling him how much each brace had cost him, the proprietor coolly remarked, 'It was extremely fortunate for him ' (the lessee) that there were no more.'

There is no doubt that plenty of good grouse-shooting is to be had if you are willing to put your hand pretty deeply into your pocket, and go the right way to work; and that way is to look, and go over the ground yourself, or employ some trustworthy person to do it for you.

It is a well-established fact that ground may be very good one year, but not another; therefore, if you have not the range on lease, it is as well to look to it every season.

The disease generally commences on 'high ground,' therefore in selecting a moor, there ought to be a portion of low ground with it. If the disease is general, it is better to take a moor with as much low ground as possible, as grouse are much less liable to be attacked on it; and I will tell you why.

Many are the theories of grouse-disease. And as so many opinions have been given in the columns of our leading sporting journals, I shall dwell more particularly on it.

In my opinion grouse-disease originates principally from the heather being blighted, or in an unhealthy state, not containing a sufficient quantity of sap or succulent juices.

I have seen miles of heather in a bad state; the tips of it (which

is the grouse's food) looking brown or red. This is caused by the frost, or cold east winds ; and to feed for any length of time on such heather is fatal to grouse.

Dry, indigestible heather is most unwholesome, and causes intense thirst.

When the disease is well on, you will find the birds dead beside the springs or rivulets ; they come there to obtain water to enable them to digest the dry food.

This is why I advise low moors when there is disease—because on the elevated ground the heather is first attacked, whilst the low moors frequently escape, and the heather is green and good ; then it is they descend to the lower grounds. But grouse being an Alpine bird, prefer the higher ranges, when the heather is good.

In a diseased grouse you will ever find the plumage dry, hard, and dead-looking ; not fresh, bright, and brilliant in colour, as when they are in perfect health. The comb of the cock-bird is a pale red, not the rich, vivid scarlet it ought to be ; the flight is weakly, and the crow feeble, not strong and vigorous as with a healthy bird.

Many absurd statements have been made as to tape-worms being the cause of the disease. It has been said that they are picked out of the dung of the sheep. It is quite true the excrement of sheep does contain tape-worms, but these are not picked up, nor are they the cause of tape-worm in grouse. Again, worms die immediately they are passed. The tape-worms found in the stomach of grouse are the effects of diseased stomach and intestines, brought on by the grouse disease.

Tape-worms are the effects of the disease, and not the cause of it. The primary cause is dry, indigestible heather. Of this I have no doubt. How is it that ptarmigan, that live on the tops of high mountains, are not affected with disease ? The cause is obvious to all observers and sportsmen of experience. They feed on the young juicy lichens and grasses which grow between the stones on the mountains they frequent. Their droppings are wet and moist, not hard and bound, as in that of a diseased grouse.

You cannot be too cautious, prior to taking a moor, to ascertain if disease is existing, and which can only be discovered by *personal* inspection.

I must repeat again that it is an established fact that disease generally commences on the high ground, because the heather there is more exposed to the inclemency of the weather.

In comparing notes with many old and first-rate sportsmen, they all agree that a great change has taken place in the habits of grouse, they having become much wilder and unapproachable than formerly. This is from the moors being harder shot over ; consequently the birds are more disturbed and harrassed ; they get wilder and wilder, and impart that wildness to their progeny.

The best shires for grouse are Perthshire, Inverness-shire, Forfarshire, Banffshire, Aberdeenshire, Ross-shire, Sutherland and Caithness. In all these counties grouse are most abundant.

Perhaps no moor is so good for its size as Grandtully, near Aberfeldy, long rented by His Highness the Maharajah Dhulep Singh, but now by Messrs. Grahame Brothers, the merchant princes of Glasgow and Manchester. This range is at a happy medium, being neither too elevated, or too low-lying; consequently less liable to disease than the more elevated ranges.

One hundred and fifty, or close on two hundred brace, may be had per gun the first few days. Indeed all the moors about Taymouth, Dunkeld, Pitlochry, Rannoch, Dalnacardoch, Dalwhennie, Fecar, Glenbruar, and all that district may be set down as being first class; particularly Drumuir, and Fealar, at the head of Glen Tilt, Glenbruar, and Dalnaspiedal, long rented by that well-known sportsman, Sterling Crawford; in fact, all the moors in this and the adjacent districts, viz., Loch Rannoch, Loch Garry, Loch Erricht, and stretching to Glen Lyon, may be looked upon as A 1.

Inverness-shire has many magnificent moors: those situated in Lochabar, viz., Corroun, rented by Spencer Lucy, about 12,000 acres, is the best for its size. This and the adjoining moors of Loch Treigh, Fersit, and Torgulbin, Inverlain, Glen Spean, Strathmashie, Glen Roy, and most of the moors in the Lochabar district, are most desirable, stretching from Glen Nevis, through Glen Spean, on by Loch Laggan, into the Baddenoch district, comprising the forest of Ardverikie, and all those by the line of the new Highland railway to Kingussie in Badenoch.

Badenoch produces some first-class moors—Pitmain, Glenshero, or Garvie, and Moors Gaiach, Phoness, Belleville, Kingcraig, and all those by the line of rail to Inverness. I must not omit those magnificent ranges of Coulnakyle, and those on both sides of the rivers Dulnain, and Spey, Carrbridge, and Grantoun, as well as others situated on both sides of the river Findhorn. Moy Hall shootings, and those of Lord Cawdros, the Monaighlea, or Corgnafern, belonging to the Mackintosh, and those situated in Strath de Arn and Strath Errich; amongst which are the well-known ranges, Upper and Lower Kellin, Dunmaglass, Knockie, Glendoe, and all those on both sides Loch Ness—Glenmorriston, Inchnacardoch, and many others. All these localities contain many excellent ranges for grouse, and may be considered in the centre of the Highlands, and in the heart of the grouse-shooting.

There are also many excellent shootings in Ross-shire, including Lord Lovat's, Chisolm, Fasmakyle, and others in the district, not forgetting that magnificent deer forest belonging to Mr. Balfour Strathcomon.

In Ross-shire I may mention Gledfield, Dibidale, and several belonging to Sir Charles Ross, of Balnagown Castle, viz., Longlroy, and Invercastle, at the head of the river Oykil, and several others.

In Sutherland there are also many first-rate shootings, belonging principally to the Duke of Sutherland. One of the best of these is on the banks of that large loch, Loch Skin.

Ross-shire and Sutherland, and all those moors on the east coast of

Scotland are more valuable and desirable than any others, because the climate is much dryer than in the centre of Scotland, and the West Coast. These shires are also more valuable on another account. Grouse do not become so wild there as soon as in the south of Scotland; that is to say, as in Perthshire, Inverness-shire, Aberdeenshire, Forfarshire, Banffshire, and all other southern moors.

It is singular that in Forfarshire, Aberdeenshire, and Banffshire, the grouse become wild sooner than further north; they lie a deal longer in Ross-shire, Sutherland, and Caithness, than in any of the other counties.

Argyleshire, the West Coast of Scotland, and its Isles, are well known to be very inferior to the main land, or East Coast; but the scenery is magnificent, grand, varied, and beautiful. Although grouse are not found so abundantly there, it is a better locality for black-game and woodcocks, and this is well known to be the case by all men of experience.

Speaking of woodcocks I must make a remark in correction or naturalists and others. It is a fact, though probably known but to very few, that, in the breeding season, woodcocks, which nest very early, the young being on the wing about the middle of May, carry their young out of the covers in the evening, in their claws to the feeding grounds, and return with them the same way.

The West Coast is the least desirable, for two or three reasons. *In primo*, there is a greater scarcity of grouse than in other counties I have named. *In secundo*, there is much more rain, it is a moister, damper climate, consequently less enjoyable, for you are not able to shoot above half the number of days that you can in the eastern shires.

It is a common practice in advertising a shooting as 'on or about' so many thousand acres; these words 'on or about' is a 'loophole of escape,' the shooting may be of a very much less average, it may be two or three thousand acres less; but as it is worded you cannot take hold of them. You may take it for granted, the shootings will never be of greater extent than advertised.

It must not be supposed that on taking a moor of thirty or forty thousand acres it is all shooting, there may be thousands of acres of it useless for your purpose; rock-green grazing ground, &c., of which there is sure to be a portion, is no good for grouse, because they are a heather bird.

A moor of very much less extent, if it is well covered with heath, will afford you more sport and less walking and fatigue than a large one, that is only partially covered with heathers. No men, except those who have shot in the Highlands years ago, can form any conception of the quantities of grouse there were formerly.

When Sir William Massey Stanley rented Glenshero he used to kill to his own gun, at the commencement of the season, his hundred brace a day, as did Sir Patrick Thriepland, and Sir James Moncrieff, at Dalnaspiedal.

Messrs. Laverack, Marsland, Burton, and Bury killed in four days,

at the same period, 1,054 head of grouse on Pitmain. It is a fact that, in the middle of September, they saw on that moor a pack of grouse of many thousands. In those days every moor was good. I have been told by one of the Pitmain party, Mr. Edward Laverack, so well known for his famous breed of setters, that some years after, when he rented Dunmaglass, Sir Humphry de Trafford, John Smith Eltwhisle, of Foxhall, Robert Norreys, of Davyhume, Lancashire, and himself, bagged by the 11th September, 3,066 head of grouse.

Mr. Laverack also told me that on another occasion, to his own gun he bagged thirty-eight brace in two hours.

On Killin, when rented by Lord Hill, and Sir Dudley Coutts Majoribanks, they (the same year that Sir Humphry de Trafford and party had such sport on Mr. Laverack's shootings at Dunmaglass) killed 5,000 brace of grouse.

There is another instance I mention to show the quantities of grouse there were in those days.

When Mr. Winsloe rented Coulmakyle, in Strathpey, himself and party in one season killed upwards of 5,000 brace of grouse. In the forest of Glenane near Colmantone, the late Lord Henry Bentinck, and James Hall, killed for several days a hundred brace of grouse each, and many others did the same, amongst whom I may mention Messrs. Penrose and Jones at Longery in Ross-shire.

The alleged cause for there not now being so many grouse is, that the grazing tenants put double the stock of sheep on the ground, and burn the heather more extensively to obtain grass in lieu.

In those palmy days, so bright and joyous to me, dogs were scarcely ever off their point or drawing on game—it was the *beau idéal* of shooting. Miles of magnificent heather, densely stocked with grouse, far away from the busy hum and cares of the world—far away from black and smoke-dried cities—far away from midnight haunts of revelry and dissipation, a wild, unfettered freedom of range, and all obtained at one-fourth it now costs, I can never forget. Scotland—glorious, grand, bonnie Scotland—your gorgeous, purple-clad mountains, will ever remain green in my memory. But men of means can go there yet, and have magnificent sport (it only requires the ‘sinews of war’)—aye, and enjoy themselves too; much more than frittering away their money in a dirty continental city, reeking with disease, and fetid odours, or shortening their days and ruining their health by the sickly light and stifling atmosphere of a German gambling *salon*.

Give me Scotland for health, change of air and scene,—other than grouse shooters, or salmon fishers, go there for them,—for quiet, repose, and retirement, which the wearying fatigue of a long and harrassing season, or public duties, necessitates. Her Majesty is not a grouse shooter, yet I question if any place affords her more gratification and enjoyment than Balmoral. Long may she live to appreciate the ‘land of cakes.’ Her eldest son, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, his brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, many of our aristocracy,

rich commoners, and merchant princes have their moors; they combine amusement with health, for what will money not do?

There is a charm besides the shooting or fishing—the grand, rugged, varied, and magnificent scenery, the fine, pure, and bracing air—the wildness, the quiet, the repose, all tend to make Scotland one of the most delightful and fashionable autumnal resorts in Europe. The fisherman can here indulge in his tastes, the botanist, naturalist, and the antiquarian as well; there is an ample field for all.

In my own humble, quiet little home, sitting and musing over the past, recalling the time when I was young and vigorous, I sigh as it crosses my mind that I cannot now pace over those glorious, gorgeous, heather-clad mountains with that free elasticity of step I could twenty years ago—‘every dog must have his day.’ But I am thankful that I can yet run down to my Scotch shooting every year and enjoy myself; and though I cannot tramp along so merrily as of yore, yet with my dogs around me, and my trusty old gun in hand, I thoroughly enjoy myself; and I love relating my adventures by ‘flood and field,’ and giving the benefit of my varied experience to younger hands. The salmon fisher is often deceived in the same way as the grouse shooter.

I remember many years ago being invited by a well-known veteran sportsman to accompany him in his yacht to Norway, where he had taken a ‘splendid salmon river.’ Rods, flies, reels, gaffs, and endless fishing paraphernalia was laid in, the yacht was commissioned, provisioned, and a captain engaged, who was well acquainted with the Norwegian coast. Our start from Ryde was simply grand, colours flying, a band of six, not ‘fiddlers three,’ had been engaged to accompany us, played unceasingly the ‘Roast Beef of Old England,’ ‘Home, Sweet Home,’ and ‘The Girl I left behind me.’ Away we went under our sea-wings, a cloud of white canvas, I pacing the deck, dressed a cross between a shore-going sailor and a sporting parson, humming ‘How proud must be our ‘Admiral of such a bonny bark;’ how the ‘Flying Alligator’ sped along; how I attempted a cigar, and threw it away after a puff or two (the tobacco was not good); what ‘Châteaux en Espagne’ I built; how I would ‘give the butt’ to a thirty-pound salmon when I was well into him: but my reflections were nipped in the bud, and cut short by a lurch of the vessel, which knocked me off my sea-legs (they were not strong), and a lively ground-swell which made me feel uncommonly qualmy and uncomfortable in the regions below. I scrambled to my feet again, and quickly betook myself to the steward for a nip of Martell’s; but which was no sooner down than it was up again. I was a young fellow then, and did not mind such trifles. In due time we arrived off the Norwegian coast, and soon beside our famous river, which, *mirabile dictu*, had not more than four inches of water in any part of it; and, from what we could learn, no salmon had been seen in it for years. As to getting the money back paid for it (I think 200*l.*), that was not on the cards. And my friend was told by the agent, ‘He should have

‘looked at it first, that he was in no way responsible for there being ‘no water in the river, or its being a dry summer.’

But ‘to our mutton.’ The rents of Scotch shootings have risen enormously of late years. Fabulous prices are demanded; this is owing to the facilities of railway accommodation, and the short time it now takes in going and coming; the increase of wealth, population, and the mania for Scotch shooting. A moor you could get, forty years ago, for 50*l.*, would now-a-days fetch 500*l.*

So much has the rail done for the Scotch landed proprietors. From the price paid now for moors, it is a fact that in many instances the game cost the tenant 2*l.* a brace. As an instance, the Monalighlea let for 10*l.*, now for about 80*l.*; Moybeg let for 50*l.*, but now it is 500*l.*: but what is that to men who can afford it? It is much better to pay your five hundred a year for your moorland, health, and sport, than fifty pounds to your doctor; who, with all his knowledge and skill, cannot do for you what the fresh, pure, wholesome breezes of Scotland can do. I could say a good deal more on this subject, but my paper tells me I am exceeding my allowance. If all is well, I purpose next month giving you an account of Scotch salmon and trout-fishing, in rivers and lochs.

SHAKESPEARE AS A SPORTSMAN.

It seems to be generally assumed that Shakespeare's career in connection with field sports was discreditable and unfortunate; that it was confined to the single exploit of killing a certain deer belonging to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, for which crime he was taken, and carried off red handed before the outraged landowner and justice of peace; that he did not deserve the name of ‘Sportsman,’ and was merely a trespasser and a poacher on forbidden preserves, liable, under the Statute 5th Elizabeth, cap. 21, sec. 3, to three months' imprisonment for taking a deer in a park or enclosed ground; and that, therefore, the less said about Shakespeare as a sportsman the better. Now I am not going to speak of him as if he were a George Osbaldeston, or a Gordon Cumming, although it would not be difficult to argue by an inductive process that this, the so-called deer-stealing, was not the only irregularity of the kind he had been guilty of. It does not appear that he begged for mercy for his first offence. On the contrary, he seems—to use a phrase of modern invention, forcible but inelegant—to have ‘cheeked’ his worship. His subsequent lampoons, though they only prove that he ‘holloed’ ‘when he was out of the wood,’ imply a sense of triumph rather than of gratitude.

Let us see if Shakespeare was a poacher: but, in the first place, what do we understand by the term? It has two meanings. From the sportsman's point of view, it signifies a killer of game by unfair

means ; a pot-hunter : from the proprietor's point of view, it is a synonym for a trespasser—under aggravated circumstances.

With us in England the Forest laws, by vesting the property of all game in the Crown, have given it a superstitious importance ; but no one will deny the right of a man, in the absence of a State law to the contrary, to kill any wild animal upon ownerless land ; and whatever may be the laws as to the preservation of game, one principle must prevail, and that is, that all wild creatures of which there can be no ownership (*i. e.*, which are not reducible to permanent possession) must attach to the soil on which they are. It is only necessary to look at the question with the proprietary eye, and to argue, for speculation's sake, that the great man was not a trespasser.

Mr. Charles Holte Bracebridge, a gentleman well known in Warwickshire, as a sportsman and antiquary, in a pamphlet published in 1862, entitled 'Shakespeare no Deer Stealer,' proves that it is an open question on the facts, whether the traditional deer was taken in Charlecote or the adjoining park of Fulbroke. Charlecote, as everybody knows, was the property of Sir Thomas Lucy, whereas Fulbroke had been the property of Sir Francis Englefield, who was attainted and convicted of high treason in 1586, and his estates sequestered but not appropriated by Queen Elizabeth. Shakespeare having been taken in the act, why did not the justice of peace commit him to prison ? Sir Thomas was angry, and Shakespeare saucy, so that the motive to enforce the law was doubly strong ; but he was set at liberty nevertheless. Is not, therefore, the presumption fair, that the deer was taken on Crown lands ; in which case, unless upon a Crown prosecution, the law did not reach the taker ? 'Sir Hugh, persuade me not ; I will make a Star-Chamber matter of 'it.' 'The Council shall know it,' and so on, are passages which point to the possibilities of a State prosecution. Fulbroke, we may suppose, had no owner in possession, and having no keeper or caretaker, and lying near to Charlecote, would naturally attract the eye of Sir Thomas, and afford a strong inducement to an assumed protectorate. But the Stratford lad had as much right to kill a deer there as the lord of Charlecote ; and if he did so, I not only acquit him of deer-stealing, but commend him for his pluck. The matter is of little consequence now ; for Shakespeare's countrymen, including the present owner of Charlecote, a sportsman and Master of the Warwickshire hounds, think of the affair only as a lively incident in the life of one who has helped to make England great.

It is not, however, the purpose of this paper to speak of Shakespeare as a sportsman in act and deed, but to show by his writings that he was a lover and master of the art. In discussing this subject we must go back nearly three centuries, to a time when men's habits and pursuits differed vastly from those of our own. It may be difficult to define the English gentleman of to-day, but in Shakespeare's time he was, generally speaking, a courtier, a soldier, and a sportsman. The true sportsman is, as he ever was, a popular

character, but doubtless he occupied in days gone by a more prominent position than he does now. The spirit of the age, doubtless, had its influence on Shakespeare's writings, but the frequency of his allusions to field sports and kindred matters can only be fully accounted for by the love he bore them. True it is that the great master has in like manner converted every conceivable subject into material for his work; and his knowledge of the classics, seamanship, law, physic, and divinity has been discussed in many a learned essay. But for field sports book-learned men have, for the most part, little affection; and hence it is that a subject on which the great dramatist has been as eloquent as on others, has not received the notice it deserves, both for its own sake and as adding to the pile of evidence of his genius. It gives us, too, a glimpse of bygone days, and shows the changes the sporting world has undergone. The sporting men who have made their appearance on the field of letters have contented themselves with quotations for the purpose of embellishment, instead of discussing Shakespeare with the view of bringing this phase of his character prominently before his admirers. Before Shakespeare can be thoroughly understood and appreciated, he must be read as he wrote, by the light of out-of-doors; or as Mr. Torrens, a gentleman who is an exception to the general run of literary sportsmen, has it, 'The explanation of natural things must be found in the book of nature. The fact is, our master being 'naturally a gentleman, essentially a philosopher, and the first of 'poets by Divine inspiration, was also—and was necessarily, the 'moment he willed it—as excellent in his character as a sportsman 'as in all else; we must take him out-of-doors into the fields to 'comprehend him: no closet work will do it; none, sir, none.'

From the earliest times of which we possess either recorded or traditional history, our sports and pastimes have occupied an important place in this country. Britons, Saxons, and Normans alike were mighty hunters; and since the Conquest more particularly, our Statute-Book has teemed with enactments relating to the chase and the amusements of the people; and though the severity of those laws has been condemned by sound constitutional writers, they find an apology in the character of the people themselves, whose love of pleasure and adventure created a necessity, according to the policy of the times, for restraining the less opulent among them, or, in other words, the bulk of the nation, from indulging in recreations which tended to allure them from more profitable pursuits. The legislature declared certain games unlawful, not because their tendency was vicious or debasing, but because they interfered with exercises which had been enjoined as calculated to make men good soldiers, in days when battles were won more by the prowess of individuals than by powerful combinations or the weight of artillery.

The country abounded in beasts of the chase, and possessed, in breeds of surpassing excellence, the dog, man's earliest and best ally in the conquest of the brute creation. The superiority of British dogs was early appreciated; it is known that they were highly

prized by the Romans, both in the chase and amphitheatre, and that monarchs presented them to their allies as the most valuable gifts they could bestow.

Falconry was a favourite pursuit, and the fact that the authorities on the subject assign particular breeds of hawk to the different ranks of society, is evidence that the amusement was general. Horsemanship, moreover, was an essential part of every gentleman's education. Shakespeare being an observer of all things, and an Englishman to the backbone, it would be strange indeed if he had overlooked so striking a characteristic of his countrymen as their love of the chase; and, happily, we find by his writings that he was not only a loving disciple, but a consummate master of the art of venerie. How frequently he makes allusions and uses similes relating to sport and pastime; and what life they give his lines! They tell their own truths, and at once bring home the author's meaning to the reader's mind.

To sympathize thoroughly with our subject we must ignore certain modern Acts of Parliament, and admit the legitimacy of hunting, hawking, and the equal contests of the brute creation, while we travel with our poet into the woodlands or the open, and, if necessary, into the bear-garden itself, and see the sport in our 'mind's eye.'

He makes use of hawks, hounds, and horses, the deer and the hare, and is master of all alike.

Let us first examine his kennel, and look at the dogs; we shall find that he understands them. He has seen curs, and is alive to their distinguishing characteristics. The Dauphin is made to say in Henry V.:

'Turn head and stop pursuit, for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths when what they seem to threaten
Runs far before them.'

In his allusion to the then existing amusement of bear-baiting, he again makes use of them:

'York. Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That with the very shaking of their chains
They may astonish these *fell lurking** curs.]
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.'

[Enter Salisbury and Warwick.

'Clifford. Are these thy bears? We'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bearward in their chains,
If thou durst bring them to the baiting place.'

'Rutland. Oft have I seen a hot o'er-weening cur
Run back and bite because he was withheld,
Who, being suffered with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapped his tail between his legs and cried;
And such a piece of service you will do,
If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.'

Apropos of bear-baiting and the drama, between which there would not seem to be any remarkable affinity, it is said that by an Order of the Privy Council, dated July, 1591, plays were prohibited on

Thursdays, because on that day bear-baiting and similar pastimes had been usually practised, and it was complained that the reciting of plays was 'a great hurt and destruction to the game of bear-baiting, 'and like pastimes, which are maintained *for Her Majesty's pleasure*.' All honour to Queen Bess for her moderation in limiting the restriction to one day in the week.

But it is in his mention of dogs of the higher class, as greyhounds and hunting hounds, that Shakespeare's powers of description manifest themselves most strikingly. How he understood the keenness and courage of the greyhound, is seen by the similes in which he has employed him. One of these is found in Henry Vth's address to his army :

' And you good yeomen,
For there is none of you so mean and base
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes;
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips—
Straining for the start—the game's afoot !'

The game of the greyhound, as most people know, is found and started for him : he pursues it as long as it is in sight, or until he kills it. While the beaters are at work, the brace of greyhounds are held together in slip-couples ; and when 'the game's afoot' are not liberated until puss has had a sufficient amount of 'law' to ensure a fair course. Their eagerness during this detention is manifested by straining forward as if with a determination to break the leather straps that hold them. In this situation we can readily believe Shakespeare had often seen them, and doubtless, too, had he witnessed the high courage and savage ardour with which they strain eye and sinew in pursuit. The eminent degree in which they possess these qualities may be illustrated by the following anecdote from Daniel's 'Rural Sports : ' 'A hare in the neighbourhood of Dover had 'distanced all her pursuers, when a dog belonging to the Rev. Mr. 'Corsellis was so superior to her in speed, and pursued her so close, 'that she ran to the cliff as her only chance of escaping ; but the 'greyhound threw at her and caught her at the brink, and went with 'the hare in his mouth to the bottom of the cliff, where they were 'both literally dashed to pieces.' A greyhound belonging to Lord Pelham met with a similar fate when in pursuit of a hare near Portobello Gap, Sussex, in 1824.

These anecdotes will show the force of the comparison made by Queen Margaret :

' Mount you, my lord ; towards Berwick post amain ;
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath
Are at our backs.'

To the poet and lover of nature, hunting hounds possess greater attraction than greyhounds, tracking their game by the superior and more curious instinct of scent, and having, which the others have not, a voice most exhilarating to the hunter, as all who have heard it

can testify. Accordingly, the poet rises with his theme in proportion to its importance and fertility. In a well-known passage in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' a play unsurpassed in power of conception, we have a beautiful description of the hound of the past, from which that of the present day is partially descended. Theseus promises that his love shall hear the music of his hounds :

'We will, fair queen, up to the mountain top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.'

No expression can be imagined conveying more accurately the description of the 'cry' of hounds than these two words, 'musical confusion.' As we proceed we shall know more about it, and see how important an element this same music was formerly considered. Hippolita replies—

'I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bayed a bear
With hounds of Sparta. Never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near,
Seem'd all one mutual cry; I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.'

Here we have a rendering of 'full cry' as unrivalled as the original is inimitable. The man who has heard modern foxhounds, whose note is far less sonorous than those of old, because farther removed from the parent Talbot, can form an estimate of its merit, but if asked to say in his own words what full cry was like, would probably avoid the responsibility of a direct answer by telling you to go and hear it. Shakespeare, however, has found words to remove his difficulty. Let us proceed. Theseus, like a true master of hounds, will not admit the inferiority of his own to those of Hercules, Cadmus, or any other man :

'My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flewed, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew.
Crook-knee'd and dew-lapp'd, like Thessalian bulls,
Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells;
Each under each—a cry more musical
Was never holloa'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, or in Thessaly.'

These rapturous words could not have been put into the mouth of Theseus by any other than a man who appreciated the passion for hunting and the pride of a master in his pack. Mr. Apperley, better known by his *nom de plume* of 'Nimrod,' startles the Shakesperian by saying, in reference to the above passage, 'Such (hounds) would now be a disgrace to any man's kennel, and are nowhere to be found wearing the slightest resemblance to the picture drawn by this 'master-hand.' But Mr. Apperley forgot they were not fox-hunting. It must be borne in mind that fox-hunting, as understood now-a-days, did not exist when Shakespeare wrote, and it is doubtful if any regularly constituted pack of foxhounds existed in England before the

early part of the eighteenth century. 'Slow in pursuit,' the objection which 'Nimrod,' in common with all modern sportsmen, would make to the hound on this score, had no existence when hunting was carried on on foot, or upon horses such as we shall have occasion to speak of hereafter. The pedestrian huntsman, a little out of condition perhaps, would certainly commend his dwelling and hanging on the scent, while he indulged in his prolonged vociferations; whereas the cross-country man of to-day, mounted on his striding thoroughbred, would most certainly reward him with a cut with the whip, and revile him for a psalm-singer. The hounds of Theseus may have been the ancestors of those mentioned in the 'Gentleman's Recreation' (1686). 'Your large, tall, big hounds, called or known by the name of the deep-mouthed, or southern mouthed hounds, are heavy and slow, generally great of body and head, and are most proper for such as delight to follow them on foot, as stop hunting, as some call it, but by most it is termed hunting under the pole; that is, they are brought to that exactness of command that, in their hottest scent and fullest chase, if one but stop before them or holloa, or but hold up or throw before them the hunting pole, they will stop at an instant, and follow in full cry after you at your own pace, until you give them encouragement by word of command, which much adds to the length of the sport and the pleasure of the hunter, so that a course oftentimes lasts five or six hours.' Then follows the description of a hound, in whom we discover a somewhat closer family likeness to the picture drawn a hundred years before: 'A right true-shaped, deep-mouthed hound, should have a round thick head, wide nostrils, opening and rising upwards; his ears large and thin, hanging lower than his chaps; the flews of his upper lips should be longer than those of his nether chaps . . . his legs large and lean, with strong claws and high knuckles.'

'But matched in mouth like bells, each under each,' reminds us of Addison's Knight, who returned a hound because he was an excellent bass, whereas he wanted a counter-tenor. Variety of note was evidently considered of great importance as contributing to the harmony of the pack. The musical property is alluded to in the First Part of King Henry VI., in the quarrel between Richard Plantagenet and Somerset, when the White and Red Roses are plucked in the Temple Gardens; the passage, too, gives us Shakespeare's view of the character of the mighty Warwick:

'Proud setter up and puller down of kings.'

'Somerset. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then between us.'

'Warwick. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;
Between two dogs, *which hath the deeper mouth*;
Between two blades, which bears the better temper;
Between two horses, which doth bear him best;
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment;
But in these nice, sharp quilllets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.'

There was no humbug about this fellow: he made no pretensions to knowledge he did not possess; he was no splitter of straws, and was guided only by his own rough honest notions of right and wrong. A great man in history; a sorry figure on the platform.

I remember a story of a Worcestershire gentleman verging on three score and ten, in broad-brimmed hat, jack-towel neck-cloth, square-cut or fire-place coat, brown cord breeches, and mahogany top-boots, who had made a journey to London (it was not a run up to town then), and was taken into Saint James's Park to hear the band of the King's Foot Guards. The band was excellent, of course, but our friend on being asked how he liked the music, only replied, 'Music, ma'am! music! Give me Cobbler's Coppice, and 'six couple of beagles, and there is the music for me!'

The hound of Shakespeare had not departed when George III. was king, as we find in a well-known song of 'The good old English Squire, that,

'He kept a pack of foxhounds of the pure old English breed,
Most musical indeed they were, but not much famed for speed;
His hunters were enduring, and could go a decent pace;
'Twas to suit his hounds he bred them, not to ride a steeplechase.'

Alas! how pointless fell this shaft of satire! The deeply-rooted prejudice against thoroughbred hunters was dying out; that most conservative of gentlemen, the British foxhunter—or, at any rate, his son—believed the evidence of his senses: 'blood' became the fashion, until every man who meant going, mounted a derided 'steeplechaser.' Meanwhile the necessary change in the breed of hounds progresses. Old 'Slot' must mend his pace, or he will be ridden over—means are found to improve him by what is called a judicious mixture of other blood; the work of six hours can be done in five-and-thirty minutes; and the result is, that our melodious friend is improved off the face of creation.

In the Induction to the 'Taming of the Shrew' is a conversation on the subject of hunting, so faithfully descriptive that we are led to believe that the author acquired his knowledge of the character and working of individual hounds by personal observation. The noble lord who enters from hunting says,

'Huntsman, I charge thee tender well my hounds;
Brach Merriman—the poor cur is emboss'd;*
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.'

'Huntsman. Why Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day picked up the dullest scent.
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.'

'Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.'

* *i. e.* Swollen from running.

What game his lordship had been hunting is a matter for speculation, possibly any beast of the chase that crossed him ; and it puzzles a modern sportsman, whose ideas naturally centre on a pack of fox-hounds, to hear of a man giving orders to sup his hounds *well*, because he was going to hunt again to-morrow ; but there is really nothing in it, when we consider that in those days they hunted up the trail, some on horseback and some on foot, all day and every day ; that the pace was slow and the stoppages many ; and supper was consequently no more injurious to the hound than to the huntsman.

The above passage is noteworthy for two things ; first, the knowledge displayed of the details of hunting ; and secondly, the accuracy with which the hounds are named. Every breed of dogs has its peculiar class or set of names, and Shakespeare has scrupulously observed the rule. To terriers and dogs of that description, which are generally near us when spoken to, we give short names, and such as can be sharply applied without the necessity for shouting ; and so Shakespeare calls Lance's cur 'Crab.' Upon lapdogs, pets, and 'comforters,' we bestow appellations of a more affectionate type, and accordingly we find that King Lear's 'little dogs' are 'Tray,' 'Blanche,' and 'Sweetheart.' But the naming of hounds that must be hailed from a distance is necessarily under metrical control. To test the accuracy of our author in this respect, let us apply the metrical test to my lord's hounds, by dwelling on the first syllable and shouting 'Clow-der,' 'Bel-man,' 'Sil-ver,' 'Ech-o,' and one and all will roll from the tongue with an ease and smartness sufficient to satisfy the most fastidious of huntsmen. This accuracy throws a doubt on the generally received opinion that the word 'brach,' in the second line, signifies a bitch hound. That the word has been a puzzle to commentators is proved by the many attempts made to cut the knot of the difficulty by substituting a verb, as 'bathe' Merriman, 'leech' Merriman, and the like : certainly Shakespeare would not designate a lady by the masculine name of Merriman, and we must look for another meaning. 'Brach' is, according to Spelman's Glossary, 'any fine-nosed (*i. e.*, fine scenting) hound ; and 'also, *by corruption*, a bitch, probably from similarity of sound, and 'because on certain occasions it was convenient to have a term less 'coarse in common estimation than the plain one.' Mr. Wedgwood, in his 'Dictionary of English Etymology,' says, 'It is properly a 'dog for tracking game ; from the Italian "bracco," a setting dog ; 'French, "braque-bracon," whence "braconnier," a poacher ; 'Danish, "brack," flat ; Spanish, "braco," flat-nosed, from the 'blunt, square nose of the dog that hunts by scent, as compared 'with the sharp nose of the greyhound.'

William Twici, or Twety, Grand-huntsman to Edward II., in his 'Art de Venerie, a Book made for the Instruction of Others, 'and which is a 'Treatise on the Crafte of Huntynge,' enlarged by the Master of the Game to King Henry IV., gives the names of dogs used in the sports of the field as 'raches,' or hounds ; running

hounds, or harriers to chase hares, and greyhounds; alaines, or bull-dogs, used for hunting the boar; the mastiff (for the boar), and spaniels. In the 16th century the following are added: bastards and mongrels, lemons, kennels, terriers, butcher's hounds, dunghill dogs, trindle-tail'd dogs, prycke-ear'd curs, and ladies' small puppies. This list calls to mind the passage in 'King Lear,' where the word 'brach' is evidently applied to a dog of a particular species:

'Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, *brach* or lym,
Or bobtail tyke, or trundle tail,
Tom will make them weep and wail.'

There is no evidence to show that in Shakespeare's days, the pack (if we may call it so) consisted, as at present, but of one kind of hound; and when we consider that the woodlands were large, and the open country was but sparsely divided by fences, we can understand the necessity, especially in the pursuit of large game, for two—the scenting hound for hunting up the lair; and the gaze-hound for running in view. Now-a-days this necessity is sometimes obviated in deer-stalking by a cross between the greyhound and the foxhound.* Under all these circumstances, we may fairly contend that 'Brach Merriman' was a flat-nosed gentleman with large joints, carrying considerable lumber, and therefore liable to become 'embossed,' and knocked-up by a hard day's work.

It has already been asserted that Shakespeare derived his knowledge from experience and observation, and it is highly probable that, as a lad, he followed on foot some pack in the neighbourhood of Stratford. By a local tradition we are told that a member of the Cockayne family, who were famous sportsmen in Shakespeare's time, made Bidford—a village on the Avon, and situated a few miles from Stratford—the centre of his operations, and 'used' the Falcon Inn there, where he is said to have played the trick upon Christopher Sly, who was a veritable personage. The circumstance is alluded to in a poem by Sir Aston Cockayne, published in 1658, and dedicated to Mrs. Clement Fisher, of Wincote. That Shakespeare was at Bidford—'drunken' Bidford, as he styled it—we know from his discomfiture in the drinking bout there. The authorship of the 'Taming of the Shrew' has been questioned. Let us only believe the tradition, and all doubts on this subject are removed: pleased with the raciness of the joke, young Shakespeare hitched it into a dramatic sketch, forming the 'Induction to a pleasant and conceited 'Historie called the Taming of a Shrew,' from which the play we now have, and which appeared twenty-nine years afterwards, was evidently taken. Tieck suggests that the earlier one was a youthful work of Shakespeare himself. The German critic was probably ignorant of the tradition mentioned; but if its truth be established, his theory is strikingly corroborated. The Falcon is still in existence; a large building of many gables, the overhanging upper storeys sup-

* *Vide Scrope.*

ported on one side by pillars, and forming those covered passages we meet with in Tudor buildings. It has been the workhouse. The courtyard of former days is now a kitchen garden; and the house, immortalized by the orgies of the great man, is converted into three cottages, a public reading-room and library; where once the stabling stood is now the National School, and on the premises is the black-hole, or lock-up, for the reception and safe-keeping of the village drunkard. *Sic tempora mutantur*. Certainly those tippling times produced some marvellous men.

Let us now for a while leave 'Shakespeare as a Sportsman,' bidding his dogs 'Good-bye,' with a 'pat' of approval in recognition of the likenesses their master has drawn.

T. H. G.

A NIGHT'S SHOOTING IN WESTERN AFRICA.

THERE is no part of the world where better shooting can be got than Western Africa; but, at the same time, I know of no part that it is more difficult to be got at, for in addition to the dangers of the climate, the deadly effect of miasma, and the chance of being killed instead of killing, you have—unless you happen to be residing on shore—the difficulty and danger of landing through a surf, second only to that of Madras. However, spite of all impediments, I have enjoyed many days, and nights too, of No. 1 sport, bagging all sorts, from the lordly elephant to the red-leg partridge.

Some years since, fate took me up the river Niger; and while anchored off the town of Angama, I organised several shooting parties, as much to procure fresh grub for my crew, as for the sake of sport. One of these expeditions I am about to relate.

Everything being prepared, and each of the party of white men having fortified himself with a strong dose of brandy and quinine, we left Angama one evening shortly before sunset, in a native canoe, paddled by some sixteen or eighteen natives, all of whom were said to be noted hunters. The intense heat of the African sun had given way to a light, cool breeze, the last dying breath of the health-giving sea breeze; but as darkness set in, this faded away, and heavy banks of miasmatic mist came rolling down the river, heavily laden with a sickly smell of decayed vegetable matter, and a cold, thick dew arose, necessitating the putting on of monkey jackets and frequent applications to pocket-pistols. The oppressive stillness, and total absence of all sound, save that of the gentle running of the river, was now broken by the shrill noise of thousands of cicadæ, intermixed with the deep booming and harsh croaking of thousands of monster bull-frogs, and frequently by the deep-drawn sigh of an alligator, as the scaly monster, disturbed by the splash of our paddles, took a long breath before diving to the muddy bottom; and far worse than all, by the trumpeting of myriads of midges and mosquitoes,

who, in spite of our having plentifully besmeared ourselves with palm-oil (not the most savoury *cosmetique*, I can assure my readers), found places of vantage, and tortured us most unmercifully, eliciting anything but prayers from their victims.

Five miles of paddling brought us to our destined landing-place, a small break in the otherwise almost interminable mangrove bushes. Before landing, however, our rifles were looked to, and the sights touched with chalk. Leaving the canoe we struck into a native path, leading for some three miles inland, and reaching, eventually, a plain of thick bush, interspersed with clumps of cotton, banana, and other trees. To one of the largest of these clumps we made our way, and found it surrounded a beautiful pool of water, about an acre in extent. It was yet early, so before taking up our billets for the night, we served out some rum and tobacco to our dusky attendants, and enjoyed ourselves over a social glass and pipe. In about half an hour the moon rose, and it became time for us to select our places for the night. Dividing into parties, we surrounded the pool, some taking up their stands, or rather seats, amongst the branches of the trees; but I, attended by one native, and my own head Kroo boy, upon whose nerve and eyesight I knew, from past experience, I could depend, *cache'd* ourselves in the midst of a thick patch of bush, a few yards from the water's edge. An hour passed without anything coming to drink, when Black Prince (the Kroo boy) gave me a touch, and a few seconds afterwards an antelope, with dainty and almost noiseless steps, trotted out of the bushes and approached the water. The animal was not more than twenty yards from me, and I was just getting the sight on it, when a sharp touch from the Prince arrested me. Following the direction of his extended chin (a negro never points with his finger), I could just perceive a long, dark object, seemingly stretched along the ground, evidently slowly and cautiously drawing up to the little deer, who appeared to be quite unaware of any approaching danger. Almost instantly, with a prodigious bound, the dark body landed itself fairly on the deer's back, and I distinctly heard a bone crack as it seized its prey. All now depended upon none of the other parties getting a shot for a moment or two; and with almost breathless anxiety I waited for a few moments while the animal apparently sucked the blood of its victim. After a lapse of what seemed to be an age, the leopard, for such it turned out to be, got off, and began to drag the carcass towards the bush. Now, or never, was my time; so I gave a loud 'tchue' with my tongue, which had the effect of arresting his progress, and of drawing his attention towards us. Crouching close down to the ground, he turned his head full towards me, and began making a noise not unlike—only considerably louder—that which a cat does over a mouse; his eyeballs glowing like two coals of fire. Drawing a straight bead between them, I pulled, and with a smothered roar of pain and rage he sprang bolt upright, and fell over on his back, stone dead.

For a moment or two I watched him with my rifle (one of Westley

Richards', and the very best double I ever handled) at my shoulder, to give him dose No. 2, should he require it; but he never moved, so Prince and the native fetched slayer and slain into our retreat, and then obliterated their blood stains by covering them with fresh earth. A 'Who-o-o-p' conveyed to my friends that I had killed something for the bag. An hour passed before anything else showed, and then three or four rapid shots on the other side the pool put me on the *qui vive*. Shortly afterwards two deer came down, but evidently alarmed, and very cautious; but by waiting patiently I was able to get a right and left shot; one fell, the other went off, badly hit.

Again a long spell, broken this time by shots both on the right and left of us, and by a wounded deer which Prince very prettily rolled over, by a quick snap shot. After this nothing was heard save the usual night noises until day began to break, when just as I was thinking of calling the party together, a single shot from the opposite side of the pool was followed by a regular running fusillade, and presently a magnificent black rhinoceros came rushing along, almost in a straight line for our lair, and evidently hard hit. As he passed we let him have the contents of our rifles, and he fell with a broken shoulder-blade. But whose ball did it, it was impossible to say; however, I gave him the *coup de grace*, by firing no less than seven shots into his head at less than fifteen yards' distance. Calling the party in, we counted our bag, which we found to consist of one rhinoceros, one leopard, nine antelopes, and the one killed by the leopard. Our sport was not yet over, though, as on our way to the canoe I bagged a couple of brace of Guinea-fowl and a porcupine, while another dropped a brace of clock-birds and a small baby antelope.

Reaching the canoe, with all our game, excepting the rhinoceros, we enjoyed a bath, and then did such justice to a breakfast of venison steaks, and brandy and soda, as tired hunters only are capable of doing. On our way down the river a few water-fowl were shot, but I preferred doing a *dolce far niente*, stretched on a mat in the stern-sheets.

Our native companions—none of whom, by-the-bye, fired a shot, with the exception of the one with me at the rhinoceros—chaunted pæans in our praise, and, on our arrival at Angama, bore our game and guns in triumph to the king's house.

A repetition of our dose of brandy and quinine, another wash, and a shift of clothing, put us all to-rights; and after a few hours' sleep, we were all ready for another night in the bush.

That there is danger in shooting in West Africa is undeniable, but the pleasure and excitement of the sport is such as to almost compensate for it. The knowledge that at any moment you may have to fight hard for your life lends an agreeable tone to your sport; and the pleasure of bowling over any of the larger wild animals, in my idea, quite pays for the chance of your exposure to miasma and the night dew being followed by a touch of intermittent fever.

F. W. B.

EPITAPH TO A HUNTSMAN.

IN MEMORIAM EVANI RISI

Vos qui colitis Hubertum
 Inter Divos jam repertum
 Cornuque quod concedens fatis
 Reliquit vobis insonatis
 Latos solvite clamores
 In singultus et dolores
 Nam quis non tristi sonet ore
 Conclamato Venatore ?
 Aut ubi dolor justus nisi
 Ad tumulum Evani Risi ?
 Hic per abrupta et per plana
 Nec tardo pede nec spe vana
 Canibus et telis egit
 Omne quod in sylvis degit
 Hic evolavit mane puro
 Et cervis ocyor et Euro
 Venaticis intentus rebus
 Tunc cum medius ardet Phœbus
 Indefessus adhuc quando
 Idem occidit venando
 At vos venatum illo duce
 Alia non surgetis luce
 Nam Mors, mortalium venator
 Qui ferina nunquam satur
 Cursum prævertit humanum
 Proh dolor ! rapuit Evanum
 Nec meridies nec Aurora
 Vobis reddent ejus ora
 Restat illi, nobis flenda
 Nox perpetua dormienda
 Finivit multa laude motum
 In ejus vita longe notum
 Reliquit equos, cornu, canes
 Tandem quiescant ejus manes
 Evan Riso
 Thomas Mansel
 Servo fideli
 Dominus Benevolus—P

Obiit 1702

The above elegant Latin epitaph, reputed to be from the pen of Dr. Freind, a physician, imprisoned in the Tower on the charge of treason in 1723, is to be found on a brass plate in Margam Church, Glamorganshire. Evan Rees, as it tells us, was the faithful servant of Thomas Mansel, an ancestor of Mr. Mansel Talbot's of Margam Park, M.P., and Lord-lieutenant for that county.

'Conclamato venatore.' It was a custom among the Romans, ere

EPITAPH TO A HUNTSMAN.

IN MEMORY OF EVAN REES.

YE who to Hubert bow the knee,
 A Saint exalted now is he ;
 And ye who sound the horn resigned,
 Yielding to fate he left behind,
 Subdue your clamour, wild and high,
 To sadder tones of sob and sigh ;
 For who, the hunter gone to ground,
 A sad ' Who-whoop ' will fail to sound ?
 Or where should sorrow never cease
 But at the tomb of Evan Rees ?
 O'er many a rugged hill and plain,
 With speedy foot and hope ne'er vain,
 With hounds and dart he deftly drove
 All game that in the woodlands rove.
 Swifter than winds or stag yet born,
 He bounded forth at dewy morn,
 Intent on sport, while yet o'erhead
 The mid-day sun its ardour shed ;
 And even at the wane of day,
 Unwearied still, he chased the prey.
 Ah ! never more, with him your guide,
 You'll rise to hunt at morning tide :
 For Death, man's hunter doomed to be,
 Not satisfied with brutes is he,
 Crossing the human course for aye,
 Evan, alas ! has snatched away—
 Nor morn nor mid-day evermore
 His face to you will now restore :
 His lot a night of endless sleep,
 To us remains the lot to weep.
 Known far and wide he closed his days,
 With many a tongue to tell his praise :
 Hounds, horses, horn, and all resigned,
 May rest, at length, his spirit find !

E. W. L. DAVIES.

the act of burial took place, to dash water in the face of the deceased, and to *shout together* over the body ; and if, after that ceremony, no signs of life were shown, the body was at once burned or consigned to its tomb. When Tom Moody, with his last words, requested his friends to

' Give a rattling view-hollo thrice over my grave ;
 And if at that signal I raise not my head,
 My friends, you may fairly conclude I am dead,'

the veteran was little aware of the classic precedent he was following in making that request, but had evidently a strong objection to being ' put to ground ' before Death had fairly run into him.

SADDLE, SPUR, AND SPEAR.

LET others toast and proudly boast
The light of ladies' eyes,
And swear the rose less perfume throws
Than Beauty's fragrant sighs ;
That bright red lips in hue eclipse
The ruby's radiant gem ;
That woman's far the brightest star
In nature's diadem.
But since for me no joys I see
In all the sex can show,
A smile or tear alike appear,
Unheeded flash or flow—
I'll change my theme, and fondly dream,
True sportsmen pledge me here—
And fill the cup, and drain it up
To Saddle, Spur, and Spear.

When day-spring's light first crowns each height
And tips the diamond dew,
We quick bestride our steeds of pride
To scour the jungle through.
With loosen'd rein the jovial train
Now to the jungle throng ;
But they would not stir without a spur
To coax their nags along.
We high uprear the glitt'ring spear,
Far flashing to the sky,
With hope elate anticipate
To see the wild Boar die.
To such bright hopes e'en misanthropes
Would pledge a bumper here—
And fill the cup, and drain it up
To Saddle, Spur, and Spear.

Ah ! who can tell the magic spell
That fires the hunter's eye,
When shout and roar arouse the Boar,
And stir him from his sty.
His rage at first, his glorious burst
Dark dashing through the flood ;
His bristly might, his meteor flight,
And his death of foam and blood.
Oh ! who hath been in such a scene,
That scene will ne'er forget ;
In sorrow's mood, in solitude,
The scene will haunt him yet.

'Mid festal times in other climes,
 He'll think of days so dear—
 And fill the cup, and drain it up
 To Saddle, Spur, and Spear.

But while we sing, Time's rapid wing
 This lesson seems to teach—
 The joy and bliss of sports like this
 Are yet within our reach.
 Then let's away at break of day,
 Ride vale and hill-top o'er ;
 Scale mountain's side, or stem the tide,
 To spear the flying Boar.
 And time may then bring eve again,
 When we at pleasure's shrine
 Will stay his flight for one gay night,
 And dip his wing in wine :
 And ere we part, pledge hand and heart
 Once more to rally here—
 And fill the cup, and drain it up
 To Saddle, Spur, and Spear !

COCK-SHOOTING IN ALBANIA.

A NICER place to be stationed at than Corfu, when the Ionian Islands were under our flag, did not exist. In addition to a splendid climate, and first-rate society, good shooting was always to be got on the opposite coast of Albania, and any quantity of racing, pigeon-shooting, &c., &c., on the island itself. But alas ! the British flag flies there no longer, except as a visitor ; the garrison has departed, and a few dirty Greeks have taken the place of the seven or eight thousand stalwart sons of Mars, whose British uniform was wont to enliven the streets.

The only drawback to shooting in Albania was that you could not land without being accompanied by a couple of *guardiani*, a kind of police escort, sent by the sanitary authorities of Corfu, to take care you went near no plague-infested spot or person ; and we very frequently found these fellows more trouble than use to us.

I remember a party of six of us leaving Corfu in a speronare, one lovely morning, and landing on the Albanian coast, about seven miles to the southward of Butrino Bay, where resided an Aga, the prince of good fellows. Telling our boatmen to go on to the bay, and send a boat at sunset up the river to the Aga's house for us, we started for the maize-fields. Forging a small river, we found ourselves on a large green plain, thickly intersected by thorn hedges, forming the *beau idéal* of a lurking-place for the long-bills.

Forming in an extended line, we put the dogs on ; and in a few moments the cock began flying about like swallows, and about the

prettiest morning's sport began that it ever fell to my lot to see. For three hours we beat the plain backwards and forwards, up wind, down wind, and across wind; and to our six guns bagged no less than fifty-four, many of them weighing over sixteen ounces each. Having pretty well worked the plain out, we got into a large field of maize, some two miles long, by nearly one mile wide, and ankle-deep in heavy mud, and here our misery commenced. It was desperately heavy work, but we had no alternative; trudge on we must; but we came across several coveys of the red-leg partridge, and almost every yard put up snipe, so that by the time we got to the end of it, our bags were becoming uncomfortably heavy. Just before getting out of the maize, a couple of duck got up from a ditch, giving me a glorious right and left, thereby adding their weight to my bag, already nearly full to bursting.

Leaving the maize, we got into a belt of wood, where, picking out a suitable resting-place, we bivouacked and enjoyed our luncheon, followed by a glass or two of grog, and a sedative pipe. United bag up to this time, seventy-two cock, twenty-one snipe, two duck, and ten partridge; not a bad total, considering the day was yet young.

Before starting we replaced our cartridges with heavier ones, as we knew that pig were often to be found. No sooner had we commenced beating before it was 'Mark cock!' in all directions, and it really seemed as if our supply of ammunition, although an ample one, would become expended before the afternoon was over. As cock after cock was added to our bags, our *guardiani*, who, for the promise of an extra dollar or two, carried our game, began to grow restive, and in vain pointed out to us that the sky was becoming overcast, and that the southerly wind was bringing up rain and bad weather. On we still went, determined to stick to the glorious sport we were having in spite of wind, rain, or tempest.

About four o'clock the rain came down in perfect torrents, and we waited under a spreading tree for half an hour, in the hope it would hold up; but the fates were against us, so at last we determined to make our way to our friend the Aga's house, now about two miles from us, and turning our collars up, and pressing our hats down, we once more started. After plodding on through bush and mud for nearly a mile, our dogs put up a couple of young wild pigs, a boar and a sow, and, after a rattling burst for about ten minutes, ran the former to bay. To slip a couple of balls down upon the charges already in my gun took but a short time, and walking cautiously up to the dogs, I found them in a semicircle round a three-parts grown boar, who, with his stern placed close to the trunk of an overturned tree, was making savage rips at them if they ventured in. The contents of my two barrels turned him over, and we then found that one of his hind legs had been broken, evidently but a few days before, by a gun-shot, which fully accounted for our dogs bringing him to bay so soon. This was the last shot before reaching the Aga's, which we at length did, wet and weary, but overjoyed at our unexceptionable day's sport. A good wash, while our sodden clothes

were put before a rousing fire, soon put us to rights, and we needed no bitters to make us enjoy the good spread the worthy Aga (may his shadow never grow less, and his grave be undefiled) provided us.

After dinner our game was paraded, and found to consist of eighty-seven cock, ten partridge, twenty-three snipe, two duck, and one boar, being a grand total of one hundred and twenty-three head of game to six guns, besides a fair allowance of lost birds;—not bad work, I think.

It was now time for us to embark, as it was fast getting dark, and we had a long pull before us to reach our speronare; and to make matters worse, a hard gale from the south set in. With our *guardiani*, boat's crew, and ourselves, we numbered in all twelve, exclusive of four dogs, all of whom embarked in a wretchedly small boat. For the two miles down the river we got on all right, but on getting into Butrino Bay, we found a very heavy sea on, and our beast of a boat began to take the water in most uncomfortably, while, to add to our trouble, the speronare was anchored quite four miles off, and dead to windward of the river's mouth. The gale kept increasing, and our Greek boatmen at last struck work, nor could any entreaties, promises, or threats induce them to persevere. It was hopeless our endeavouring to get back to the Aga's house, as it was too dark to make out the entrance to the little river; so we were compelled to let the boat head in shore, and look out for a smooth place to beach her. Our Greek boatmen were now perfectly useless, so we manned the oars ourselves; and after some time, finding a place that would suit, we drove the boat upon the beach, and jumping out, succeeded with no little difficulty in hauling her up high and dry. We had no fuel to build a fire with, so turning her upside down, sheltered under her as well as we were able. Fortunately we had plenty of grog and tobacco, so we managed to get through a most uncomfortable night; and early in the morning, the gale having abated a good deal, we launched her, and after a long and nasty pull, the sea running still very high, we reached the speronare, wet, hungry, and tired. We then hove the anchor up, and after a very nasty beat, we reached our floating home in safety, our sport acting as a panacea for all our discomfort and trouble; and we made frequent subsequent excursions to the main, but never excelled, or even equalled that day's bag.

F. W. B.

CRICKET.

THE great cricket picnic was celebrated this year with even more than the ordinary success. The weather on the first day was magnificent; there were more people than ever, and they eat more luncheons than ever, and appeared to enjoy themselves remarkably. As for the cricket, nothing could be conceived more tame and stupid than the first day's play, which was carried on also in a dull and

decorous silence, thanks to a particularly weak and sentimental letter from the Head Master of Harrow which appeared in the 'Times' on the morning of the match, recommending the cessation of all chaff and demonstrations of applause. One day's trial of such nonsensical advice, however, proved sufficient; and on the second day, despite the unfavourable weather, the cheers rang out briskly, and the old-fashioned cries of 'bowled' and 'played' were heard in abundance. How any man of the world can believe that worse consequences than a momentary elation or depression of the feelings can ensue, either to the chaffer or the chaffed, from these expressions of the opinions and sympathies of the partisans of either school is a mystery; and to talk of the seeds of ill-will and enmity being thereby sown, is making a very huge mountain out of a very small molehill. But we are governed, every year, more and more by old women instead of men; and the latest phase of old-womanishness is to ask a lot of schoolboys to sit with their hands before them and their mouths shut, for fear the feelings of one or two among the number might be wounded by a little noise. The play on the first day was, as we have remarked, particularly slow, and we hardly think there is anything particularly brilliant in either eleven in the batting or bowling departments. Mr. Wilkinson, however, is an admirable wicket-keeper, and takes the ball in an easy and graceful manner, very pleasant to witness. Some wicket-keepers make such a deal of fuss over what they do, and very often make an appearance of difficulty where no difficulty in reality exists. There was a fair level average of batting ability shown in the first innings of Harrow, which in the case of Mr. Blacker amounted to excellence. His 45 were well obtained, and he is certainly the most taking bat in the two Elevens. Mr. Leaf showed more dash than any of his colleagues, and there were only two singles in his 21. No doubt a strong-batting Eleven would have got 250 instead of 125 off the Eton bowling; for the ground was in splendid condition, the wickets were perfect, and, though some of the bowling was good, none of it was formidable. Mr. Buckland fully sustained his reputation in that department. He is wonderfully straight, and never tires; but, for a bowler of his pace, he is, we think, too straight. His bowling does not do much, and to a batsman who has got fairly set nothing is so delicious as a continuance of perfectly straight and rather plain bowling. Mr. Buckland has acquired marvellous precision in his delivery: he should now study some of the devices of bowling. In time he will doubtless be able to put on much more break than at present he can manage; and then observation of the tactics of such a bowler as Southerton or Alfred Shaw will teach him the advisability of occasionally bowling tempting balls off the wicket—especially on the off-side—by which means those eminent professors secure so many victims. The Eton fielding was not very brilliant; but even now, in its improved state, Lord's is a ground to field well on which requires some apprenticeship. We had heard a good deal of the hitting powers of some of the Eton Eleven, and of the weakness of the Harrow

bowling, though there were rumours of a dark bowler who had been bottled up all the season on purpose for this match, and who was something above the common. Dark bowlers, like dark horses, are generally very rotten reeds to rest upon; but on this occasion Mr. Shand, the dark bowler in question, quite justified the confidence of his friends, for in the first innings he made great havoc with the Eton wickets. The weakness of the Eton batting surprised and disappointed us, though nothing could be more patient than Mr. Bruce's defence. Mr. Buckland's one big hit (through the tennis court window, it was said) we of course did not see. One is always looking another way when these things happen at cricket. If for a moment only one takes one's eyes off the game, either a man is bowled out or the hit of the match is made. 'Mammoth' hits they call them; but let us have a new name next year. 'Megatherium' hits, we suggest for a change. And, by the way, the papers must be tired of dubbing Mr. Grace 'the Leviathan.' Let him be 'the Behemoth' next season, for a little novelty. But to return to the match. Mr. Parkyns, the ninth man, somewhat made up for the monotony—we might fairly say the feebleness—of the Eton batting; but still the whole eleven were out for 110 only, or fifteen less than the total obtained by Harrow. The Harrow fielding, by the way, which we had heard was quite below par, struck us as being not only better than the Eton fielding, but as attaining to a high standard of merit. Mr. Hadow at point was occasionally brilliant; and Mr. Pemberton's wicket-keeping, while not being so neat and clean as Mr. Wilkinson's, was by no means to be despised. Of course, we are expected to give an opinion of Mr. Shand's bowling, which obtained six wickets. Well, we do not think much of it. He bowls a nasty ball now and then, with a considerable curl, but his action is so stiff and laboured that he never can possibly stay for any length of time. He bowled also a great number of loose balls that ought to have been punished, especially to the on and to square-leg, but, to our surprise, were one and all let off in the first innings of Eton. In the second the light blues showed more in their true form, and hit Mr. Shand to a pretty tune. On the whole the dark Harrow bowler was quite worth reserving, and quite worth playing, for the match; and he came off the first day; but he is just that sort of bowler who is morally certain not to come off two days running. It was a piece of luck for Eton to get rid of Mr. Blacker (by a good catch at the wicket) on the evening of the first day; but by the wonderfully steady play of Mr. Pemberton, and the useful contributions of Mr. Hadow and Mr. Stuart, the totals amounted to 111, leaving Eton with 127 to get to win. The state of the ground, we should say, was very different on the second day. There had been heavy rain, and there was a prospect—realized to the great detriment of summer dresses—of much more. The ground was slippery; and, in fact, it was cricket under difficulties. When all was over, it was said, to our astonishment, that the slippery state of the ground was

all in favour of the batsmen and against the bowlers. We have always heard just the reverse, 'and, where the bowling is at all good, have generally seen just the reverse. Why, a few years ago, Wootton was absolutely unplayable at Lord's on a wet wicket; and we have had abundant proof this season that Mr. Grace himself, when the ground is moist, loses his wicket like any ordinary mortal. The fact was that Mr. Bruce and Mr. Whitmore (who was stupidly run out in the first innings, else the same thing might not improbably have happened then) went in first, and collared the bowling in the first twenty minutes, after which it fell all to pieces, and its inherent weakness was made manifest. The Eton men hit with freedom and resolution, in a bad light and on a slippery wicket, the same bowling that the day before, in a good light and on an easy wicket, they only poked or played with tameness and hesitation. Consequently they won, and, as we think, on their merits. We regard them as the superior Eleven, both in batting and bowling; in fielding only we have a preference for their antagonists. Why they batted so feebly the first day is best known to themselves.

We take up the chronicle of the great matches of the year just at the time when the damp, cold weather of the early summer had given way to a blaze of sunshine, and a period of heat that has been continuous almost ever since. And with the sunshine and the heat Mr. Grace, like a giant refreshed, emerged from the cloud that seemed to have overcast him, and commenced a series of batting performances that would be unparalleled, had he not in former seasons accomplished equally great feats, and set up a standard of excellence which cannot be surpassed. He commenced at Lord's by making 77 and 112 for the Gentlemen against the Players. He followed that up later in the same week, at the Oval, in the corresponding match, by scoring 117. Next week, at Lord's, for England against the combined strength of Nottingham and Yorkshire, he went in first, and made 170 (not out); and, lastly, at the Oval, for the South against the North of England, he put together 114 runs. On the other hand, and just to show that one man, however marvellous his achievements, cannot always win a match by himself when playing against his old friends, the South of England, for M.C.C., Mr. Grace only made 30 and 44—the top scores, it is true, but still small scores for him; and so the South of England won in one innings. We may dispose of this match at once by saying that the M.C.C. and G. was but a weak team, putting aside Mr. Grace, and that Charlewood, who ought to have played before at Lord's this season, was in great hitting form, and sent two balls on the roof of the pavilion. We need not enter minutely into the details of the other matches to which we have alluded. The Elevens of Gentlemen and Players both at Lord's and the Oval were carefully chosen, and little fault could be found with the selections. Perhaps if Emmett had played instead of McIntyre, and Mr. G. F. Grace and Mr. Powys had been replaced by two better men, the team at Lord's would have been im-

proved. Mr. G. F. Grace hardly sustains the family reputation in first-class matches, and Mr. Powys, who was jumped into the Eleven because he had frightened out the Oxford Eleven a few days before, has not the slightest imaginable pretensions to a place in such a match. The Gentlemen had a tremendously uphill game to play, with 224 runs to get to win, and everybody felt that all depended on Mr. Grace, and whether he would get into three figures or not. He did, and Mr. Ottaway played a perfect defensive innings, while Mr. Grace was hitting, and quite broke the neck of the bowling—at times very fine—of J. C. Shaw, A. Shaw, McIntyre, and Southerton. Mr. Yardley also hit with his accustomed vigour and effect. For the professionals, R. Humphrey in the first and Daft and Lockwood in the second innings especially distinguished themselves, and the celebrated Nottingham batsman, not for the first time, showed that he was good for a hundred as well as Mr. Grace. His 102 was a splendid exhibition of batting, his defence in the early part of his innings being as perfect as his hitting was free in the latter part. For the Gentlemen Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Appleby did most of the bowling, the insidious slows of the former, aided by splendid fielding, causing the fall of twelve wickets. Mr. Appleby bowled superbly. The ease of his action, and the accuracy of his delivery, are not more remarkable than the amount of spin he puts on the ball, which also rises from the ground with such rapidity as to make it very difficult to play. In fielding the Gentlemen, as usual, shone pre-eminent, and it was worth going to Lord's if only to see Mr. Hornby at cover point, and Mr. J. D. Walker at mid-off. Ten years ago, on Lord's as it then was, it would have been a thousand to one against two hundred runs being obtained off the best professional bowling in England; but now, with Mr. W. G. Grace to set the example, and the ground as easy as the Oval, the more runs to be got the better the Gentlemen like it, and they hit the two Shaws, McIntyre, and Southerton at the rate of a run a minute, and knock up two hundred runs in three hours and a half. At the Oval, in the same week, the Gentlemen had a still easier victory. Emmett played instead of A. Shaw, and Mr. Green, Mr. Brice, Mr. Strachan, and Mr. Turner replaced Mr. Appleby, Mr. Powys, Mr. Bissett, and Mr. Dale. The Players were none the fresher for their hard work on the previous days at Lord's; and, as they lost the toss, and Mr. Grace forthwith went in and made 117, and Mr. Hornby and Mr. Yardley 80 and 83 respectively, the game was pretty well won before the Players went in. With the exception of R. Humphrey, whose 96 raised his already high reputation a step higher, there was little spirit in the professional batting; and, as Daft unfortunately sustained an injury when he was getting well set in the second innings, it was all the Players could do to avoid a single innings defeat.

When the combined strength of the greatest cricket counties challenged the rest of England, one would have thought that extra pains would have been taken to make the England team as strong as possible. When we say that neither Mr. Yardley, Mr. Hornby, or

Mr. S. D. Walker appeared in the field, it can easily be believed that the whole labour fell on Mr. Grace's shoulders. And again he did not disappoint expectation, and his 170 (not out), out of a total of 290 decided the business at once. He gave, as usual, a chance at his one weak place, short leg; but J. C. Shaw, who has let him off these three times this season, was again his friend. The two Counties—from whose ranks, we ought to say, Daft, Freeman, and A. Greenwood were absent—could only just reach Mr. Grace's individual score in each of their innings. It was a curious thing, too, that Southerton, who was not the least use against the Gentlemen, either at Lord's or the Oval, was very effective against his brother professionals, five wickets in each innings falling to him. There is little doubt, however, that the Counties would have achieved an easy victory in the absence of Mr. Grace, or if he had happened not to come off. At present, and we hope for many years to come, his presence on one side disturbs all calculations that would otherwise be made as to the issue of a match, and almost precludes any hope of a close or exciting finish. This circumstance is naturally disheartening to his opponents, but gratifying, on the other hand, to those who have the good fortune to secure his services on their side. Once more the North and South match, for the benefit of Griffith, a most deserving recipient, was the old, old story. Mr. Grace made 114, and his side won, with eight wickets to go down. There was some good batting, nevertheless, on the part of the North, Lockwood and Daft particularly distinguishing themselves; but the odd thing was that Mr. W. G. Grace got seven wickets in the first and four in the second innings of the North, five being clean bowled. That catches should be sent off Mr. Grace's bowling is intelligible; but how any human being, with any pretensions to a knowledge of batting, can be bowled by him, passes all comprehension.

For closely contested matches we must look to those in which Mr. W. G. Grace does not take part, and we can select no better examples than two between Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire, both of which have resulted in favour of the latter county, the first by fifty, the last by six runs only. Daft was absent from the last match, but both were fought out with a determination worthy of the premier cricket counties of England. The form of the leading players of each county is now so well known, and their prowess is so often seen during the season, that we need only say that Bignall has proved himself an invaluable member of the Nottingham Eleven, and Lockwood bids fair to become the greatest professional batsman in England. Yorkshire has the advantage in wicket keeping, and the Nottingham even would do well to bring out some young aspirants in that department of the game. In bowling the Counties are pretty equal, now that Freeman has virtually retired from active participation in cricket. Either of the two counties (at its best) may defy antagonism from any other county in England, unless Mr. Grace's services are retained, in which case he may himself beat the one or the other, or the two combined, as the case may be.

THE SCHOOLS MATCH.

Now that the first flash of excitement has died away, and the old party feeling, annually aroused by the great match has subsided, it is possible to review calmly a few matters connected more or less directly with the match—to whichever side victory leans, there will always be found an apology for defeat in the mouths of partisans of the losing side. We can well remember the days when, after a succession of defeats, the Etonian apologist was always ready with the reply, 'You have no Thames at Harrow, no rival in the affections of your young athlete; we have to contend with the fascination of the 4th of June and the bright prospects of Henley.' For several years, as fortune frowned upon Eton, more conclusive did this reasoning seem to the despondent descendants of Thackeray and Chitty. A change came suddenly over the scene. One of the ablest heads to sway the varying fortunes of the game, with a pair of the most skilful hands to give effect to theory, appeared *Deus alter ex machinâ* among the playing fields. From the day of his appearing new life was infused into the game. The application of modern practice to ancient theory revolutionized the cricket-field from Lower Twopenny to Upper Club. The boys were not only taught, but shown, that an over-pitched ball, straight or off the wicket, imperatively demanded two or more runs. The straight long hop was no longer to be tamely played back to the bowler, it was to be placed correctly, but strongly, to the 'off' or 'on' for as many runs as possible. Correct play was at all times inculcated, but never to the disadvantage of hard play. Herein lies the great difference between the modern practitioner and the ancient theorist. The straighter the bowling the harder the play. What has been the result of three or four years under the disenchanting influence of Mr. Mitchell at Eton? Do we hear any more of the counter attractions of the winding Thames? Are we not told, on the contrary, that the playing fields are tending to the decline of rowing? There is no question as to the increasing popularity of cricket at Eton, is there equal truth in the prevailing rumours of its decline at Harrow? We are touching upon delicate ground. We live in an age of competitive examination, and our great schools are running at high pressure, somewhat regardless of the wear and tear to the raw material. It is scarcely credible that the elements of weakness at Harrow lie in the increased number of boys at the school. For several years that weakness did proceed from the great disparity of numbers in the two schools. As Harrow rose in popular estimation, its success at Lord's kept equal pace. The school has now reached its 'acme' in point of numbers. It never was so prosperous to all appearance, or stood so high in popular estimation. Yet can any one doubt the signs of weakness, physically speaking, displayed in the contests of the last few years?

The cricketer may be pardoned, if, in laudable zeal for his favourite pastime, and with the memory of this year's defeat still fresh to his mind, he pauses to inquire, if the real strength of Harrow lies only in numbers. The old Harrovian looks with pride to the class lists at the universities, and is grateful to the Indian Board, the Civil Board, the Admiralty, and Hospital Board, for the selection of the youthful hygeist in the competitive examination. He can remember, with equal satisfaction, the honours won by his contemporaries before the levelling days of competition set in. But—and here's the rub—when he pays his annual visit to the ground of his boyhood, he looks in vain for the big boy in jacket, the honest lad, who wasn't good at verses, but scorned to tell a lie, who was sometimes late for first school, and was once or

twice certainly absent from 'bell' (only on the Elstree or Hampstead Hare and Hounds days), who could bowl like Ashton, who could bat like Southwell. There were scholars, in old days, amongst the first cricketers. Dr. Butler himself was, as an athlete, *Minimé impar ingenio* Harrow in those days was strong in its constant supply of boys of equal age, of equal vigour, of the happy range of sixteen to eighteen years. Now and again appeared a phenomenon, a Walker, a Buller, a Hornby. Such as these were carefully nursed, and they could be depended upon to the end of their tether. Do the exigencies of modern competition require, that unless boys move on in a settled high rate of progress, they must be shunted for others on the line, laden with more showy merchandise? Is there no market now for honesty, sobriety, strength of mind, qualities for the most part engendered by strength of frame? Are there not engines excellent in their capacity although stationary, are all bound to be locomotive? Why is the big boy to be banished at the critical age from the comparative purity of the public school, to become the shuttlecock of army examiner, university preparer, the premature dandy, the thing that isn't a man and won't be thought a boy? This is the serious question for the paterfamilias, and in all due respect for authorities, not merely from a cricketer's point of view, for the ruling powers of the school. Let us turn from the moral to the practical aspect of the question—the decline of cricket at Harrow. Are the boys instructed in the game in accordance with the recognised changes of the game itself? Far be it from us to undervalue the services of the time-honoured mentors of our own day. We are too grateful for all they have done, to disparage, by one word, their zeal for our common school. Still, we incline to the opinion that there are too many teachers, that the natural bias of the hitter is too often checked, and that the prospect of being caught out near the ropes, and even being bowled by a shooter on the treacherous slope of Lord's, is too often and too vividly presented to the youthful imagination. It is natural to swipe, it is revealed to unwilling ears to stick. By all means encourage the natural sticker, but don't teach the hitter to distrust the biceps Nature has given him. We know these are radical opinions, and it may be that we are led away by our constant love to the long hop and half volley.

A few more words and we are done. Having enjoyed, through the courtesy of the Committee, a seat in the Pavilion, we were painfully impressed with another feature of the match, which we consider of ominous tendency. Our remark applies to both schools. We allude to the pressure upon the boys themselves exercised by the older members. Party feeling will always run high so long as Eton meets Harrow, and there is no reason why it should not, within certain bounds. We feel bound, nevertheless, to protest in the event, as on Saturday, of any sudden atmospherical change, which puts a doubtful aspect on the game, against the interposition of old Eton or old Harrow between the boys and the umpires. We noticed the difficulty that befell the secretary on his efforts to persuade the Harrow Eleven to leave the Pavilion, after the umpires had replied affirmatively to the question, *Can they play?*

Enormous responsibility rests upon the Committee on an occasion like this. No secretary of Titanic energy could quell the pent-up feelings of an excited crowd; it is difficult enough, when the bell rings, to induce the cramped and crowded assembly to resume their seats, even with the additional backs to the same, which are gradually surrounding the ground. It must be distinctly recognised that the umpires alone shall decide upon the chances of the game, of which our climate forms the most considerable. The arrangements of the

Committee for the comfort of the public are very praiseworthy; the success of this great national match must not hang on the hazard of a few fanatics showing more or less fanaticism; it must rest firmly upon the settled principles of the game, so long and so well upheld by the M.C.C. To the umpires, in the first instance, and in cases of doubt, not immediately under their control, to the declared opinion of the Committee by the voice of their secretary, must all questions be left. We know the boys of both schools too well to doubt their immediate compliance with the rules of established and impartial authority.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

WHATEVER farmers and the rest of the weather-wise division may say about the recent weather, it has certainly been remarkably hot, and on several occasions the utter absence of wind has simultaneously conduced to spoiling a match, and consuming a variety of unwholesome compounds, whose sole merit lies in their coldness. Should we indite anything more than usually idiotic, our friends must please kindly excuse us, and put it down to the temperature. A large contingent of Thames yachtsmen have already left the river, and been employing the time previous to the great doings at the Solent, in various regattas round the coast. The New Thames closed their racing season with a match for yawls, from Gravesend round the Mouse and back. The entries were Dauntless (Mr. F. Willan), Druid (Mr. T. Groves, junior), Mignonette (Mr. T. Hall), Surf (Mr. F. D. Lambert), and Volante (Mr. C. Maw); but the interest of the affair was sadly spoilt by Volante and Mignonette not starting, which made the result look a good thing for the Druid, as indeed it proved. With a good W.N.W. breeze, there was a pretty race down, the Surf rounding five minutes ahead of the others, who were very close together. When homeward-bound, Dauntless led the way, and while the wind held got so far away that she looked like giving the Druid the ten minutes' allowance; but in Sea Reach a lull came, and the Druid made the winning-post well within her time, Dauntless taking second prize. The Royal London had a handicap in lieu of the third-class cutter match, and secured five entries. The course fixed was from Erith round the Nore, back to Gravesend. The prize eventually fell to Mr. Low's Eva, Maid of the Mist winning second honours, both being entitled to time from the Watersprite, who was first home.

The Sailing Barge Match was this year very unfortunate in its weather, as from lack of wind, the racing degenerated into simple drifting for a great portion of the distance, and the fleet of accompanying steamers were at their wits' end for a means of passing their time agreeably. A percentage gave their minds steadily to drink, in default of better occupation, and others indulged in the gentle rubber or exciting loo. One vessel took its cargo to visit the men at the Nore and the Mouse, and delighted the inhabitants of those undesirable residences with newspapers, rum, and shillings: in fact, everybody did everything except look at the drifting barges. In the topsail class, Alice Lloyd again won the first prize, a silver cup, given by the members of Lloyd's (not 'Lloyd's Newspaper,' but Lloyd's underwriting room); Alexandra, Bessie Hart, and Echo taking the others. Amongst the spritsails, Invicta, Renown, Harriet, and Tweed were the first prize-winners; and the constant recurrence of the majority of the same names in the annual list of winners has led to a monotony in the affair, which we hope the Committee will adopt some means to counteract. It would perhaps be well for all winners of first prizes to be barred, and sail in a race by themselves, as, according to the present arrangement, the result usually lies between two or three in each class, and the rest, as far as winning is concerned, may be safely prophesied to be nowhere.

'Wilkes' Spirit,' on the subject of the recent International Boat Race, gives vent to sundry remarks, which, though fair in the main, are here and there

decidedly open to objection. Speaking of the Englishmen, he virtually says they do nothing else but row; which is certainly not a correct description of the members of the L.R.C., whose best oars have almost invariably been engaged in a business or profession. During an university career, when men have probably most time for indulgence in their pet amusements, athletics are not professedly the business of life; and many first-class performers in sport have contrived to attain, in addition, a respectable eminence in the schools, while some have absolutely headed the lists. In fact, the more we think of it, the more certain we feel that the absolute first flight in every branch of sport are those who have shown an equal aptitude for studies or professions, the *corpus sanum* being usually allied to a *mens* which it would be a gross insult to describe merely as *sana*.

The Wingfield Sculls disappointed us vastly, as instead of a numerous entry, which we had good reason to anticipate, we found but one challenger, C. C. Knollys, and Fawcus, the holder, being undoubtedly out of form, there was every prospect of a walk over for the Henley winner; indeed, up to the last moment, it was quite a question whether a race would come off. The Northcountryman, however, very pluckily came to the post, though all his friends were aware of his not being up to the mark, and Knollys started a hot favorite, so much so that there was scarcely any betting on the result, the water-side fraternity being as a rule averse to laying long odds, however confident they may be as to the result. Mr. Thornycroft kindly lent his steam-launch *Miranda*, as he has done on previous occasions, for the use of the umpire, and likewise accommodated some ex-champions, and the fourth estate; the rest of the spectators had to trot across Barnes Common for a view of the finish, which was scarcely worth the journey, as Knollys, though he was astern for the first few strokes, drew rapidly ahead, and led a clear length at the London Club House, afterwards increasing his advantage to a hundred yards at Hammersmith, and paddling easily for the remainder of the distance. Both scullers used sliding seats and steering apparatus, innovations which we may now consider established in public favour. The winner sculled in good form, but his chief merit lies in unusually fine staying powers, which enable him to spurt at the finish apparently as well as at the start. The new champion had no great chance of showing his quality in the race for the Wingfield, as Fawcus was palpably not a *malade imaginaire*, and was lengths behind his last year's form, which may be in a great measure owing to lack of practice this season. Anyhow, the winner showed himself a right good man, and we hope he will come forward to defend his title in '73.

Regattas on the Thames are now so numerous that an almost painful monotony is apt to occur in the list of entries for the principal events. The Marlow-Maidenhead fixture, which has now taken the place of the defunct Pangbourne and Whitchurch regatta as following close upon Henley, was principally noteworthy for the eight-oared race, in which the second eight of the Londoners, who had been easily beaten at Henley for the Duffer's Pot, disposed of the Kingston Grand Challenge team after a splendid race. Thames won the fours from Kingston, who took the 'no coxswain' prizes, Ino's machinery coming to grief during what promised to be a fine race. But provincial water frolics have now become so numerous, that we prefer to allude to them *en masse*, and as Barnes Regatta, which from its prestige may fairly rank next to Henley, is still amongst coming events, being fixed for the 3rd instant, we shall adjourn our very superficial comments on the others, until that has been numbered with the past. At Barnes there is certain to be some good racing between good crews, and though the rise and fall of the tide may interfere with the lotos-eating arrangements of the *pâté-de-foie-gras* division, we are sure to see, amongst both seniors and juniors, something worthy of the name of rowing.

The Thames Regatta, which may without doubt claim to be the national meeting for professional oarsmen, is fixed for the 17th and 19th inst., and its objects being so entirely praiseworthy, we trust there may be nothing to mar its completeness. The boating fraternity, however, nowadays seem but

feebly interested in the affair, and while there is, to say the least of it, a plethora of amateur regattas, and nearly every reach on the Thames has its meeting, at which the local talent have an easy opportunity of acquiring pots, and if not glory, what serves for it in the neighbourhood, the committee of the Thames Regatta have great difficulty in getting together subscriptions for what is really a national object. The report for 1871, unfortunately, shows a trifling balance the wrong way, but we hope this will not occur again, and fellows who have a few spare guineas ('or any part of it,' as ring-men say,) cannot do better than send a cheque or P.O.O. to the honorary secretary.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—A Midsummer Medley.

SIRIUS in the ascendant. A vault of blue sky dotted with fleecy clouds; a brazen sun that flares its rays adown a somewhat-dusty street in a quiet little town on a certain market-day; the immediate locality, an old-fashioned country inn, large and rambling, with a courtyard in which there is one cool and artfully-constructed corner fenced in with stands of flowers and adjoining the bar window, and into which quiet corner unthinking men rashly venture, and find it somewhat difficult to leave, for there are seats inviting to repose, and there is a vision of cooling drinks and Wenham ice inside the bar aforesaid, also of a bar maiden 'as soft as the roses she twines,' who ministers to you and her flowers with equal impartiality. The morning is long, but one does not complain. There is a delicious idleness in the air, which set in with the hot weather, and to stir from the seat in that artfully-constructed corner is the furthest thing from your thoughts. Hot men come and say they have been at a sale, or a trial, or something of the sort, and the only drawback to your pleasant lotus-eating is that they will tell you all about it, how Tiglath Pileser only fetched a monkey, and the Great Panjandrum was beaten to the devil. There are spasmodic attempts at conversation, chiefly 'by the card,' long silences, broken by the popping of soda-water corks, until broughams begin to rattle into the yard, saddle-horses are seen outside the gateway, and luncheon-baskets are being packed. Clearly we must move. Our happy idleness is gone for the present. We are bound on a voyage of discovery, but we shall soon return laden, doubtless, with the spoil of Egypt and of some full-flavoured Egyptians, who have just lounged into the yard. So we leave the fair bar-maiden among her flowers, not without a suspicion that she also would make one of the band of discoverers if she had her will, and we take up our staff, or rather we get into our brougham, and depart.

And where and what is all this we have been talking about? Why this is Newmarket the golden (at least it once was such), 'that seminary of iniquity 'and ill-manners,' as Lord Chesterfield called it years ago, when we suppose they must have behaved very badly and done all sorts of wicked things that they do not do now, or else that very correct nobleman would not have so stigmatised a place, which, in their latter days, is, we know, solely the abode of virtue. And our pleasant lines, where we have been doing our lotus-eating, why that locality must be discovered by Newmarket *habitues*—it does not concern outsiders—the latter having much more to say to the place of our pilgrimage on the other side of the Ditch, a charming spot, but not by poets sung; at least, not that we are aware of, though we have read a good deal of rapturous prose about it. A very pleasant spot indeed, and an excited friend

suggests, as we catch sight of the broad expanse of the Bunbury Mile with the belt of plantation on one side and the grand old Ditch on the other, what a capital thing it would be if the Jockey Club would build a stand for the ladies, 'say a pretty little erection in the Swiss *châlet* style,' on the plantation side? We should like to see the Admiral having the suggestion made to him and to hear his reply touching the *châlet* erection. But who knows? We may live to see such things, or the rising generation may, for the July Meeting might be made one of the prettiest racing gatherings, Goodwood *not* excepted, within the four seas. No one knows, except the comparative few who have seen it, what the other side of the Ditch is like in real July weather, and as far as the personal comfort of us, the *habitués*, is concerned, we do not care how few that number is. But the *ignorami* may trust our assertion that there is really nothing like the July, and that Goodwood, in all its glory, is not to be compared to the Bunbury Mile. The sport is highly interesting, the going is always good, the sun generally shines, the women, not in Goodwood or Ascot war-paint, but in charming country toilettes, are fair specimens of a country side that boasts some beauty, and the favourites—but we won't pursue that branch of the subject. Imperfection is written on every work of man, and even on the other side of the Ditch we cannot get anything to our liking, so we will drop the favourites (and we wish we had done so this very warm July, but that, by-the-way), and only repeat our assertion, which we challenge any one to contradict, that the July is *nulli secundus*. Shame it is that such a locale is so little used, but so much has been said and written about it—we were glad to see that 'The Times' ventilated the subject the other day—that we do not despair of having a Second July added to the Newmarket roll. We have reason to know that the idea finds favour in the eyes of many members of the Jockey Club, and we see no reason why it should not be carried out. The sport at some of the country meetings during the month is not of that character that it would be very desirable to preserve, added to which, that most of them are too far afield to interfere with Newmarket, or Newmarket with them. Liverpool, Worcester, Birmingham, Nottingham, &c., have north country and Midland stables to fall back upon for their support, and a Second July, with a clear week between it and the First, would be an agreeable break before the setting in of Goodwood. One meeting, too, would help the other so much, and if a good Two-Year Old Stake was got up for the Second week (which might be limited to three days), and some of the 50*l*. Plates knocked into 100 ditto's, we should have a most enjoyable time of it. But—there is always a 'but,' and be hanged to it—we must contrive, or rather the Jockey Club must, to make matters more pleasant than they fared this July, when the state of things was truly awful. On our mentioning the scheme to an old member of that august body the other day at Liverpool, he approved of the idea, but added, 'We must alter the form!'

We must indeed. Never was there such a time of it as backers encountered in the early days of warm July. Talk of spoiling the Egyptians, it was they who spoiled us—the merry, facetious dogs—and we were so stupid we did not see the joke. They are *so* pleasant, the same Egyptians, when they win, you have no idea. We never met such nice fellows, affable and jolly, with a *bon mot* for every backer, and such hearty laughter when the backer gets done by a short head, you can't imagine. It is quite a pleasure to hear them, and that pleasure was not denied us during the July week. In truth, they had a glorious time, and the ready-money gentlemen, a small but compact phalanx, drawn up in spring carts outside the enclosure, must have had small sacks to

take away their well-gotten gains. They are amusing fellows, too, not with quite the polished wit of the inner ring, and their repartees have a flavour more pungent than delicate, but still amusing; and as they sit mopping the moisture from their heads and faces between the different events, they have ample leisure, for few—very few—applicants for coin appear at the spring carts after the judge has hoisted the fatal number—the joke and also the jug goes round, and the strong north country dialect comes out stronger, as it will under the influence of emotion, either of a pleasurable or painful kind. Gods, what a time it was! How did we all survive the slogging blows, the facers, that terrible process known as 'knocking holes' into one which we endured? Beginning with the upset of Heather Bloom filly in the first Sweepstakes on Tuesday, which was followed up by the defeat of all the favourites in the Handicap Plate by Knightley, a horse not much fancied by his stable, we came to the July, in which some of our cracks were to meet, and out of which a Derby favourite was to be made. There was some heavy wagering, and Paladin, somewhat to our surprise, was made the favourite. He beat nothing at Ascot, but then Mat Dawson had tried him very highly, and he was very good-looking, and a brother to Queen's Messenger to boot, and all Newmarket and most of the Newmarket gentlemen went for him. But Sir Frederick Johnstone did not give that large sum for Somerset at Lord Anglesey's sale for nothing; and we all saw what Somerset did at Stockbridge, when manifestly unfit, and how, on the second day, he reversed the position of the first, as regarded Kaiser and himself. Those two gallops had done much for him, but some of us shut our eyes against the fact, and only remembered it when Kaiser was seen to be done with at the Plantation corner, and French soon after to be riding Paladin. Somerset, in our opinion, won all the way, and as he took our fancy immensely when we first saw him in the Stockbridge paddock, we were much pleased to see the horse we considered the most blood-like and racing youngster yet out, win. They are early days to talk of a Derby winner, and we are met with the knock-down argument to begin with, that a July horse never does win the Derby, which is supposed to be a clench; but we will stand the racket of that, and persist in believing that Somerset is a very good horse indeed, and that what beats him will be A 1. Of course there are Champagne Stakes, and Middle Park Plates to be run yet, and we may see our favourite dethroned; but 'Follow the Baronet' (we had better leave the Baron alone for the present, we think) shall be our motto. There was no question of what was favourite for the Derby after the race, for the highest offer was 9 to 1 about the son of The Duke. And lucky men are the Messrs. Graham to have that sire, for he will be 'fashionable,' there is very little doubt; and fashion here means money, which it does not always do in other places. Previous to the July, Albani, on whom 5 to 4 was laid, was beaten by Windermere, an own sister to Frivolity, not as handsome as that good little mare, but handsome enough, and perhaps a deal better than some of the high-priced young ones in the Heath House stable, belonging to 'Mr. Bruton.' But the most terrible blow of the afternoon—the time when the 'holes' were knocked into us—was when Visor, a two-year old belonging to a certain Grand Falconer, and unfortunately in the same stable with Windermere, whom it was said he had beaten in his trial (oh! those trials), was pulled out for a T.Y.C. Sweepstake. Then began such plunging as is done now-a-days (and the plunger is not extinct by any means), and it was coining money to lay 6 to 4 on Visor. Nothing else was backed unless the price (6 to 1) tempted a few investments on Juliana, though with her 6 lbs. penalty how could she beat

Visor? It was any odds on the latter, apparently in the dip, and the horse was going easy, when, to the unutterable dismay of nearly every one, Maidment about a hundred yards from home brought Juliana with a rush such as we never saw that fortunate jockey perform before, and he landed the mare by a short head. Custance, we believe, thought he had won, and so did most people looking at it from the side opposite to the chair; and when Juliana's number went up, there went up such pleasant and joyful shoutings from the bookmakers, and on our making a remark as to Maidment's rush to a distinguished friend, the latter said something about Maidment, the rush, and horses and things in general which we will not defile our pen by transcribing. 'The horses are mad, I believe,' a veteran sportsman was heard to remark during the week, after some 'moral' had been bowled over; and truly we agree with the veteran. Perhaps it was the weather. Owners got affected by the heat, and performed some fantastic tricks during the four days, seeing things that were not, and behaving rather childishly than otherwise on some occasions. It was the heat no doubt. Its sudden set in after our Siberian June was trying, and, when losing our money was superadded, too much. Not the first day alone, but all were alike in their evil fortune. Lady Masham, who had been beaten in her trial, and for that very reason, as 'trials' were going, ought to have been backed, won the Beaufort Stakes with the top-weight of 9 st., French doing a rush this time, and just beating the Quail by a head. And that was another characteristic of the sport which was most riling. The racing was all good, and the finishes exciting; the only drawback being that they did not finish in the way they were intended. To the philosopher who did not bet, the week must have been truly enjoyable from a racing point of view; while if what the wicked Frenchman said about the misfortunes of our friends, &c., be true, here was a zest to his enjoyment provided to the bitter end. Lord Falmouth is a philosopher—that is to say, he does not bet—and we saw him eating a peach in his brougham with remarkable fortitude after Lady Masham had won, and Flurry, the favourite, was beaten 'to blazes.' His lordship had a good time of it too with his stable, showing us a very neat filly, Silver Ring by Blair Athol, which carried off the Exeter Stakes—one of the very few favourites that behaved as such—and his Patriarch beat Miserrimus in the Midsummer; the talent having laid 13 to 8 on Miserrimus, and being very sorry for it directly they had done so. Miserrimus did not look at all healthy as he cantered down to the post, having a big appearance, and backers saw their doom from the first; Patriarch soon putting them out of their misery by making the whole of the running, and winning in a canter. Then Falkirk at 5 to 2 was cannoned against, or otherwise interfered with in a handicap on the Wednesday, Phosphorus, not backed for a penny, winning in a canter, and the next day comes and wins the Summer Stakes when there was not a penny on him. Well might it be said that the horses were 'mad.' Of course Cantinière won the Chesterfield, nothing could beat her; and if she had tumbled down there would have been time for her to get up and canter in. Some adventurous spirits laid 600 to 60 on her, which we suppose were really not exaggerated odds; but still, looking at backer's ill luck, a plucky thing to do. Thursday was wound up by Creon, a horse that Lord Aylesford had just bought of Captain Machell, winning a Melton Race when the odds were 2 to 1 on Liverpool; and with this we must terminate the catalogue of horrors. There was racing on Friday, but we took our departure by the early train. We are extremely fond of Newmarket, and particularly partial to the other side of the Ditch; but this was

un peu trop fort. In the Second July, which we hope to see inaugurated next year, we must take care, as Mr. Payne said, 'to alter the form.'

But after all it was Newmarket, though we did lose our money; and how infinitely preferable that to Nottingham's arid waste, termed by imaginative writers, 'Merrie Sherwood;' the dreariness of Aintree, the plating of Chelmsford, and the make-believe of Weymouth and Ipswich. There were nine or ten race-meetings the week following the July, and if they had all been excised from the calendar, bipeds and quadrupeds would have had some rest, and a great many good fellows would have kept their money in their pockets, and not given it to spirited lessees, book-makers, landlords, railway companies, and other rapacities. When, oh when, shall we be cured of this plethora of racing—this tearing of a noble sport to tatters, merely for the sake of a dull spirit of routine—that because Liverpool July was once an important meeting it must continue to cumber the ground long after its importance has passed away—because Ipswich and Weymouth had a Queen's Plate once granted them, that must be the excuse for still continuing them? There were five Queen's plates contested during the week, and fifteen horses ran for them; a lively average, to which we beg to call the attention of her Majesty's Master of the Horse. And the racing at these nine or ten places—who cared either to see it or read about it? The most dreary and wearisome task conceivable was it to look on at the plating of Nottingham and Liverpool, and except that Albert Victor was beaten for the Cup at the latter place, there was nothing to say. He could not give the weight away (22 lbs.) to Indian Ocean, which was a surprise to us, we confess, though of course not to the gentlemen who, directly the handicap came out, abused Mr. Topham for his handiwork, and declared that the race was a gift to Mr. Cartwright's horse! We suspect Albert Victor is anything but a glutton; still, we should have thought that the horse that cut down Sterling, Corisande, Dutch Skater, &c., at Ascot, would not have minded Indian Ocean at 22 lbs.; but last year's horses were not giants, though we thought one or two would turn out to be so. By the way, they back Favonius for the Goodwood Cup, which is curious; for how he is to alter his Ascot running we hardly see; but we had better not speculate on Goodwood, for before this 'Baily' gladdens the eyes of the majority of its readers, the Cup will be a thing of the past. And that reminds us that we were at Worcester the morning on which Mr. Payne, idly leaning over the balcony of the Stewards' Stand, heard the first nail driven into Musket's coffin—not a pleasant sound for an owner to hear, but when he is in total ignorance of the cause, doubly disagreeable. 'Ten to one against 'Musket,' began the sweet voices; 'Hundred to Six;' 'Twenty to One;' (Mr. Payne retreated to a chair here), and at last some gentlemen blandly offered 'Fifties.' Mr. Payne had, up to that time, heard nothing from Taylor, who, doubtless, did not like telegraphing; though the touts had transmitted the bad news of whatever mischief had befallen this good son of Toxophilite all over the kingdom. Every one felt for his owner, who had the Goodwood Cup in his grasp, with one of the finest weight-carriers we have seen for many a day.

But there has been sport, too, in Cockneydom on a gigantic scale, at least, as regarded attendance and charges, when these spirited men, wherever they are, the proprietors of the dismal 'Palace for the People,' which disfigures the grassy slopes of Muswell Hill, bethought them—the Tontine having turned out a failure—that they would get up a race meeting. It showed undeniable pluck on their part, because Cockneydom had a vivid recollection of a catchpenny performance on the same ground two or three years ago,

which was notable also for charges and general incompetency. But then, as now, the British public stood it like lambs, flocked there in crowds, saw some racing round the most extraordinary course ever devoted to the purpose, got very little for their money and departed. We heard nothing of Alexandra Park for some time. Travellers by the Great Northern glanced listlessly at the unfinished building which bore a perpetual blossom of scaffolding thereon, and those among them who were at all of a sporting turn, noticed the wonderfully sharp turn on the so-called race-course, and made sarcastic comments upon it. Then the Tontine scheme was launched, or, at least, was attempted to be pushed from the stocks, but it would not float, and again Alexandra Park died the death. But the managers or proprietors, or whatever they are, were wise after their fashion, and returned to their first love, a race meeting, and small blame to them. Cockney London would patronise a race meeting on the firework ground at Cremorne, and, by-the-way, we give Mr. Baum the benefit of that suggestion, and hope he will think of it; the turns need not be half as sharp as at West Drayton or Alexandra. And if Lord Westminster, too, was a proper sportsman (but we much fear he lacks the *droivus afflatus*), he would get up something for us in Belgrave Square, with a Pimlico Handicap, and everything correct and proper. Therefore the Alexandra people only did what was best for themselves, when, with happy audacity, they announced a race meeting, and we think they deserved no end of *κudos* for it. It was nothing to them that 'the course' was about as fit for racing as it was for cricket—that was for owners of race-horses to find out—what they wanted, as 'men of business,' was money, and they got it. The meeting took place on the 16th and 17th of the month, and was 'a grand success.' The crowds that flocked to Muswell Hill were as past computing as the money taken at the turnstiles. The Messrs. Weatherby had been induced—heaven only knows how—to give the undertaking the benefit of their name; the absurdly-big stand was well patronized, and the Press came prepared to be laudatory and unanimous. Everything was most pleasant and agreeable. We did hear indeed some complaints from ill-conditioned men as to the charges, and two friends of ours who drove on to the ground in a Hansom professed to be rather indignant, after paying for their cab and themselves, at having a shilling demanded for their driver, but then some men are always complaining. That shilling charge for 'cabby,' to our mind, stamps the Alexandra Directors as 'men of business' of the first water, and we will take off our hats to them and to their secretary when we meet, if ever we do. Conducted on such first-rate business principles, how could the meeting prove other than a success? To be sure the racing was not much, but then there was a balloon. By all reason—and here we regret to say we have to find fault with the Alexandra Directors—there ought to have been a balloon race, a handicap, in fact, with Mr. Coxwell top weight, and we wonder the handicappers never thought of it. A good entry might truly have been attained, and the descent of some leading members of the Press in parachutes would have been a splendid finish to the afternoon's entertainment. We trust it will be thought against next year. Mr. James Weatherby will, doubtless, give it his best consideration, and accompany the favourite balloon whatever it may be. And, in addition, there might be other entertainments which the enterprising Directors will, we feel sure, encourage in every way, such as acrobatic performances, a little thimble-rigging, and the usual welching that attends these metropolitan meetings. All these in the programme, we have no dread of the result, and we hope the Directors will not be deterred by any fear that the public will not give them their support. We spoke above of the una-

nimity of the Press, an unanimity that seems, if we mistake not, to have been welded by those eminent contractors, Messrs. Bertram and Roberts, and with the Press with them what have they to fear? To be sure some of the writers rather ignore the racing and try to ignore the course, but they say that the efforts of the Directors have been 'meritorious,' and they wind up with 'Bertram and Roberts.' So three cheers for Alexandra Park, Mr. Coxwell, and the eminent contractors. On the next occasion may we *not* be there to see.

In March last we called the attention of the readers of 'The Van' to the earlier chapters of the tale of 'Satanella,' which is shortly to be published with illustrations by Mr. Payne. We do not propose to follow the thread of the story how the famous black mare was beaten on the post by little Shaneen, and the consequences thereof, or how the wayward Miss Douglas accepted and then threw over the gallant General St. Joseph's. Those who like to take up the book will find the story naturally carried out and full of interest. But, amongst the many well-drawn characters in it, we must select the tender-hearted General, the impulsive Norah Macormac, and the worldly Mrs. Lushington, as especially showing that knowledge of human nature which the writer so eminently possesses. The story concludes with the reappearance of the black mare in a run with the Baron. There are numbers who can testify to the fidelity of the sketch of the party, in the saloon carriage of the nine o'clock express train from Euston, going down to hunt in the Vale. But all will agree that one character is missing, the light gentleman with a heavy moustache, occupying the seat next the window on the near side of the carriage, the very life and soul of the jovial crew. Whether he is chaffing with the Baronet on his left, or getting a rise out of the President, his humour is always pleasant, and his wit never descends to ill nature. He is always looking forward, with flowing spirits, to the enjoyment of that 'Clinker,' of which the writer has given such a vivid description in the last chapter but one of 'Satanella.'

We mentioned in last month's 'Van,' a communication with which we had been favoured from Australia—and very pleased we were that 'Baily' was chosen as the vehicle for that communication—to the effect of the wish on the part of cricketers in the colony, that an English team might be induced to come out to Melbourne before the close of the year. Since then we have been favoured with an account of a Special General Meeting of the Melbourne Cricket Club, through the courtesy of the Sporting Editor of the 'Australasian,' and we are happy to say, that at that meeting, such a satisfactory statement was made of the steps taken by the Melbourne people to further the proposed visit, that we trust no difficulties will be raised here. At the meeting, which was a large and influential one, Mr. MacArthur, the President of the Club, stated, 'That the difficulties which had suggested themselves at the first mention of the scheme had vanished one by one, and he was now happy to say that he saw his way clear in the matter, and was prepared to make a proposition to the club which would, he felt sure, be acceptable to them. In the first place, it appeared that it was necessary to get a guarantee against any loss that might be made through the introduction of an Eleven; and in order to distribute the responsibility as much as possible, and to make sure of the co-operation and good wishes of the general body of cricketers, it was deemed proper to offer a share to both the East Melbourne and South Melbourne Clubs. This offer was heartily accepted by these clubs, and the result of the canvas for guarantors was eminently successful, and in a very short time some fifteen or sixteen members of the M.C.C. had guaranteed nearly 2000/.,

'members of the East Melbourne 750*l.*, and members of the South Melbourne 1000*l.*, the only stipulation with these gentlemen being that it was a *sine quâ non* that Mr. W. G. Grace should be one of the team. With these guarantees (which would be lodged with Mr. T. F. Hamilton), he considered he was justified in associating himself with the venture, and he had therefore called the present meeting. His idea then was that the cricketers of the colony would prefer seeing the team composed solely of gentlemen players; but if the Englishmen wanted to bring their professional bowlers with them, no objection would be made. The terms were so extremely favourable that he had no doubt they would be carried by acclamation. In fact, they were only asking that the gentlemen of England should be invited to come out under the auspices of the M.C.C., and, for the use and sanction of the club's name, half the profits would be given, without incurring any of the responsibilities. In conclusion, he wished to state that no personal benefit would be derived by the gentlemen who had guaranteed these amounts, they having only done so for the pure love of the game, and every penny of profit would be divided between the three clubs.' We cannot conceive that there will be any reluctance on this side the globe to fall in with the wishes and plans of our Australian cousins. The desire to have Mr. W. G. Grace as one of the eleven is most natural, as is also the one that the team should be composed of gentlemen players. We trust that Christmas may see a crack Eleven enjoying the hospitalities of their brethren in the New World.

'Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales went down to Windsor yesterday and witnessed a match at Polo between the officers of the Royal Horse Guards and the 9th Lancers.' This extract from a 'Court Circular,' of three or four weeks since, must have caused some bewilderment to a good many old-fashioned people (and these are precisely the class who read that wonderful production) as to what Polo was, and the explanation that it was 'Hockey on Horseback,' was perhaps hardly explanatory enough, but with that, for the present, they must, in common with ourselves, be contented. It is an Indian game, and to Mr. Hartopp, of the 10th Hussars, and Lord Valentia, of the same regiment, belongs the credit of having introduced it into this country. It was first played, we believe, at Hounslow, when the 10th were quartered there—at least we remember once or twice being bidden to a Polo afternoon there last summer, which we much to our regret could never manage to attend. It has been played at Aldershot, too, and, in fact, in many barrack squares, but may be said to have been regularly introduced to 'society' under the highest auspices on that afternoon at Windsor, noticed in the 'Court Circular.' It was on the 16th, and the gathering was a brilliant one, the Paddington officials being much astonished at the influx of a lot of pretty, well-dressed women, attended by equally well-dressed men, who all wanted to go to Windsor by the 2 o'clock train. For the Blues gave a luncheon to Royalty, and the pretty women and their attendant swells were bidden to assist thereat. Spital Barracks was the *venue*, and the important ceremony of feeding well got through, an adjournment took place to the open space in the Home Park, used by the cavalry quartered there as their exercise ground. It was a semi-military spectacle, as befitted a game in which soldiers were the players, and the 100 troopers of the Blues, who kept the ground, all picked men, looked, with their cuirasses flashing in the sun, very grand fellows indeed. The Prince and Princess, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and a circle of friends and intimates, witnessed the game from a tent, and when a trumpeter gave the signal, and the ball was flung into the centre of the ground, then began an exciting scene. Such dashing charges, such confused mêlées, a

waving of hockey sticks in the air, a clever struggle between three or four of the combatants for a stroke at the white ball that lay under their ponies' feet, a struggle out of which one horseman emerges triumphantly, his hockey stick, it is true, broken, but with the ball flying before him to the goal, another charge and rally, and dense mingling of ponies' heads and a coming to grief of some human ones, another outcome of the ball, and a goal has been won. It was the Marquis of Worcester (playing on the side of the Blues) who gets a 'wipe' from some uplifted hockey stick, a wipe that makes the blood flow, but he thinks nothing of it, and is ready for another charge with unabated ardour. Though the match was a drawn game when the trumpet sounded, the 9th Lancers appeared to be the better men, showed more jockeyship—and we need scarcely say there is plenty of scope for this in the new pastime—and were more *au fait* at the business. Indeed the return match played at Woolwich on the Friday following was a hollow victory for the 9th, who scored four goals to the Blues' one. The game was pronounced, emphatically, 'very good,' and is, we think, sure to be popular. There is something very exciting about it. A man must be able to ride, and handle his horse well; he must stand the racket of sore shins or a bloody coxcomb, be quick of eye and nimble of hand. It is a game, too, that ladies will enjoy to look at, a sort of tournament in which they can back their knights; much better fun than seeing pigeons killed at Hurlingham, or a cricket-ball knocked about at Prince's or Lord's. There was another grand tournament in Richmond Park on the 27th, where furious Lancers and fiery Guardsmen met again, not exactly 'in their sulphurous canopy,' but managed an imitation thereof pretty well, and everybody whom the heat had spared came to see them. Of course there is to be a Polo Club. A club is the inevitable thing in this country when a new idea or a new sport is born to the world, so Polo must have one. There is nothing yet definitely settled, the ground being the chief point to settle. Some of the original Poloites seem to have a hankering for Hurlingham, and so killing two birds with one stone, shooting the rocks one day and breaking each other's heads the next. On the other hand, a very eligible spot has been found within three miles of the Marble Arch, that is described to us as just the thing. In next 'Van' we hope to announce the thing as settled.

We are happy in stating that the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society daily grows in the favour of all good sportsmen and sportswomen, and that the Prince of Wales has become its patron and heartily approves of its object. Up to the present time it has 425 honorary members and 200 benefit ditto, and out of the 425 fully two-thirds are M.F.H.'s and past-masters. If our readers will look at the advertisement at the beginning of this 'Baily,' the names of the committee and trustees will be a perfect guarantee of the soundness and stability of the association. The fund, indeed, is safe to be supported by all hunting men, save and except by the never-give-nothing-to-nobody gentry, fellows who come out hunting at such places as Laverick Wells in red coats, varnished boots, very long spurs, and big bouquets, who gallop to cover, jump unnecessarily, head the fox, smoke and swagger, *mais voilà tout*. Fortunately this class of sportsmen is rarely a native in the country, but is of the here-to-day-and-gone-this-day-month order, one who rides over the largest landholder, calls the biggest subscriber (a man who likes to see hounds work) an old muff, never gives a sixpence to the hunt secretary, and when he departs to the place from whence he came, leaves nothing behind him but the unpaid bill of a livery stable-keeper. May all such gentry break their necks at Polo before next November unless they reform their wicked ways, for if they do not there will be no welcome for them at Laverick Wells.

The season at Hurlingham may be said to be over. Shooting this year has not been the sport of princes, and the 'Daily Gusher' has lost much of its occupation in consequence, but it has been a good time notwithstanding, and, judging from the number of private dinners at the club-house, a jolly time as well, when, after the shooting of rocks, one could turn one's attention to the feeding of doves—an employment about the most delightful we know. We wish the weather was not quite so hot, or else we feel we could write an essay on that subject and its delights—the sustentation of pretty women. What so pleasurable as a little dinner, *en petit comité*? not more, we think, than half-a-dozen, all of one accord and mind, *sympathiques*, in fact; and to watch the pretty mouth or mouths taking in dainty morsels, to see the Perrier Jouet or the Giesler (not the too dry sort, they don't like it) gurgling down the throat, the eyes acquiring a fresh lustre after each application; to see the heads nod approvingly over *cailles aux truffes*, and the somewhat flagging attention revive at a *pouding glacé*, why this is worth all the International and Goodwood Handicaps that ever were shot for. But all this is vanity, and beside the subject of Hurlingham and the Gun Club proper, so let us return to it. Well, it has been a very successful season at both clubs, though some of the usual matches, such as the Lords and Commons and the Guards, have not been in the programme. Captain Starkey has won the most money this year, and Captain F. Gist and Captain Pritchard Rayner have also both a good winning account and shown wonderfully good form. That the shooting has been excellent, one or two instances picked here and there will prove. On the 13th of June at Hurlingham the Hon. E. Jarvis (a new member and shooting for the first time there) killed 18 birds in succession at 26 yards, and on the same day Captain Lyte killed 11 birds at same distance. On the 28th of June, too, at the Gun Club, Mr. H. Rae Reid killed 11 birds in succession at 27 yards—a very good performance. Many others might be quoted did our space allow. May the gunners do as well on the heather and over the stubble.

It is with much pleasure we note the successful launching of the new Stud Company, who were such large buyers at that wonderful Middle Park sale. All dread of Austria or Germany taking the best of the brood-mares and sires was scarcely dispelled when Mr. Coupland, the master of the Quorn, who takes very deep interest in the new venture, showed by his words that he meant business, and that it would require a great deal to shake him off. It is gratifying to me that the public have so well supported the new Company, that they already contemplate doubling their capital (50,000*l.* was too small a sum), and with Mr. Bell as their Manager, we hope to congratulate him and them next year at their first sale, be it at Cobham, or under the shade of the old elms that has already witnessed so many. For, although nothing definitive as to the future is yet agreed on, we believe we are correct in saying that there is a great chance of the annual sales being held at Middle Park, wherever the tent of the Stud Company be pitched.

It is customary for people to extol the good old days and decry the present age, and every now and again one hears that, in consequence of 'the practice of handicapping and running two-year olds,' the national pastime of horse-racing is in its decadency, and that our British thoroughbreds have degenerated, and are neither so fleet nor so enduring as they were half a century ago. He who witnessed the sale of the late Mr. William Blenkiron's world-renowned stud at Middle Park last week would, however, tell a different tale, for never before did any man possess such a goodly array of lordly stallions and beautiful mares as were collected in the Eltham paddocks.

The stud consisted of 13 stallions, 198 brood mares, and 117 foals and

fillies, which when brought to the hammer by Mr. Edmund Tattersall, realized the enormous amount of 102,335 guineas. The unprecedented prices paid at this sale not only proved the well-earned reputation and the instinctive judgment of the founder of the Middle Park Stud, but it also showed that the intrinsic value of really good blood-stock has not deteriorated, notwithstanding that sensational plunging is much on the decrease. Six stallions and 10 mares brought royal prices, and notwithstanding the keen competition of foreign speculators, the cream of the stud has been saved to England by the enterprise, good judgment, and pluck of the representatives of the new Stud Company. The largest prices realized were as follows:—

Stallions. Blair Athol (Stud Company), 12,500 guineas; Gladiateur (Captain Ray), 7,000 guineas; Breadalbane (Count Lehndorf), 6,000 guineas; Saunterer (Mr. T. Pain), 2,100 guineas; Mandrake (Mr. Wetherby), 2,100 guineas; Victorious (Stud Company), 2,000 guineas.

Brood mares. Seclusion (Mr. H. Chaplin), 2,500 guineas; Isilia (Captain Ray), 1,600 guineas; Margery Daw (Stud Company), 1,600 guineas; Papoose (Stud Company), 1,600 guineas; Coimbra (Stud Company), 1,500 guineas; Inspiration, with filly by Saunterer (Count Lehndorf), 1,550 guineas; Bess Lyon (Stud Company), 1,000 guineas; Crinon (Stud Company), 1,000 guineas; and Tunstall Maid (T. E. Walker), 1,000 guineas.

On Friday there was a grand gathering of Turf celebrities and speculators, and at an early hour the green lawn and approaches to Middle Park were thronged with spectators, who came thinking, perhaps, to take a last look of the far-famed stallions. Amongst the company were Prince Batthyany, Prince Lechienstein, the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Falmouth, Lord Roseberry, Lord Bradford, Lord Grey de Wilton, Count Lehndorf, Master of the Stud to the Emperor of Germany, Count Kalmar, Superintendent of the Stud in Alsace and Lorraine, Count Bertreux, Count Montreul, Baron Malzahain, Hon. Manners Sutton, Sir Frederick Johnstone, Hon. H. W. Fitzwilliam, Herr Andre, of the German Breeding Association, M. Cavaliero, the Austrian Commissioner, Mr. Henry Chaplin, Mr. J. Coupland and Mr. Bell, the representatives of the New Stud Company, Mr. Gee, of the Wadhurst Stud, Mr. Graham, of the Yardley Stud, Mr. John Day, Mr. T. V. Magan, Mr. R. Jardine, Colonel Forrester, Colonel Pearson, Major Carlyon, Captain Cocper, Captain Gough, Captain Fletcher, Mr. Clayton, and Mr. Chaloner Smith.

Had there been any far-seeing politician who dare to assume responsibility in our War Office, the *élite* of this stud, instead of being scattered amongst speculators and foreigners, would have been purchased by Government as the nucleus of a grand national establishment for the supply of cavalry chargers. The representatives of other nationalities are always on the alert to purchase our best stallions for the improvement of their own blood stock; and to this wise and salutary measure may be attributed the fact, that the troop horses of continental armies are, in every way, incomparably superior to what they were before the Crimean War. At every military centre Government might have a couple of stallions standing at national service, it being understood that the 'Stud authorities' should always have the first offer of the produce at a certain price. Were some such project carried out in a proper manner, we should not only see a marked improvement in the breed of our troop horses, but we should ensure a continuous supply without having to pay exorbitant prices. At present, cavalry and artillery horses are very difficult to obtain in sufficient

numbers to mount even our present insignificant force, and those that are passed into the ranks are bought dearly, and are not up to the mark as weight-carriers. This is the universal complaint of all officers commanding cavalry regiments, and the evil is more likely to increase than diminish, unless Government either passes a law prohibiting the export of horses or establishes a national stud. The first means would be unfair to breeders of horses, as it would, more or less, fetter the trade, but the second would be a truly national boon that would not only benefit the service, but the country at large.

Every one must regret the dispersion of such a magnificent collection of thoroughbreds; but there is some consolation in the fact that the cream of the establishment will remain in the country. It would have been most humiliating to think that England, 'at the same time so rich and yet so poor,' should allow the finest stallion in the land to enter some continental haras—as did Newminster, Daniel O'Rourke, West Australian, Buccaneer, Blue Gown, The Colonel, and many other of our best performers. Where was the Master of the Horse that he neglected this golden opportunity of adding a couple of clinking stallions to diffuse fresh blood in the Royal Stud at Hampton Court, which is notorious for producing only second-class animals? Was it apathetic indifference or parsimony that prevented the representative of the Queen's Stud from acquiring what is acknowledged to be *the best strain of blood* for the Royal establishment? This opinion was openly expressed by people of all shades of politics on Friday last, when the representatives of the breeding studs of Austria, Germany, France, Spain, America, and Australia showed up in great force—all bent on acquiring some addition to their national stud. Thanks to the spirit of private enterprise with which this country teems, the new Stud Company, an association of gentlemen interested in the English thoroughbred, formed for the purpose of securing and retaining in this country the pick of the Eltham establishment, came well to the front, and, with great judgment and knowledge of horseflesh bought many of the most valuable animals. The price they gave for Blair Athol, viz., 13,125*l.*, is, undoubtedly, a high one; but he is an exceptional horse, and his value even as a Derby and St. Leger winner is considerably enhanced by the performance of his 'hopeful offspring,' Prince Charlie. Taking his earnings at 4000*l.* a-year, he can hardly be called dear at three years' purchase; and there appears to be every chance of his doing well, as the representative of the Stud Company before leaving the Eltham paddocks received fifteen subscriptions to him for next season at 100 guineas each. The new Company, whose head-quarters is near Cobham, will commence operations with every prospect of success, for the produce of such mares as Armada, Alcestis, Bess Lyon, Coimbra, Celerrima, Leprosy, Minna Troil, Margery Daw, Molly Carew, Regenella, Rose of Kent, Papoose, and the Swallow are likely to realize such prices as will pay a handsome dividend to the shareholders. There were several strange bets made on the ground as to the prices that the different stallions would be knocked down for, and a well-known writer in 'Baily' won a wager made under the following conditions: He was to give his friend a penny for every guinea that Blair Athol might fetch less than 8000 guineas; whilst his friend was to give him a penny for every guinea exceeding 8000 guineas which the stallion might be sold for. The horse being knocked down for 12,500 guineas, the friend had to stump up 4,500 pence, or 18*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.* ('Little fishes are sweet!')

The Great Ocean Race from Ryde to Cherbourg and back for a pair of silver tankards, designed by Raphael Monti, was won on the 24th ultimo by

Mr. C. Thellusson's schooner *Guinevere*, which completed the distance in rather more than 46 hours, beating Mr. Ashbury's schooner *Livonia* by 3 h. 48 m.; Mr. J. Stevenson's schooner *Blue Bell* by 3 h. 13 m.; and Major Thorpe's yawl *Gertrude* by 2 h. 20 m. The *Alive*, *Dauntless*, *Ayacanora*, *Pantomime*, *Corisande*, *Anemone*, and *Dione* also started, but were not timed. The *Gertrude*, being entitled to a time allowance of 1 h., 36 m., 57 s., takes the second prize of 60*l.*, the amount of the entrance money.

The Royal Victoria Yacht Club Regatta commences on the 12th inst., and the annual dinner will take place at the club house, on Tuesday the 13th inst.

A running-match for 100 yards for a stake of 50*l.*, with 50*l.* forfeit, has been arranged between a gallant captain well known in racing circles, and a sporting north country baronet, the captain to give his antagonist 5 yards' start in the hundred. The time and place have not yet been decided upon.

An extraordinary performance took place on Saturday last, when Professor Brown undertook to ride a land and water bicycle from Westminster Bridge to Chelsea New Bridge in 35 minutes for a bet of 50*l.* Notwithstanding the wind was dead against him, and the water lumpy, he accomplished the distance in 22 minutes, winning the match with 13 minutes to spare.

The season is waning fast; town has become half empty, and those who are not bound to remain by duty or work are looking up their 'shooting-irons,' in anticipation of sport on the moors. To those sportsmen who are weary of the ordinary routine, a new field has lately been opened, that seems to promise well; for a grand buffalo-hunt will be held in September next on the prairies of Nebraska and Colorado, and in the magnificent valley of the Republican River. This valley possesses some of the most varied and magnificent scenery in America. The country is beautifully wooded, and watered by clear streams and rivulets, and its rich grassy pastures are the home of countless herds of buffalo. The climate is extremely healthy, and much resembles that of England. The atmosphere is pure, dry, and invigorating; there are no swamps or stagnant pools to generate miasma, and fever and other malarious diseases are unknown. The Burlington and Missouri-River Railroad Company, under whose auspices the hunting party is organised, will in every way aid and assist any British sportsmen who may join it; and Mr. C. S. Dawson, who left England last April, has made arrangements in Nebraska with Mr. Ward Manley, and a corps of Western hunters, trappers, and scouts, for a grand meet in the valley of the Republican River, where buffalo, elk, antelope, red-deer, beaver, otter, wild turkey, prairie-chicken, &c., abound. There are no hostile Indians in Nebraska whatever; but friendly chiefs of the Otoes, Pawnees, &c., will accompany the party. The commissariat will be in charge of Mr. Townley, of the Tichenor House, Lincoln, Nebraska, at which place the hunters will rest a day after the journey, make preparations for the hunt, and leave their heavy baggage. Sportsmen will be provided with horses and baggage animals, army tents, and beds during the hunt, and, in fact, with everything generally found in a first-class hotel. Mr. Townley will be accompanied by an efficient corps of cooks, men to pitch and strike camp, and attend to baggage; and there will be servants to take care of the horses. Every necessary arrangement has been made to give this hunting party the greatest amount of pleasure, with the least possible trouble. The steamer 'Atlantic,' of the White Star line, leaving Liverpool on the 12th September, has been selected to convey the hunting party to New York, whence they will be taken by express train of Pullman's drawing-room and sleeping cars, viâ Pennsylvania, across the Alleghany Mountains to Chicago, where time will be allowed to

view the burnt city ; then across the prairies of Illinois to Burlington, Iowa. At this point the Mississippi is crossed, and the party will proceed by the cars of the Burlington and Missouri-River Railroad Company, to which a dining-room car will be attached ; over the Missouri and the State of Iowa to Lincoln, Nebraska. The party will be accompanied from Liverpool by Mr. Dawson, whose assistants will take charge of the baggage the whole way through to Lincoln, Nebraska. The arrangements will be such as to admit of ladies joining the party. The trip will occupy about seven weeks, and the fare, including every expense except wine, liquors, and cigars, will be 90 guineas each ; ladies, 10 guineas extra. Sportsmen need only take with them their personal baggage, arms, and ammunition, every other necessary will be provided.

The greater part of the arrangements for the autumn manœuvres have been definitely fixed, and Lieut.-Gen. Sir John Mitchel will command the Blandford force, consisting of two divisions of infantry under Major-Gens. Sir Alfred Horsford and Brownrigg, and one cavalry division under Sir Thomas MacMahon ; the total strength of this corps will be about 15,161 men of all arms. The northern force will be commanded by Lieut.-Gen. Sir Robert Walpole, with Major-Gen. Lord Mark Kerr and Sir Charles Staveley in command of its two infantry divisions, and Major-Gen. Shute in command of the cavalry ; the whole numbering about 15,331 men, exclusive of a small volunteer contingent. The Duke of Cambridge, who is the Umpire-in-Chief, will probably make his head-quarters at Wilton, the seat of Lady Herbert of Lea.

A well-known character on London flags and in London clubs has died, too, since our last. Mr. Durant—familiarily known as 'Ginger' Durant—threw himself out of a window on to a green-house, when under the full impression that he was taking a header into the sea ! Of course he cut himself frightfully, and died of lock-jaw a few days after the occurrence.

During the past month death has taken away from us a kind-hearted man and first-class sportsman in the person of Lord Southampton. His lordship came to his title at an early age ; he began life in his teens, and in his twenty-fourth year he became Master of the Quorn Hounds. Princely liberality alone will not ensure sport, but Lord Southampton was an apt scholar in the craft. At the end of his second season the opportunity presented itself, of which he was not slow to avail himself, of purchasing the hounds of Lord Tavistock, who was giving up the Oakley country. They were not a very sorry lot to look at, but were rare workers in the field, and with them came their huntsman, George Mountford. Will Derry and George Beers whipped in, and, between them, they showed such sport as has rarely been seen in Leicestershire. Afterwards Lord Southampton, having settled down at his country-seat at Whittlebury, took the Grafton country. He purchased, from Mr. Harvey Combe, the celebrated Osbaldeston pack, and the whole establishment was carried on upon the most liberal scale. His extreme anxiety to show sport made him excitable in the field, and he frequently changed his huntsman. Dick Simpson and George Beers gave the most satisfaction. Latterly he hunted the hounds himself, Bob Ward and Frank Beers, in succession, whipping in to him ; and it was to the regret of every one that, about ten years ago, Lord Southampton retired from the hunting field.



John D. Brown

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BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE EARL OF CRAVEN.

GEORGE GRIMSTON CRAVEN, third Earl of that ancient name, was born in 1841, and, by the death of an elder brother, succeeded his father in 1866. He was educated at Harrow, and entering the Scots Fusilier Guards, remained in that regiment until a short time previous to his marriage, in 1867, to Miss Evelyn Barrington, the second daughter of Viscount Barrington. Warmly attached to all field sports, but pre-eminently to hunting, he has been for the last few years joint Master, with Mr. T. Duffield, of the Old Berkshire Hounds, and few more thorough sportsmen or harder riders are to be found in the roll of M.F.H. than the subject of our present sketch. He is always with the hounds, a strict preserver of foxes, and encouraging by his example every owner and tenant to do the same.

We need hardly say that Lord Craven, as his father's son, is a staunch supporter of the Ashdown Coursing meetings. We do not think he is an ardent courser, as so many of his name have been, but he takes care that the Ashdown traditions shall not fade, and he does all he can to show sport, preserving hares solely for coursing. There is a capital likeness of Lord Craven, by-the-way, in Mr. Pearce's celebrated painting (now engraved) of 'Coursing 'at Ashdown Park,' and taken in the way he would like best, on a well-known chesnut mare of those days, his seat perfection, and the whole *pose* both of horse and man one of Mr. Pearce's happiest efforts. Though never 'on the Turf,' as the phrase goes, Lord Craven is fond of a little cross-country sport, and won no less than four Hunters' steeple-chases last season with a favourite horse, Yeoman. He is a good shot, a keen angler, popular with all classes, attached as his forefathers to the life of a country gentleman, with all its duties and its pleasures; and whether by the covert side on Kingston Warren, with the greyhounds on the slips, or over a Lancashire moor, Lord Craven holds his own in those sports which are in some way the heritage of an English gentleman.

In the field Lord Craven is a very determined rider, crashing
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through strong places which would infallibly turn over a lighter or less powerful horseman. This style of riding, of course, entails upon him many a fall, but his lordship treats such matters as trifles light as air. It was only last season that, through riding a blown horse at a hog-backed stile, the natural result followed, and he was laid up for some time, but only to return to his favourite amusement with undiminished zest.

He is far above the average of the coachmen of the present day, being very strong upon his box, where he may constantly be seen during the London season; but the Ridings of Combe Abbey are more to his taste than Rotten Row, and he prefers the bracing breezes of Weathercock Hill to the atmosphere of Belgravia.

THE LAST OF MIDDLE PARK.

THERE is always something inexpressibly sad in the dispersion of any collection, whether it be of pictures or animals, works of art or works of nature, which, from old associations, popular tastes have been led to look upon almost in the light of their own property. We seem to take a mournful pleasure in assisting at final ceremonies attendant on such breakings-up, and to catch, as it were, the last breath of an undertaking whose reputation has come to be mixed up with that of our great national institutions. Not only to the sporting world proper, but also to that large outside circle which takes an occasional plunge into the troubled waters of the Turf, the 'Monster Stud Farm,' as the 'Druid' so happily termed it, had become a source not merely of annual amusement but of a deeply founded pride as the first breeding establishment in the world, and a model in the ways and means of administration adopted by its founder. Our object here is not to trace its rise from small beginnings to the most extensive and perfect institution of its kind in the world, but to illustrate to the best of our ability its closing scenes, and to place upon record, in the pages of 'Baily,' the leading features of the four days' sale.

In tropical heat, varied by occasional storms, which, happily, did not interfere with the sale, proceedings began in that ever-memorable week before Goodwood. The stud farms of England, North and South, sent their deputations to 'pick up something of Blenk-iron's;' the victorious Fatherland commissioned its Moltkes and Bismarcks for an invasion of the British equine kingdom; proud Austria gave buying orders to her master of the Imperial horse; Cavaliero and André, household names in our home sporting circles, came to take their share in the spoils; even Spain was not unrepresented; while trainers and jockeys snatched what spare time they could from the blossom of the racing year to be present on one day at least of the most remarkable sale on record. To all alike the same genius of hospitality gave a hearty welcome; and even those

who came to bid, but found prices ruling too high for their purses, went resigned if not contented away.

'At the present moment there are no fewer than 4,000 stallions standing at the public service in Austria, 1,600 others are at work through Germany.' Such were among Mr. Tattersall's opening words; and, although they were only spoken incidentally in reference to the want of enterprise shown by our Government at home, they struck such a key-note as must vibrate through the length and breadth of the land, and touch upon matters demanding more serious consideration and discussion than that allowed by our present limits, although we hope some day to take up our parable on the above text.

And here, before the first lot is led in, let us pause to notice the perfection of condition exhibited by horses, mares, and foals alike, and the quiet and confident bearing of every animal brought into the sale ring, amply testifying to the care and patience bestowed on their education, and speaking volumes for the fidelity of their well-tried attendants, whose services have been so diligently sought for by those embarking in stud pursuits. The mares were noble specimens, of the very highest and purest lineage, and with the best running blood in England in their veins. They were gems eminently worthy of that influential 'setting' which clustered round the ring; things of beauty and joy for ever to the true lover of the horse. Like the Israelites when they left the land of bondage, 'There was not one feeble person among their tribes.'

Actress goes to 'star-it' in Ireland; and Ada goes along with Mr. 'Dutchman' Jones over the dark blue waters to walk, like Tennyson's Katie, 'by the long wash of Australasian seas.' Ada Mary, a daughter of old Glance, the corner-stone of this wondrous collection, was M. Cavaliero's choice; and Agra, with her smart Marsyas foal, marked 'first blood' for England by the nod of Mr. Crawley. Then the Stud Company broke the ice by securing Alcestis, and she and her Blair Athol pledge will not be separated. Alma went to keep them company at the 'New Jerusalem;' and then Major Carlyon took Amethyst, of the old 'Touchstone' line, and her young Saunterer. The Germans claimed Antias; and Antonina, with her bay Marsyas filly, and bearing another burden to the old horse, found a home in the fair Buckland pastures. Armada was soon under sail for the new haven at Cobham, where her Buccaneer blood will be duly appreciated; Artesia is destined to become one of the ornaments of the Austrian Stud Book, though Prince Leichtenstein would not be denied her Man-at-Arms foal; and poor Jock of Oran would assuredly have topped the 15 guineas taken for Athena Pallas out of regard to the 'park hack' Neptunus, as 'Argus' loved to call him. The Germans got Attraction and her foal at a very moderate figure; and Bangle, with her double Touchstone cross, could not be considered a dear bargain. Basquine, with her Mantilla and Bonnie Katie reputation, will do good service yet to the Blankney Stud, where she is destined to enjoy the unwonted

pleasure of a Hermit's smile. The dappled brown Battaglia soon awoke a sharp cross fire, from which M. Cavaliero was the first to retire; and the Stud Company, just wanting a turn of speed to finish with, were beaten by Mr. Waring at 930 guineas, though as a sort of consolation they secured her young Gladiateur, wherewith to start their next year's sale. We knew that the Stud Company had set their hearts on the slashing Bess Lyon, but MM. Cavaliero and André had not come across the 'streak of silver sea' for nothing, though 'happy England' was too much for them at last. Her highly connected youngster fell to the same nod; and then, after Mr. Weatherby had secured two Touchstone mares, and Prince Leichtenstein Boadicea (a daughter of old Defenceless) and her foal, the Germans had a turn, and Bouquet and Busy Bee not inappropriately cross the Channel in company. Cauldron and Celerrima were no bad selections for the Cobham *repertoire*, but they will have to go thither without the 'Chaperone' so keenly sought for them, whose duties will in future lie among the young hopefuls of the Imperial Austrian stud. Chiffoniere and her young Atherstone were well bought by the Stud Company; and Christabelle, who has deserted Lambton at last, and smiled on Gladiateur in her eighteenth season, goes into Mr. Chaplin's stud, bearing her years as lightly as her honours, with a promising Marsyas pledge by her side. Then came a bevy of beauties of the C division; Christina, one of the handsomest mares even of the Blenkiron collection, whom Mr. Combe would not be denied, and took her Blair Athol filly along with her; Circe, one of her late owner's especial favourites, with a foal by the same sire: and the magnificent Coimbra, quite queen of the first day's sale, with a bald-faced colt marking his sireship surely enough. After four such contests, all ending in favour of the home venture, bidders might well take a long, deep draught at the 'cooling cups and dainty drinks' going the rounds so bountifully, and harden their hearts for a shot at Columba and Contadina. But the small fry were not the kind to get in a bid edgeways, Mr. Combe and the Germans tiring them all out. Cradle and Crinon, both daughters of old Margery Daw, helped to give a fillip to the conclusion of the first day's sale, Sir C. Coote taking the Saunterer mare, and the Stud Company wearing down all competition for the 'dark' Newminster matron. Neither did anything while in training, but perhaps the honours are in reserve for their stud career; and truly the blood is undeniable. Surplice mares seem at a discount, or Creeping Rose, with all her years, had not gone so cheap; and Cygnet, with her Breadalbane burden, and sturdy-looking King John at foot, should have heard the Alarm lineage sounded to a better tune.

Mr. Walker battled for Danae as strongly as for her son at the yearling sale; and though Deception is destined for the deep, cool pastures of the German land, and Colonel Buller would not leave Delight, their foals go to swell the first catalogue of 'the Stud Company, Limited.' Eda, who knew the Bedford stripes and

Sam Rogers so well, takes her Gladiateur nursing to the Fatherland; Ellermire is now the 'property of a lady,' parting company with her young Blair, who is bound for Cobham; and Elsie Venner's future produce will run in the name and colours of Prince John of Moravia. Elspeth has done the State some service, but her years were against her, and the Victorious colt nearly doubled his dam's price to Lord Bradford. Mr. Bland got one at last in Eltham Beauty, and Emblematic, the 'rake-handle' mare of Liverpool renown, may breed steepplechasers for Teutonic lieges.

England's Beauty could not be dear at seventy-five guineas to Mr. Walker with all her many winters, and Miss Nellie, with all the Newminster quality and Sweetmeat shapes, was fought over hotly, until Mr. Bland gave the winning nod; Envelope was a cheap young Weatherbit matron; but Esther, notwithstanding her Recovery blood, and Blair Athol connection, we thought dear enough to our 'cousins-german' at a monkey. The foal seemed better goods; and after that there was a lull in the biddings, unbroken even by a Fanfaronade, until Lord Rosslyn came to the rescue of Fayaway, and the irrepressible Teuton secured Feodorowna and her foal. Firefly, one of Mr. Greville's favourite Twitter stock, is to become a shining light in Hungary, and the hearts of the Stud Company were set upon these well-matched companions, Foible and Frolicsome. M. Cavaliero tired out all opposition for Free Kirk; and we suggest the name 'Presbyterian' for the Breadalbane colt. Goldfinch was Prince Batthyany's selection: Gondoline will 'come back to Erin;' and Mr. Bland took Governess for his nursery, and got plenty for his money. Gratitude looked simply magnificent, and from the first offer of a monkey, quickly rose up to double that sum, offered by M. Cavaliero; but Mr. Bland had no bargain in her hollow-backed foal, though, perhaps, his Governess and a backboard may improve matters. Captain Alexander took Habena for an old song; the iron-grey Haymarket fetched her full value; Highland Lassie's pedigree set Mr. Weatherby nodding; and the plain-looking Humming Bird fell to his Grace of Hamilton. Inspiration, one of the finest mares in the collection, was too tempting a dish for the foreigner to resist, and Prussia and Austria fought as hard for her as for victory at Sadowa; but Count Lehndorff stayed the longest, and she leaves England with her Blair Athol burden, and neat little Saunterer at foot. Isabel and her foal were one of the cheapest lots sold to the Stud Company, and then Isilia stepped proudly into the ring. Bids came as thick as daws to a cherry-tree, but one by one they dropped away, lastly M. André and Mr. Coupland, and Mr. Ray found himself her possessor. Of course he could not miss the foal, and then Mr. Weatherby took a regular Merry-bred one in Jessie; and the Stud Company wound up a somewhat hot day apparently enough satisfied by their purchase of July.

Kate Dayrell, and her Hermit love-child, went together at equal prices to Mr. Coupland's new venture, and La Dauphine may breed stouter animals than her jady self for Count Berteux. Lady Beacons-

field was a perfect beauty, and so, on a smaller scale, was little Lady Chesterfield, whose chesnut Thormanby pledge goes with her to Buckland. Lady Hylde, who knew the crimson and yellow so well, and Lady Kingston, on whom Mr. Morgan's affections were steadfastly but fruitlessly set, seeks a fresh home across the wandering main, and the young scion of Lady Margaret may sport the brilliant green of a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire. Leprosy, and her accursed Mildew blood, will look like a plague spot among the beauties of Cobham; but Lily Lye was a charming little lady, and will be an ornament to the Batthyany collection. Lovelace was another cast in the true Sweetmeat mould, and her Atherstone black looked as quick as Anton; Lucy Bertram also suited the buying mood of the English Stud Company; but Lunelle, with her Belshazzar taint, abhorred of the 'Druid,' was no great bargain to Sir Charles Tufton. Out of love for their bold Buccaneer, the Germans would not be denied Mary Ambree: Masterman, scarcely 'feminine all the world over,' was secured by Mr. Weatherby; and M. Cavaliero at last got his long sought-for Newminster mare in Matilda, whose Blair Athol nursing will be rather a stumbling-block to breeding theorists. Merlette, 'the last of the Barons,' will have her young Victorious led round the Stud Company's first sale ring next year, and the Duke of Hamilton, who had taken Lass o' Gowrie for bonnie Scotland's sake, consoled himself with Maiden's Blush—a blooming young matron, with looks as sweet as her name. Maid of Palmyra made another 'monkey' to Mr. Walker's bid, and then came Margery Daw, as celebrated as Helen of Troy, and fought over well-nigh as fiercely. But Mr. Bell was the happy Paris, and will have his old love to head that glorious coterie of England's choicest blood at the home emporium. Mr. Bland's bow for Marchioness was gracefully recognised by that high-born dame, and France sat moodily by while the watchers by the Rhine took Marseillaise. Minna Troil and Molly Carew were Mr. Coupland's next selections. Nukuheva followed on the same side, with a fine Marsyas foal, and the Stud Company's share in the day's proceedings were wound up by their purchase of Papoose, and her own little Papoose, after a spirited encounter with every possible commissioner or purchaser in attendance. Miss Erskine goes abroad we hear, and Miss Johnson was too much for the susceptible heart of M. Cavaliero, as her Boarding-School Miss blood had been to her kind old master. Mr. Combes's heart was set upon a Weatherbit mare, and Miss Merryweather should throw him something out of the common. Old Maid, of Gratwicke memory, was taken by his Grace of Hamilton as a sort of counterpoise to Maiden's Blush; but the Admiral was not there to look after his beloved Pastrycook, whose two-and-twenty summers have borne but little fruit to perfection. Moula, one of the last of the Touchstone mares, and covered by Blair, will surely recoup her new owner handsomely, and Penelope Plotwell, with a pedigree rich as any mosaic in names of high repute, keeps her chesnut baby Gladiateur by her side in the shady Surrey homestead. Captain

Alexander secured Pearl, but not at a great price, and Perfection was found at last without much trouble by those dwelling by the sacred Rhine.

Friday was, of course, the day of days, when, like pilgrims to some Eastern shrine, all of this horse-loving nation within call of the metropolis, turned their steps towards the Mecca of their desire. Strongly and rapidly did the faithful muster, swarming like a locust cloud about stall and stable, and invading in hungry bands that cool retreat over which the genius of hospitality so lavishly presided. Of all days which they had known before, whether of yearling sales in the Turf's zenith of gilded prosperity, or those wondrous afternoons of the three preceding days, they knew well that this was to be the greatest and the last. And regret strove with interest and curiosity for mastery over those hearts who had been privileged sharers in the Founder's friendship.

Fain would we linger over the many telling incidents of the afternoon, and enlarge upon the traits and phases of the competition for each 'bright particular star.' But our space is limited, and we can only pause to notice the more remarkable features of the sale. The Stud Company fought on bravely to the end, and added to their collection Queen's Head, Reginella, Restless, Rose of Kent, Slumber, Swallow, Symmetry, and Topsy; while their German antagonists came up smiling again, time after time, and took away some terribly high-bred ones in Religieuse, Rose Cheri, Tease-me-not, The Moa, and her sister Valeria, upon whom John Day seemed so sweet. Theresa, too, will not remain amongst us to breed another Ethus for the orange and black, while Mr. Weatherby secured some wonderful blood in his purchases of Q. E. D. and Second Hand. The owner of the cerise and gray jacket did not stand looking idly on, and Queen Anne, Touch-me-not, and Hopbine were three graces hard to be resisted. M. Cavaliero took Reconnaissance, with her soft Sortie blood, and Silkstone may throw another bald-faced Lady, but not to carry the Beckhampton green. Old Rosa Bonheur, with her eighteen summers and doubtful promise of foal-bearing, was surely no bargain to her new owner; but no one doubted Seclusion's destination, when the biddings came thick and fast from a well-known quarter, as in the old plunging days. Mr. Watson, after much patient waiting, got one at last in Sunset; but Terrific and Thalestris were cheap enough to Mr. Young and Prince Leichtenstein. It was surely not for Jock of Oran's sake that Mr. Walker gave a thousand for his namesake's old favourite, Tunstall Maid, but her Touchstone blood and Blair Athol burden told at last. Mr. Chaplin took Yarra Yarra of the stout Defence line, and Triangle, a three-cornered old mare, named appropriately enough. The beautiful Woodbine was Mr. Waring's last addition to his choice little stud; and surely no other stud-matron has her lineage distinguished by so many names 'of credit and renown.'

When the last of the nursing mothers had retired, there fell upon the vast audience that sort of nervous flutter which is wont to

precede the action of some telling incident on the stage. There was a determined rush for front places, and more than one intending bidder grew pale and anxious as the final preliminaries were adjusted, and Chaytor and his attendants withdrew to prepare for the last act of this most sensational drama. The advent of the corky Amsterdam was to that vast multitude as the appearance of some stable attendant in the old days of Astley's, whose mission was that of *avant-coureur* to the crack rider of the arena. Mr. Chaplin, not unmindful of Scheidam, stuck to the dappled bay for a time, but 'Sir Tufton,' as the foreigners would have it, took him at last. Then by a suppressed murmur and hurried rising in every tier of the stand, by the furling of all shades of umbrellas, and by a surging of the crowd beneath, we knew that *he* was coming. A few minutes' suspense; and far away in the yard, above the black walls of that living lane through which he was to pass, betwixt the rich July foliage of its protecting shades, came nodding that good blaze 'face which all men knew,' just as we remember it years ago when England held high carnival on Epsom Downs, and escorted back to scale in triumph the horse they had backed 'just for his mother's sake,' and when men began to think that the green and gold of 'belted Will' I'Anson was well nigh invincible. On he came, the crowd closing in behind; and when at length he stood in the full vigour of sirehood and glorious pride of his might under the hammer which was to part him for ever from his old home, there arose first a low thunder of applause deepening into a shout, such as only greets a victor in some well-won field. Only for a second discomposed by such hearty greeting, Blair was soon himself again, and walked proudly round the ring, as if he courted the favouring smiles of that vast assemblage mainly drawn together by the knowledge that the very monarch of the stud is to be fought over by all nations to-day. Then when the parade had been completed, a deep silence fell on the multitude, and slowly from Mr. Tattersall's lips, 'like thunderdrops upon a sleeping sea,' came the measured sentence, 'Now, gentlemen, what may I say for the best horse in the world?' A subdued roll of applause denoted popular assent to the simple description, and the war of giants was not long in commencing. Light skirmishers had no chance of getting into action at all, their feeble musketry fire overwhelmed by the opening of the heavy artillery all round the ring. Mr. Gee's five thousand pounds was soon silenced, and then for a time it became a duel between the ex-master of the Quorn and Mr. Pain, whose masked battery told with marked effect. Then a gentleman among the 'gods,' in the stand, got in edgeways a bid he had long been endeavouring to offer for Mr. Ray, and Captain Cooper somehow caught the infection, and showed a heavier weight of metal than had been expected. But the 'Woolwich infant,' of the Stud Company would not be denied, and when the hammer fell to their representative, a spontaneous cheer bore witness alike to the spirit of the transaction, and the relief experienced that England would still retain her greatest

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Bold as Curtius, and undaunted by Blair's success, the dappled pride of France stood defiant in the ring, like some gladiator of ancient days whom an admiring audience has reprieved, in memory of his gallant deeds. Now was the old Doncaster contest to be revived after a fashion, and the best judges of all nations were to decide between the chesnut and the bay. The Stud Company had their minute and retired; M. André sat down, in despair of getting a second Blue Gown; Mr. Pain gave in gracefully at last, and the Life Guardsman's last charge left him master of the field. We are one of those who believe in a great future for Gladiateur; and while acknowledging that he has hitherto failed to make his mark, must attribute that misfortune in no small measure to the irritability of temperament now so happily surmounted. And let his young stock of this year bear witness to the improvement of their sire.

Though not permitted to witness the dispersion of his marvellous collection, it was perhaps happy for the 'mighty master' that he was spared the mortification of seeing his trusty and well-beloved King sold for a fourth of the sum refused last year for Kingston the Second. Mr. Tattersall deputed to younger hands his final knock-down; and 'destination unknown' may, for the present, be placed opposite his name.

Lord Harewood goes, we believe, to replenish the hunter resources of the country,—a task for which he is in every way qualified, the 'Regeneration of the Thoroughbred' being just one cut above him.

Mandrake was in the transition stage; but he has the makings of a fair-class stallion about him; and, now that Beadsman is dead, we

sadly want a slice of the good old Weatherbit blood for home use; albeit the rather fiery chesnut is said to have his destination across the Atlantic.

Marsyas, with his grand Orlando quality—which he knows so well how to mark his stock with—seemed to have taken a new lease of life; and the Stud Company did well in securing one of the surest foal-getters in the country. Much of the old fretfulness and irritability have worn away, and, in the green maturity of years, he may yet stamp, on something more fortunate than Albert Victor, ‘an image of himself—a monarch of the world.’

Airily, daintily, with his taper ears inquiringly pricked, did Saunterer follow Chaytor into the ring, looking as if three weeks’ work would make him fit for a long journey, and with no sign of advancing years in the tight Birdcatcher back, clean legs, and fiery eye. His ebon coat shone gloriously, and he posed himself, as it were, for a picture; but the jury of breeders shook their heads, and left the Duke and Mr. Pain in possession. An ‘Agnes’ memory urged on his Grace; but at two thousand his bolt was shot, and the Commissioner came in alone.

Uncas—whom many mistook for Mr. Cockin’s hero by the same sire—goes to Germany, to swell that miraculous band of four thousand placed at a nation’s service by wiser heads and more liberal hands than those belonging to our ruling powers at home.

The dappled bay Victorious brought back visions of a Goodwood Nursery, won at weight such as only the best and bravest can bear to the front, but his hocks spoiled him sadly, and the Stud Company repented them of their bargain.

Warlike will get some Grand National Hunt winners to succeed Mr. Chaplin’s Emperors and Scheidam, if his wondrous blood does not attract the smiles of the highest-bred mothers of the stud.

Then men knew that all was over. Over those who had waited to see the ‘Last of Middle Park’ there fell a sense of some great blank henceforth to exist in their lives; memories of happy days past and gone they should never spend again; the thought that sportsmen should mark in their calendar with a white stone no longer the pleasant Blenkiron Saturdays! Companies may arise, and flourish, and gather together the choicest and best blood in the land, but the richest collection of animal treasures acquired at public expense will never equal that marvellous catalogue formed by private enterprise—the fleeting, though noble, monument of the ‘greatest breeder that mankind e’er knew.’ The mares and foals grazed peacefully in the rich summer glow, and the well-known place bore all its old air of comfort and repose. Yet here was the labour of a lifetime ruthlessly dispersed, and nothing left save the name of Middle Park as a landmark for future generations of sportsmen. Many lingered about the grounds, taking a last look around, and hardly realising the dismal certainty that the home *par excellence* of the thoroughbred would once more lapse into the quiet country retreat whence it grew into such name and fame. The advancing wave of population from the

great heart of England may, in time, uproot the avenue, level the enclosure hedges, and insult the very graves of Kingston and Defenceless in their peaceful retirement. '*Roma fuit*' was the barbarian boast, but the great city declined ingloriously; Middle Park, too, is a thing of the past, but disestablished in the very heyday of its renown. Thoughtfully, slowly we turn our backs on the trim garden and cool white walls, over which the rooks' cawing sounds so soothingly in evening hours. Hospitality, kindness of heart, and true courtesy—these have descended from father to sons; but even now we seem to see the well-known figure, feel the cordial hand grasp, and hear the cheery welcome of its old master, as we turn, on our homeward way, to catch a parting glimpse of the house, and to see the 'Last of Middle Park.'

AMPHION.

SHAKESPEARE AS A SPORTSMAN.

II.

HAVING finished our inspection of the kennel, let us take a look at the stud, and see what Shakespeare's horses are like. We shall find him a connoisseur in make and shape, and a judge of quality and temper. He will tell us how they are to be broken and ridden, and add another to the countless queries as to his occupation; for we shall claim him as a horse-breaker. Does he not speak of 'the needful bits and curbs for headstrong steeds,' which, as the simile tells us, should be rarely used? Whom had he seen handling some new acquisition or doubtful purchase when he talks about

'The horse whereon the Governor doth ride,
Who, newly in his seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur?'

That he loved a horseman may be seen from his glowing description of

'The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass.'

The passage is scarcely within the bounds of our subject; but the enthusiastic spirit which pervades it justifies its introduction:

'I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,—
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.'

Mr. Torrens, already mentioned, is rather hard upon the prince here, and hints that he had been taking lessons of the Ducrow of the period. No doubt he had; and, admitting that to modern tastes

this passage smacks of the sawdust, does not this picture of lusty life tell us there were qualities in the future king a loyal people liked to see, when forms of government were not debateable, and the people—ay, the populace—felt proud to find him fit and forward to serve his country in time of need, and when they saw the horseman, they forgot the riding-master?

Shakespeare's knowledge of horsemanship is not confined to hands and seat; he is fully alive to the sympathy between the horse and his rider. In 'Julius Cæsar,' Octavius says, 'He is a tried and valiant soldier,' to which Anthony replies:

'So is my horse, Octavius;
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.'

The spirit of the rider is invariably reproduced in the horse. His character, and consequently his value, depending greatly on his education, a timid man makes a timid horse, a bad-tempered man a bad-tempered horse, and so on. Let those who have known the horse on the field of battle give us the benefit of their experience; and we have Biblical authority for the love the goodly horse of the battle bears it. But in the hunting field, we know, if a man ride at a fence with misgivings for his own safety he cannot keep the secret from his horse, who will, unless the effects of a good education be strong within him, share his hesitation, and a refusal or a cropper be the result.

On the subject of temper, he is no stranger to the want of staunchness or bottom in hot horses ('Julius Cæsar'):

'Hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle:
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
Then fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink on the trial.'

A young and inexperienced proprietor of a steeplechaser once warned Bob Barker, of True Blue celebrity, with conscientious tenderness, that he was about to ride a puller, and inquired if he objected to his mount. 'Object?' said Bob; 'the only objection to them creatures is they never pull long enough.'

We will pass over the Dauphin's description of his palfrey as an exaggeration and an intentional caricature of a Frenchman's appreciation of horse-flesh, and proceed to Shakespeare's *beau idéal*, which he has given us in 'Venus and Adonis':—

'Round hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.'

Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the quality of the

animal here described, there can be none as to his beauty. If, however, after a careful study of this portrait of the hunter of Adonis, we look among the living for his fellow, we shall not find him with a modern Adonis on his back. The proud rider of to-day is mounted on a very different steed. The nearest approach to that of Adonis is found among those of Flemish extraction, now employed in carts, drays, hearses and mourning coaches, and unceremoniously described by a good judge as having their parts made by a cabinetmaker, but put together by a carpenter. This disparaging critique, albeit calculated to kindle the ire of Adonis, need not shock the sensibility of the Shakespearean; for, while detracting from the original on the score of his non-adaptability to modern purposes, it in no way impugns the fidelity of the picture of the English horse of Shakespeare's time. It is not probable that Shakespeare had ever seen an Arab; while, on the other hand, the English horse of his day was indebted for his form to the importation of Flemish and other horses which had taken place under the auspices of Henry VIII. In a book of the period, called 'Maison Rustique, or the Countrey Farm; compiled in the French Tongue by Charles Steavans and John Liebault, Doctors of Physicke, and translated into English by Richard Surfleet, Practitioner in Physicke; also a short collection of the Hunting of the Hart, Wilde-bore, Hare, Fox, Gray Cony; of Birds and Faulconrie' (such is *part* of the title). 'London. Printed by Arnold Hatfield for John Norton and John Bill, 1606,' is a picture of a horse entirely agreeing with Shakespeare's description; and a very round and rampant animal he appears to be. The horse of Adonis was certainly fleet enough to follow the hounds of Theseus, unquestionably handsome, evidently strong, and well able to bear the harnessed knight in tournament and war. Upon this stock has been grafted the Arab and the Barb, and an entire change effected in the riding-horse of the country, hunter, hackney, and trooper; weight has been superseded by speed, and bone by muscle. A comparison between the horse and the hound of the time shows us how admirably they were adapted to each other, or, as Philosopher Square would have said, 'the fitness of things'—alike in character, alike in fate—absorption was the end of both.

The great man, however, did not confine himself to the upper side of equine nature. Turn again to 'Taming of the Shrew,' and the farriers may claim him as their own. The horse that carried the fair Katherine was 'possessed with glanders, like to mose in the chine, 'troubled with lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, 'sped with the spavins, rayed with the yellows, past cure of the 'fives (vives), stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the 'bots, swayed in the back, shoulder-shotten, and ne'er-legged before.' Here is an awful catalogue of diseases. Some have been mitigated, others have almost disappeared, owing to improved feeding and stable management; but glanders, lampass, windgalls, spavins, and staggers are well known. Fashions are said to be the farcy; the yellows, the old name for jaundice; the vives, a complaint in the glands; the

bots are said to arise from insects; swayed in the back means strained in the back (*vide* Richard Surfleet). 'Shoulder-shotten' was a mistake of the age; horses that moved close-footed, or 'ne'er-legged before,' were supposed to be afflicted with disease in the shoulder. Modern science has, however, proved that this crippled style of action arises from navicular or other foot lameness. Most modern veterinary surgeons would be puzzled to give us a clue to the meaning of 'like to mose in the chine.' In Nare's 'Dictionary of English Authors' the passage is quoted, and the author considers it synonymous with running glanders; and no doubt it applied to the advanced and incurable stage of that terrible disease, to which Taplin alludes in his 'Farriery,' when he speaks of it as threatening corrosion and rottenness of the bones. In the midland counties the term 'mosey' is applied to a turnip in a state of dry decay. A horse, therefore, having glanders so as to be like to 'mose in the chine' was in a very bad way indeed.

Let us now pass on to the poet's description of a hunted animal given in the poem already mentioned. Venus, in the fear which her love for Adonis has engendered, endeavours to dissuade him from boar-hunting, which, as a loving woman, she feels will bring him to disaster and herself to grief, and says,

'Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox which lives by subtlety.'

Hare-hunting is of far greater antiquity than fox-hunting. Xenophon wrote largely on the subject, and it has been treated by many English writers, of whom we may mention Blome, Beckford, and Daniel, who bear testimony to the ingenuity which the animal exhibits in the exercise of her instinct of self-preservation. The reason for this priority has a strange sound to modern ears. The fox, a common enemy and valueless *per se*, was, in those unenlightened times, killed anyhow, and therefore his pursuit and destruction partaking more of killing than hunting, did not afford the same pleasure and interest as hare hunting, which, says Surfleet, 'is more pleasant, more lively, and lesse costly, not only for gentlemen, but also for men of estate, than any other beast; because it is accompanied with a thousand prettie pleasures and recreations every hour, and of small charges; besides the security thereof, and the avoiding of the daungers and inconveniences which are many and happen oft to such as hunt the hart and wild bore; whereunto you may adde the great contentment and no small pleasure which may be taken in seeing as it were the spirit of this little beast, as it were admirable in nature, and the sleights which she useth to shift and rid herself of the dogs that chase her.' Let us, however, take the words of Venus herself:—

'And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshut his troubles
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles:
The many musets through which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.'

The 'purblind hare.' The deficiency of the hare's sight straight-forward is generally known, and may be accounted for by the situation of her eyes, they being fixed in the head at a distance from each other, and formed to turn in the sockets either way; and hence it arises that a coursed or hunted hare does not see clear directly forward, but being chiefly apprehensive of danger from behind, she employs all her senses to escape that danger, and, in her endeavours to see it, strains her eyes as backward as possible, according to the degree of terror she is in. (Daniel's 'Rural Sports.')

'Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometimes where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell,
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer:
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:

'For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

'By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still.
Anon their loud alarms he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

'Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low never relieved by any.'

One is inclined to think that by the piteous picture here drawn the loving woman would dissuade him from the chase altogether; but its truth, testifying to the universality of the poet's genius, is in agreeable harmony with the tender pathos which pervades the lines, and tells us of the kindly heart of the man William Shakespeare. An essay might be written on every verse, but it is sufficient to say that the author's knowledge of the subject is proved to demonstration, although he may have exaggerated the ingenuity of the animal, and magnified accident into design. Nevertheless, the hare, gifted with fleetness and acute senses of smelling and hearing, throws such obstacles in the way of her pursuers, that she frequently escapes, a result at which we cannot but rejoice; for, after all,

'Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare.'

We must here digress to show the comparatively recent introduction of fox-hunting, as we understand it. The first real, steady pack of fox-hounds in the West of England (we do not know what others there may have been) was established by Thomas Fownes,

Esq., of Stepleton, Devonshire, about the year 1730. Taking all things into consideration, we can believe that fox-hunting had made but little progress between the thirteenth century and the sixteenth, when Shakespeare wrote; and the following account of the Comptroller of the Wardrobe of Edward I., anno Domini 1299—1300, will tell us its position then. It is given on the authority of the 'Sportsman's Magazine' of 1823:—

	£.	s.	d.
'Paid to William de Foxhunte, the King's Huntsman of foxes, in divers forests and parks, for his own wages, and the wages of his two boys, to take care of the <i>dogs</i> , from the 20th of November to the 19th of November following, for 366 days, it being leap year, to each per day two pence	9	3	0
'Paid to the same for the keep of 12 <i>fox dogs</i> belonging to the King, for the same time, each dog a halfpenny	9	3	0
'Paid to the same the expense of a horse <i>to carry the nets</i> , from November 20th to the last day of April, 163 days, three pence per day	2	0	9

(Strict economy! Sold in the spring).

'Paid to the same, as the expense of a horse, from September the 1st, on which day the hunting season began, after the dead season, to the 19th of November, 80 days, at three pence per day	1	0	0
'Paid to William de Blatherwick, huntsman of the king's fox dogs, for winter shoes for himself and his two boys; to each of them two shillings and fourpence	0	7	0
'Paid to the same for his habit during the present year	0	13	4
'Paid to the same for his habits for his two boys, 10 shillings	1	0	0
Total	£23	7	1

This may represent 350*l.* in modern currency. The expense of a pack of foxhounds now is from 2,000*l.* to 3,000*l.* a year.

For deer, we know Shakespeare had an early love, and his frequent allusions to these beautiful creatures prove the constancy of his affection. There is no English beast of venery so beautiful, and as such no theme so worthy. The buck, *beau ideal* of a gallant gentleman, a chartered libertine and grand polygamist, a saucy fellow and a model husband, winning or exacting, it matters not which, love, honour, and obedience from his many wives. Fair philosophers and stern ascetics, talk not of the equality of the sexes while he lives, but up and hunt him to the death. Then will we eat him neck and shoulder, haunch and umbles.

He has from the earliest time been the worthy object of the hunter's craft, though in modern times followed more for pomp than sport. His face and form beautiful, his courage high, have made him the subject of the poet's praise; and Shakespeare, who watched and studied far inferior animals, must have loved as familiar friends these denizens of the forest, whose acquaintance he formed in early life. Let us go at once to the well-known passage in 'As You Like It,' where we find the melancholy Jacques weeping and commenting upon the stricken deer; and, setting it beside the one last quoted,

are led to the belief that in the character of the banished courtier the great dramatist was sketching his own, as the sympathy for the hunted and suffering creature is so like in each. 'The poor sequester'd stag that from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,' and come to languish at the brook.

'And indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jacques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Did he not moralize this spectacle?
O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream;
"Poor deer!" quoth he, "thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much:" Then, being there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends,
"'Tis right," quoth he; "this misery doth part
The flux of company:" Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him; "Ay," quoth Jacques,
"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"

We have here a subject for the brush of Landseer; but it is not within the scope of the limner's art to present that mixture of satire and sympathy that marks the lines. To comment upon language such as this, would be to light the orb of heaven with a taper indeed. Besides all this, the description of the stricken deer and his companions is true to nature, and the poet's accuracy is again made manifest. He has also given us 'the moody-mad and desperate' stag, a disposition which the animal at certain seasons is known to acquire. Mark what a glow of colour the dash of patriotism has given to the picture! We find the passage in 'Henry VI.,' first part, where Talbot says:

'How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale;
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be then in blood:
Not *rascal-like*, to fall down with a pinch;
But rather moody-mad, and desperate stags,
Then on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay.'

Every one knows the stag fights with his head. To some, however, an explanation of the word *rascal* may be acceptable. It is a word of Saxon origin, signifying lean deer or refuse beasts. In this country certain animals were dignified as beasts of the chase; all others were 'rascal.' The term, however, is usually applied to

lean deer. Of the stag's courage, when his personal safety requires it, a combat promoted by William Duke of Cumberland, the Butcher (as the Highlanders called him), in an area where a stag was enclosed with a hunting tiger, and made so resolute a defence that the tiger was at length obliged to give up, is, says Mr. Daniel, a faithful record. It was in Ascot race week, and terminated in the tiger jumping the fence, running into a herd of fallow-deer, and fastening on the haunch of one of them. By cutting the deer's throat, and allowing the tiger to retain the haunch, he was secured. To our mind, however, it is rather an illustration of the 'desperate' stag. Stag-hunting has always been a royal diversion. Edward III., when engaged in his wars with France, and resident in that country, had with him sixty couple of stag-hounds, and as many harehounds. Another great Englishman and soldier, the Duke of Wellington, had his pack of foxhounds with him in the Peninsular War. The parallel is curious—each pursued in the face of the enemy the sport of his country and the time.

Any paper on 'Shakespeare as a Sportsman,' would be incomplete without some allusion to falconry. The similes to which hawking terms and phrases are applied are many; there are several in Macbeth, in one of which it is stated as a supernatural event, happening on Duncan's death, that

' On Tuesday last
A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.'

Those on falconry are, I humbly think, the most telling of all his sporting metaphors; there is so much poetic feeling in them, and he uses them for such a variety of purposes. What comparison can be imagined more apposite and trenchant, than that of Warwick, the kingmaker, to the falcon and his opponents to the quarry. The terror with which the hawk's presence fills the defenceless of the feathered race is so great, that they lie motionless on the ground, and may be picked up by-hand or by a purse-net. The Hobbie hawk was used for taking larks in this way. And Shakespeare puts these words into the mouth of the puissant Earl—

' Neither the king nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster
Dares stir a wing if Warwick shakes his bells.'

Here is hawking epitomized. Bells were fastened to the legs of the hawk by means of leather thongs, called bewitts. Strutt, in his 'Sports and Pastimes,' quoting the book of St. Alban's (written by Dame Juliana Berners, a lady and a Prioress), says—'For goshawk bells, those made at Milan are called the best, and indeed they are excellent, for they are commonly founded of silver; and,' adds the quaint authoress, 'charged for accordingly,' which is likely enough. 'But,' she continues, 'we have good bells from Dordrecht (Dort in Holland), which are well paired, and produce a very shrill but pleasant sound. Strutt adds, in a note, that 'silver mixed with the

metal when cast, adds much to the sweetness of the sound ; and hence, probably, the allusion of Shakespeare when he says—

‘How *silver sweet* sound lovers’ tongues by night.’

We find mention of falconry in the second part of King Henry the Sixth. There has been a hawking party, and the exploits of the morning form a convenient vehicle for a little satire.

‘*Q. Margaret.* Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,*
I saw not better sport these seven years’ day :
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high ;
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.†

‘*K. Henry.* But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest !—
To see how God in all his creatures works !
Yea, man and birds, are fain of climbing high.

‘*Suffolk.* No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector’s hawks do tower so well ;
They know, their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon’s pitch.

‘*Gloster.* My lord, ’tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.’

If my lord protector indulged in such ‘tall talk’ nowadays, we should vote him a bore of the ‘high falutin’ type. It is observable that his falcon, as well as Queen Margaret’s ‘old Joan,’ are females—the female was the larger bird ; and, according to our friend Richard Surfleet, ‘the faulcon is more fit than any other hawke to flie the heron, and all other fowle of the river.’

Let us turn to the beautiful and touching passage in Othello, where he says—

‘If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jessies were my dear heart strings,
I’d whistle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune.’

It is not possible to conceive an idea more expressive of the struggle between love and pride that rages in the man. Haggard is strictly a hawking term, and means wild, or, perhaps, false. The jessies were the strings attached to the bewitts, by which the hawk was held. Some hawks were for the fist, others for the lure, and flew aloft—the falcon was for the lure, she was trained and accustomed to the ‘tongue’ of the spaniel, and the cheery voice of the falconer, who ‘whooped and gibbeted’ to her. And this reminds us of Juliet, when Romeo has left her at the termination of the balcony scene. She would recall him, and says—

‘Hist ! Romeo, hist ! O for a falconer’s voice
To *lure* † this tassel gentle back again !’

* Flying at birds of the brook, *i. e.*, hawking at water-fowl.—*Knight’s Shakespeare.*

† Ten to one old Joan had not taken her flight at the game.—*Ibid.*

‡ Standing by one who lured loud and shrill, I had suddenly an offence as if somewhat had broken or been dislocated in my ear, and immediately after a loud ringing.—*Bacon.*

The tassel gentle, or tiercel gentle, was the male falcon, a good-looking young fellow, or Juliet would not have made a comparison between him and Romeo, we may depend upon it.

Petruchio's soliloquy, in which he propounds his plans for the subjugation of Katherine, after he has thrown away the dinner, positively rattles with phrases of the art. He will train her as he would his hawk ('Taming of the Shrew,' act. iv. sc. 1):—

'My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty :
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call,
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites,
That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.'

All this is plain enough: she shall not be fed before she flies; and when she is let on the wing she shall not go far, for she is 'haggard,' and must be watched. Hawks were reclaimed by keeping them 'long and oft upon the fist;' though usually fed twice a day, they were fed but once when it was determined to fly them the day following, for then they must be kept 'sharpe,' that they might be the more eager for the prey. If offended they were 'given to be disdainful,' fly in anger to a tree, and refuse to come to the keeper's call. Petruchio knew these things: he was a falconer, and a keen one, with a sense of humour to boot.

It is refreshing to the believer in William Shakespeare to ruminate on the many allusions to the neighbourhood of Stratford! A South Warwickshire man feels quite at home with him. Slender asks Page, 'How does your fallow-greyhound, sir? I heard say he 'was outrun on Cotsall' (Cotswold, always famous for the stoutness of its hares). Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton Heath (Barton-on-the-Heath), calls Marian Hackett 'the fat ale-wife of Win-cote' (query Wimcote? already mentioned, both villages near Stratford). Who but a Warwickshire man would fix Barson (Bars-ton) as the home of Goodman Puff? And would any one not at home in the valley of the Avon speak of Poins' wit as 'thick as 'Tewkesbury mustard?' Again, when Shallow asks, 'How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford Fair?' and says of old Double, 'He drew a good bow, and shot a fine shoot,' and that 'John O'Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head,' it smacks of the Midlands, for John O'Gaunt had a place at Hinckley. If any people exist who think that Shakespeare ought not to be the author of the plays that bear his name, because Lord Bacon was a learned man, let them weigh this little bit of evidence, and say whether the Avon or the Thames is entitled to the honour.

It would be easy to multiply quotations bearing upon the subject of this paper; but enough has been said to prove that Shakespeare possessed a more than theoretical knowledge of field sports, and was thoroughly acquainted with the horse, the hound, the hawk, the hare, and the deer. Of these animals he has left us portraits, whose

fidelity is either vouched by existing originals, or self-evident as the works of a great painter, while his appreciation of the beautiful and love of God's creatures give a charm to his descriptive powers that render the theme elevating and delightful. Shakespeare touched all subjects worthily ; and if there be persons fastidious enough to object to his being lauded in connection with this subject, let them turn to the passages in which he teaches religion in its charity and humility, and take them to heart.

T. H. G.

WOLF-HUNTING AND WILD SPORT IN LOWER BRITTANY.

NO. XIII.

THE meet on the present occasion was nominally at Pencoet, a desolate farm-house situated on a spur of the Montagnes Noires, in the direction of Châteaulin, but really was intended for the long chain of covers lying on the south-western side of that hilly region, which has been appropriately called the 'Backbone of Brittany.' These covers, consisting chiefly of oak, hazel, chestnut, and black pine trees, occupy for many leagues the hollow valleys of that district ; and the nearest of them being at least a league beyond the farm-house, the hunting ground was not reached by the hounds till long after the appointed hour ; while the 'field,' after the orgies of the previous night, were yet more unpunctual.

Shafto alone had left Gourin at break of day ; it having been arranged between him and St. Prix that he should bring six couple of his hounds to join the Louvetier's pack, the latter consisting also of a like number : but it was past ten o'clock ere the allied forces met at Gwernez, the precipitous cover they were appointed to attack first. The din of war had so disturbed the wild tenants of Laz and Kœnig, during the past two days, that it was confidently expected many of the survivors, especially the oldest and the craftiest, would cross the mountain range during the night and seek the quiet and secluded haunts of this cover ; and the report of the piqueurs fully confirmed this expectation. The heavy showers of the last few days had so moistened the surface of the rugged waste lying between the southern and northern slopes of the mountain range that, covered as it was with stones and stunted heather, the occasional track of a boar's heel, and the long, pointed, claw-scratches of a travelling wolf, were ever and anon revealed to the eye as we trotted along to the cover-side. The hounds, too, as they crossed the frequent line, could with difficulty be restrained from breaking away and carrying the drag over the barren ridge ; so that it was evident no time would be wasted in throwing off, either by drawing unprofitable ground or getting upon game not intended for the day's *chasse*.

The peasantry at the meet numbered in all not more than twenty

men; but every one carried his long fowling-piece openly and boldly on his shoulder, as if qualified by law to use it, and dreading neither man nor beast with that weapon in his hands. Their costume, too, was far more picturesque than that of the Gourin or Carhaix peasants, who, as a rule, wear tight sackcloth breeches, buttoning at the ankles, and a goat-skin jacket above; whereas many of these sported the spacious trunk-hose, as worn by us in the sixteenth century, with claret-coloured cloth leggings and jackets of the same hue and texture; while their waists were girthed up with broad leathern belts and mighty buckles. Two only were mounted on rough Brittany ponies, carrying saddles very similar in shape to the pack-saddle used by our millers: neither side of the saddle had stirrup-irons, but a single strap, running fore and aft on the near side from the pommel to the cantle, served the purpose efficiently, as the rider only required support on one side, and rode just as a lady would in this country. It is a strange contrariety, but, nevertheless, it is a fact that, in the interior of Finisterre and Morbihan, the women ride astride, while the men balance themselves on the saddle and carry both legs on the same side. During the two seasons I was in this part of Brittany I never saw more than one side-saddle; nor, in the region I chiefly frequented, do I ever remember seeing more than one Breton woman ride after the feminine fashion in other countries.

The isolation of the land, and the slow growth of civilization among the people, who have no more affinity in race or habits with their Gallic neighbours than the Celts of Galway have with the Anglo-Saxons, will account, perhaps, for the non-introduction of the side-saddle into the primitive and poverty-stricken district of Cournouaille. Yet, when it is remembered that this convenient article of horse-furniture, which Johnson badly defines as 'a woman's seat 'on horseback,' was introduced into England by Anne of Luxembourg, the wife of our Richard the Second, and thus, as Stowe in his 'Commentaries' tells us, superseded the use of 'whirlicotes, except 'at coronations and such like spectacles,' it is a marvel the side-saddle should still be unknown even in that land. Catharine de Medici, too, if not the originator of the side-saddle, is said to have greatly improved its form; and, from her devotion to hunting and rare seat on horseback, it must have been brought into general use throughout France even in those days: still it appears not yet to have penetrated the neighbouring region of Cournouaille; or surely the habit of riding astride would not still be the common practice of the women in that country: and surely, here or there, the wife of some well-to-do peasant would have adopted its use for comfort's sake, if not as a 'seat' more in accordance with the fashion of modern civilization.

On the very edge of the great cover of Gwernez the two lots of hounds, belonging to M. de St. Prix and Shafto, were now assembled, awaiting impatiently in their couples the consultation held by those gentlemen and their friends, the result of which was

to determine the operations of the day. Suddenly, but not unexpectedly, the trusty piqueur, Louis Trefarreg, emerged from the forest, and with his favourite Lymer, a big-headed bluish hound, attached by a leash to his wrist, was advancing towards his master, when Shafto, anticipating his report, shouted out, 'Bravo, Louis; always the first to bring good news: you've tracked them home, I see, by your face. How many are they, and on which side of the valley?'

'Pe'var moc'h vras, ha daou vihan' (four big pigs and two small ones) said the piqueur, in his own vernacular language; for, although he understood the import of the questions put to him in French, he never trusted himself to speak a word in that tongue; and at the same time pointing with his club-stick, which, like the Bretons of that district, he perversely carried knob downwards, he indicated the rocky hollow in which he had harboured the game. 'A couple of hounds,' he continued, 'will be ample for rousing them; and when they divide we can clap on more.'

'Quite enough at first,' said St. Prix; 'or, with six pigs afoot at the same time, we should soon be in trouble. Uncouple Vétérán and Harmonie, give them the wind, and, when you hear my horn, let go three couple more.'

'Mine, or your own?' inquired Shafto, deferring with scrupulous etiquette to the Louvetier's word of command; but, in truth, a little eager to see his own lot uncoupled and busy at work.

'Yours, by all means,' responded St. Prix, divining his friend's ardour, and willing to indulge it: 'but let them be your steadiest hounds, Shafto, or, by St. Hubert, you'll never see some of them again.'

While this conversation was going on Louis Trefarreg had uncoupled the tufters, and trotting them rapidly across the moorland waste, lying to leeward of the gorge into which he had tracked the boar, the two hounds gave quick notice of hitting upon the drag; and with sonorous tongue carried it merrily forward into the very heart of the cover. Exactly in front of us, on the opposite side of the glen, lay the rocky recess, directly for which the hounds were now pointing; and, as it appeared like a vast amphitheatre, having its area encompassed with granite boulders, piled one above another, we were able to command, as spectators, every yard of the ground from our present position: so while Shafto, St. Prix, Kergoorlas, and others moved farther down the valley, taking the relays nearer to the scene of action, Keryfan and myself remained stationary on the moor, watching every stroke of the two hounds with a field-glass, and expecting every moment to see a grand find.

Hitherto the hounds had carried the drag together into the very centre of the semicircle; but suddenly they now divided, the tan-coloured bitch, Harmonie, holding one line straight up for the summit of the clitter, while the dark badger-pied Vétérán owned to another equally hot scent round the outside edge of the rocky ground. 'The pigs have divided,' whispered Keryfan, quietly; 'the smaller ones not caring, probably, to occupy the same quarters

‘with the larger pigs; or, it may be, the shorter legs of the former were unable to surmount the massive boulders, and they have entered the clitter from the upper side.’

This was undoubtedly the case; for we could plainly see Harmonie, though throwing her tongue vigorously, was making but slow progress in her upward course; again and again, in clambering the face of a boulder, over which the pigs had evidently passed, the brave hound missed her hold and came toppling backwards to the ground—still, she never flagged a moment; still pointing upwards, scrambling, climbing, and springing over perpendicular rocks and chasms that would have made an Alpine guide shudder in his shoes. Her perseverance was marvellous; but, withal, in ten minutes she had scarcely advanced twenty yards, and the main stronghold of the clitter was yet a good hundred yards above her. In the mean time Vétéran was lashing his stern and making his tambourine tongue ring through the gorge; and now gaining the head of the clitter, he turned short into it, and swinging straight downwards—a far easier course than that of the brave Harmonie—he suddenly doubled his tongue, and with a thundering note proclaimed the presence of the pigs. The roar seemed to say, ‘Here you are, you villains; turn out, and trust to your legs.’ In an instant out bundled a brace of half-grown hog from a dense holly-bush, and springing, like goats, from rock to rock, made the best of their way towards the lower ground; and fiercely, in pursuit, dashed the gallant hound, ‘swearing hard words’ close at their heels.

A clump of stunted pine for one moment hid them from view: but, as they emerged from this, out scampered also four huge grunters, apparently in as wild a fright as their smaller fellows, and rushing helter-skelter over the boulders straight into the face of Harmonie. My heart stopped beating as the collision, which was inevitable, took place between the foremost pigs and the gallant hound; and I fancied, even at the distance at which I stood, that I could hear a simultaneous grunt from the herd, as they swept her headlong from a boulder into the chasm below. The pigs passed on, Vétéran thundering after and driving them like chaff before the wind: but for some seconds nothing of Harmonie could be seen, and Keryfan, who had been standing close to me, watching the scene with intense interest, turned and said, ‘Frank; that hound’s back is broken; or, my word for it, she would be now in front, for a gamer animal never entered a cover.’

Keryfan was wrong though; for the next instant, she had clambered again to the head of the boulders, and springing from one to the other, was following the leading hound with fiery zeal and uninjured vigour—‘Bravo Harmonie,’ fairly screeched out Keryfan: ‘the bitch is all right, I see; it would have broken St. Prix’s heart to have lost that hound.’

A deadly *cordon* of *tirailleurs*—the peasants to a man—had now surrounded the lower portion of the rocky amphitheatre; and every open spot, by which the pigs could possibly break, was guarded by

two or three sharp-shooters, whose heavy slugs were not likely to allow a single pig to escape alive or unscathed into the cover below. The two smaller boar were toppled over before they were clear of the rocks; and as the stronger beasts, close followed by the hounds, gained a patch of open ground and presented a fair broadside to the peasants guarding that pass, an involuntary shrug of the shoulders from Keryfan too plainly indicated his thoughts, and seemed to say, 'All's up with that lot: we shall have to draw again, or get no 'hunting to-day.'

But he was wrong again: two only of the bigger boar fell to the volley, the other two bounded away apparently unhit, and instantly were lost to sight in the dense and umbrageous cover into which they at once plunged. Vétérán and Harmonie, however, were after them, singing a lively duet, and delighting even Kergoorlas' ear with the sweet harmony. Then sounded the signal from St. Prix's horn; and quick as lightning in uncoupling his relay, Shafto threw in the eager lot well to the head; and if at that moment he could have borrowed Mercury's wings and witnessed the flinging, and twisting, and emulation of his hounds, his happiness would indeed have been complete: but, lacking these, he trudged manfully after them, and did all a mortal could do to see the sport and enjoy his life. A rare, enthusiastic, unflagging lover of hunting was Shafto, as ever followed a hound: the habits of the game he pursued, and the power of instinct displayed by the hound, were his especial study; and every hit made by the one or shifts practised by the other, in the longest day, seemed to be imprinted on his memory, like a picture on a plate of steel. Over a bottle of Bordeaux wine and among kindred spirits, years after some memorable run had taken place, how pleasant it was to hear him re-produce the scene, and record every incident of the chase as freshly and as faithfully as if it had occurred but a week before; not a hound omitted, nor a friend forgotten throughout the story.

Again and again rang forth the signal to uncouple more hounds; till the Louvetier, determined to give the pigs a 'burster,' and, if possible, to run them fairly down, had summoned the twelve couple to his aid, and brought his whole force to bear on the flying game. His tactics, however, turned out to be somewhat premature; the two pigs had separated; and while the pack, hard at work with one, had at length brought it to bay under a rock impending over the river, the other was viewed leisurely trotting back to the high *genêt* adjoining the moor where it had first entered the cover. Here, far away from the roar that accompanied its less fortunate mate, it was doubtless quietly resting, catching its wind and nursing its strength for further emergencies.

The notes of the Louvetier's horn now changed; and the welcome signal, 'La sortie de l'eau' brought Keryfan and myself with rapid strides to the river's edge, where a grand picture of sylvan life was presented to our view. There, in the deep solitude of that mountain glen, on a bend of the stream, barred in its course by a

rugged, perpendicular rock, thus forming a pond above and a cata-ract below, stood St. Prix up to his knees in water, his horn in one hand and his *couteau* in the other, not daring to advance into the gurgling eddies, and yet wild with excitement at the danger to which his hounds were exposed. And there, too, confronting him and the hounds, piqueurs and peasants, all of whom had understood the last signal of the horn, stood the grisly boar, up to his belly in soil, his eyes glaring with rage, his back arched, till every bristle stood erect on it like a porcupine's quill, and his stern bearing firmly against the rock, as if it was his last stay and refuge.

At sight of the brute in this position, to compare small things with great, I could not help thinking of James Fitzjames' gallant stand, when, beset by Roderick and his clansmen,

‘ His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before :
“ Come one, come all ! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I——” ’

The boar had chosen his ground with the utmost strategic skill : the instinct of a brute is ever sharpened by danger, and self-preservation suggests shifts that often baffle the ingenuity of the cleverest human reason. Look at the hare, for instance, retreating at break of day to her form ! what jumps and gyrations does she practice to elude discovery ; and, when sinking in the chase, how marvellous are her wiles and doubles, running the hot foil and squatting suddenly, so as often to puzzle the most observant huntsman and the keenest-nosed hounds ? Or, look at the shifts of a deer in his last extremity : he takes soil, and carefully sinking his whole body, even to the tips of his brow-antlers, beneath the wave, his nostrils alone being exposed above the surface, he will remain immersed, like a crocodile, for a considerable time ; nor will he allow a leaf or a twig to touch him, lest it should convey a taint to the air and reveal the secret of his whereabouts to the inquisitive foe. A fox, too, has been known to practice this very artifice, in addition to scores of others improvised in the moment of distress.

Surely this is a faculty very closely allied to reason ! And who shall say where one begins and the other ends ; or who shall divide them ? That boar, finding his wind and strength failing him, must have reflected on his condition, and deduced from it the necessity of immediately choosing 'vantage ground on which to make his last stand, and await in the most favourable position the attack of his enemy. Is not this precisely what the ablest general would have done under like pressure ? But the tactics of the one are attributed to reason ; those of the other to mere brute instinct ; though what the difference is my philosophy is unable to explain.

Mr. Trelawny has remarked more than once that to record efficiently the grandeur of the chase, its brilliant passages, and the wild, romantic scenery to which Diana often leads her votaries, every pack should have its artist—himself, too, a fellow-worshipper of the

goddess—who as an eye-witness should illustrate the varying and glorious scenes of the hunting-field. Would that Horace Vernet or Landseer had been among us on this occasion! that boar and those hounds, that rock and river, St. Prix and his peasants, would have been, beyond all doubt, committed to canvas; there to delight the world's eye for ages to come.

The Louvetier would not allow a shot to be fired; indeed, so surrounded was the boar by hounds swimming, scrambling, and striking at him that, unless the marksman had been a Kentuckian, he could scarcely have hit the one without endangering the lives of the others. So the boar for some time had the best of the fight; the ledge of rock giving him firm standing ground, and the depth of the pool compelling the hounds to swim to the attack, and the men to remain helpless lookers-on from the opposite bank. Ever and anon, as a gallant hound attempted to land and seize him in the flank, the boar, with a sudden swirl of the head, but without moving an inch from his rocky pedestal, struck the intruder a blow and a gash with his tusk that hurled him at once wounded and bleeding into the depths of the tide. Six or seven of the hounds were seriously injured in no time, and St. Prix became well-nigh frantic at the spectacle.

At length Shafto dashed into the river some twenty yards above the scene of the fray; and crossing it, waist-deep as it was, he quickly managed to mount the precipice from the rear, and, looking down on the boar, he dropped a huge pebble exactly on the brute's snout. Much to Shafto's surprise, the blow proved fatal; and down went the pig, like a cormorant, head-foremost into the flood, but never more to rise again alive to the surface, and down he was carried a lifeless mass over the cataract, the hounds, many of them, pouring after him, as if still in full chase; and it was a good hundred yards below ere he was fairly landed and the *mort* sounded over his carcase.

Shafto's *coup de main*, so adroitly directed, elicited, on behalf of the hounds, the warmest expressions of gratitude from St. Prix, who, unbuckling the belt that carried his *couteau-de-chasse*, a well-proved and priceless weapon, presented it to Shafto, telling him at the same time he was quite sure its brightness would never be tarnished in his hands. That *couteau*, at this moment, hangs in the old hall at — Tower, and is not only valued for its history, but is the subject of many a stirring after-dinner story in that festive room.

It was past two o'clock ere the orgies enacted over this last boar were brought to an end; and, when the hounds were overhauled and counted, it was found that eight couple only were sound and available for farther work. However, this fact had little weight with the peasants, who, in addition to their genuine love of the sport, had yet a long score unpaid by the pigs for the damage done to their crops during the past autumn. So, one and all, knowing another pig to be within reach, and believing him to be harboured

in the *genêt*, declared for more war: and St. Prix, nothing loth, at once trotted off the hounds for that cover.

'A fresh hat in the ring' is always looked upon as a formidable matter by the already half-beaten wrestler; and though he be a champion, doughty as Cann or Polkinghorne of old, the inferior but fresh athlete will often prove an awkward customer; and the handicap is thus rendered tolerably fair for both parties. The boar, refreshed by two hours' rest, never waited a moment for the hounds to rouse him: but, as the music of their tongues rang on the stale line, he instantly broke cover for the open moor, and, before the pack were well on him, he was crossing the mountain ridge and going at a round gallop straight for Kœnig. Fortunately, our horses were at hand, held by Kergoorlas' drunken piqueur and Owen Mawr; but though we managed to view him frequently, and the hounds carried a fine head over the heathery waste, 'the fresh hat' proved too strong in the struggle, and reached the great covers of Kilvern ahead of us all. This was tantamount to a 'fair back-fall;' and as the shades of night were already taking possession of the woodland glens below, and the hounds were more than half beaten by their hard day's work, St. Prix blew his horn and stopped farther pursuit.

On our homeward route to Gourin the hound Vétéran frequently ranged alongside my horse, and, observing his high crown and long face, I remarked to Shafto that I had never seen a more sensible countenance than his in my life.

'Quite right!' he exclaimed; 'that hound reminds me always of old Eldon; and, had our late archbishop ever heard him throw his tongue, he would infallibly have pronounced him to be a sound, dependable, orthodox hound. By-the-bye,' continued he, 'that Devonshire fellow-voyager of mine, on board the Norwegian timber-brig, gave me rather a novel definition of that word "orthodox." It appeared that a parish adjoining his own, in the north of Devon, had for some months lacked the services of a curate, although the rector, an energetic parish priest, had spared no pains to obtain a right man. The rector was also the master of a rattling pack of hounds; and his churchwarden, Tozer, paying the market-town a visit about this time, was thus accosted by his grocer:

"Well, Mr. Tozer, have ye got a coorate, yit, for Bridgwell?"

"Not yit; they don't all suit master: but here's his advertisement, so I reckon he'll soon get one:

"Wanted a curate for Bridgwell; must be a gentleman of moderate and orthodox views."

"Orthodox, Mr. Tozer. What doth he mean by orthodox?"

"Well," said the churchwarden, thoughtfully, and in deep perplexity, knowing the double nature of the curate's duties, secular as well as sacred, "well, I can't exactly say; but I reckon 'tis a man as can *ride* pretty well."

THE TEIGNBRIDGE CRICKET CLUB.

THIS western Club, the celebrity of which has extended far beyond the confines of the county of Devon, is mainly indebted for its popularity to other sources than that of the simple game from which it derives its technical designation. To the convivial 'Lady-days' may be attributed the charm that brings from far regions—other than Danmonian—many a lively party, to whose graceful constituents a cricket-bat is but a clumsy instrument of willow wood, and the ball a red spheroid of disagreeable contact, to be carefully avoided when revolving in its lightning flash of pace. Yet pleasure is a catholic cry, and those—not of memory, but present and prospective, little heeding nomenclature, so they be real—will always allure its votaries from any distance at a short bidding, even though we be reminded by the lively moralist that 'Pleasure's a sin, and 'sometimes sin's a pleasure.' Cricket, however, is *per se* virtuous, and of absolute innocence, even in the moment of paying glove-bets on the Eton and Harrow match, in the soft recesses of a brougham with the blinds down, and will long and long maintain the superiority of its attractive charm, despite the novel Croquet, and the still more novel Polo. We agree, therefore, once more with the same Juanic moralist:—

'I care not for new pleasures, as the old
Are quite enough for me, so they but hold.'

These Teignbridge 'Lady-days' merit well their special appellation, since a lady was, in the literal truth, the originator of this popular club. But the accidental circumstances that led to its formation, in 1823, occurred some time prior to that year.

In 1814 several Eton boys were staying during the midsummer holidays at Teignmouth, and, as there happened to be a fair sprinkling of old Etonians also, a cricket club was the natural result. Friday and Saturday were made the club days, held on the so-called Den, in order to allow the far-comers to continue on the Saturday the perchance unfinished game of the previous day. An opposition was made to its locality by a Dr. Dyer, whose house immediately overlooked the ground; for, as a sage, he judged the 'urging of the 'flying ball,' although immortalised by Gray, to be wholly indecorous and reprehensible on the part of grey-haired men. Philosophers are sometimes—let us in truth say, discreetly, and within bounds—often very objectionable fools—we beg pardon, *passim*, of John Stuart Mill. Eton was too strong for the philosopher, and he was defeated, which elicited from him a protest, couched in terms neither philosophic, well-bred, nor grammatical. The sophist had forgotten that Plato had said in his 'Lysis,' 'Happy is the man who has boys' (Eton, of course) 'for his friends, and horses and dogs for amusement.' This surely must have been prophetic of Leicestershire

and Melton Mowbray. At that primeval period cricket—or, to speak in the dulcet vernacular of that Attic latitude, perfectionated by the jingling of the Mount at Exeter (?), ‘playing to crickets’—was held to be an Eastern importation, entirely Etonian, and regarded in the light of a rare accomplishment. Bats, balls, and stumps of the proper fashion were not procurable in the West, and they were supplied by Thompson, of Windsor, at that time the orthodox chief of the material manufacture. It may be readily supposed that it was not long ere the match of ‘Eton against the World’ was made up. It was the popular match everywhere in those bygone days—an immemorial custom, that at the same time honoured the reputation and elicited an affectionate regard for the grand old school. We have played it at Geneva, at Florence, and at Rome many and many years ago—under the same auspices, under similar conditions, always with the same zest—never flagging in affection or in determination to do good service for the ‘antique towers,’ and ever commemorative of the jocund time—minus a few birchings from Keate—where now, no longer a ‘stranger to pain,’ it may be truly and too opportunely apostrophised:—

‘Ah, happy hills—ah, pleasing shade—

Ah, fields beloved in vain,

Where once my careless childhood strayed,

A stranger yet to pain.’

A list of the Eton eleven is now before us, written on the back of a handbill, then published by the late Mrs. Woolcombe, of Ashbury, condemnatory of the cruel practice of pegging lobsters by the fishmongers. It is gratifying to add that the estimable lady succeeded in her merciful and praiseworthy object. The Eton eleven were as follows:—J. Donnithorne Harris, Harry Taylor, Hon. George Pellew, C. Coryndon Luxmore, T. Perkins, A. Seymour, H. Bouchier Wray, T. Sayer, Arthur Harris, G. Savage Curtis, and G. Hawker. Umpire, Albany Savile.

The ‘All the World’ eleven immediately brought into play that ‘favoured and favourite sportsman, anywhere and everywhere,’ the late accomplished George Templer, of Stover. Templer himself, who was of Westminster, did not play, but, together with Captain Sherlock, an admirable all-round player, undertook to marshal the opposing eleven. A list of their names has not been preserved, and memory fails in this particular, beyond the recollection that the Kitson families, long and short—the one being represented by men of six feet, and the other by more modest proportions—constituted the head and front of ‘the enemy.’ They did their part bravely. The Etonians had calculated on beating their opponents easily, whereas it turned out to be a sturdy game. They won by one or two wickets; but they had their work carved out for them. The fielding of the Westminster Kitsons was a caution to the careless lower boys of the Eton playing fields.

On ordinary club days the usual luncheon was furnished in the

tent. On this occasion, however, Mr. Savile, of Oaklands—always liberal and profuse in matters of a festive nature—had an excellent dinner provided for the occasion. Dr. Goodall, then Provost of Eton, and on a visit to his old pupil Mr. Donnithorne Harris, was present. His polished wit, playful and pungent, for which he was renowned, enlivened the party; and it was further made merry by the racy *analecta* of George Templer and John Bulteel. The invitations of Mr. Savile comprised the lady element; and this was the primary example in Devonshire of a cricket match being the cause of a ‘lady gathering,’ that terminated in the accustomed dance. In that olden time sciential examinations—especially those appertaining to pathology—were not ambitioned by the fair sex, who were not, in that more decorous era, inoculated with the soilure of masculine habits. They were content to abide within their proper range of sexual ability, and on a proper platform—at once modest in their avocation, replete with feminine attractiveness, and as free from the corrupting influences of brutalizing studies as uncontaminated by practical experience with the pestilent afflictions of a prurient carnality. These of Devon were jewels that had not lost their lustre, of whom Templer, in his lyrics in commemoration of the second jubilee of the club, wrote:—

‘And first beneath our humble roof
Be woman welcome ever,
Her present smile, life’s sweetest charm,
Its balm when friends must sever.’

Yes, a more unctuous balm is offered by nature for labial curatives than that prescribed by the epirene practitioner of the immodest platform:—R. Olei rosæ m. 5; Pulv. anchusæ tinctor: gr. 40. Unj. cetaera. oz. 1 th. fl. Ceratum Labiata.—Out upon the unseemly leech. The Juanic simple, in stanza 186 of canto ii., is a cataplasm more to the purpose, and of sweeter application. And the smiles, be it observed, of those mothers of a former day were not less vivifying than those of their comelier daughters—nay, granddaughters. ‘O ‘matre pulchra filia pulchrior,’ sang the bard of the Sabine farm—a charming line, that has not been less gracefully rendered by a lady poet ‘of that ilk:’—

‘And Beauty smiles, as sweetly smiled
Her mother long ago.’

A list of the mothers, and of those who ought to have been mothers, shall be given;—cheu! cheu! how few amongst them can respond, ‘*Eccomi!*’ Yet it may be welcome to some of their former admirers that,

‘By time and thought are mellowed down
Grey-haired and grave old men.’

Hon. Mrs. Harward, Mrs. Hartopp, Mrs. Buck, Baroness d’Arabet, Mrs. Acland, Mrs. Richard Buller, Mrs. Savile, Miss Florence Wrey, Mrs. Attlay, Miss Laura Woolcombe, Mrs. Tayleure, Miss Winsor,

Miss Strachan, Miss Harris of Radford, Miss Luxmoore, Miss H. Luxmoore, Miss K. Durnford, Miss Templer, Miss Agnes Donni-thorne, Miss Kitson, Miss Foulkes, Miss F. Foulkes, Miss Cocks, Miss Jackson, Miss Crowther, Miss Oliphant, Miss Fitzgerald, Miss Twopeny, Miss Reed of Chipchase Castle, &c. Without disparagement to the daughters, it would have been hard to have matched the lady mothers who were present at this Eton gathering of 1814, anywhere and at any time. To speak within bounds, there was not one amongst them that did not reach the standard of beauty, and some there were of surpassing loveliness.

The return match was to be played in Stover Park. George Templer was not one who was slack either in returning a compliment, or in assuming the part of a courteous host. A ladies' day in Stover Park would have been a pastime and a fête most congenial to his tastes; the impossibility, however, of making a good wicket in that locality, caused the match to be continued on the Den at Teignmouth. A haunch of venison from Ugbrook Park, flowers and fruit sent by Lady Exmouth, bright wine, and the brighter eye upon which Philosophy feasts in despite of its own sage warning—and be it borne in mind that when Xantippe railed Aspasia was at hand—these were joyous and not less sensible adjuncts to a game of cricket; and the very multiplication of these material delights led to the discomfiture of the Amphitryon and his eleven. The game had gone hard; and Eton went in after dinner, second and last innings with a long score to make up. The elders had been unlucky—'unfortunate' is the apologetic expression of the money mart when the schedules, or score, exhibits the circles of a duck's egg which can never be squared—and it was in favour of 'the World.' The orbicular of Sin was in the ascendant. When was it otherwise? Harry Taylor, however, was playing well and carefully, making runs steadily, when Perkins, the last safe bat, was caught out, and then the Eton lower boys went in. The game was supposed to be over. In spite of sundry winks and cautions from the paternals and maternals, the young ones, under the tutelage of Templer and Bulteel, had dealt generously with the vintages. They were profuse of speech, confident in their own virtue, and looked kindly on the failings of human nature. In they went; and, inspirited by that very virtuous confidence, they caught a sight of the ball, and cut it about in every direction amidst the cheers of the spectators. It was in vain that the bowling was changed; half-volleys were taken by running out and skylarking a well-pitched ball at an advantage; lobbs were sent or 'jacked'—as it was then termed—all over the ground, and at every ball that passed the wicket-keeper, 'Come on!' was yelled out by the little Eton fellow, backing smartly up—and the bye was hilariously snatched, amidst shouts of 'Well ran, young ones!' As a matter of course, one or two paid the penalty of rashness; but Harry Taylor, still at his wicket, kept them somewhat steady—a slashing hit off his bat turned the point, and juveniles and champagne won the match.

The spark of cricket was not allowed to expire in the neighbourhood of Stover. Games were played, but no club was formed until the summer of 1823. A meeting was arranged to take place at Ingsdon, in that year, but the ground proving to be impracticable for anything approaching good play, Mrs. Acland, the sister of Mr. Templer, who was then residing at that mansion, suggested an adjournment to a field at Teignbridge, undertaking to supply the needful accessories. Thither the players went. A cowshed having been cleaned out and purified by Mr. John Templer, with a few deal boards for a table, a sailcloth for a carpet, and with a round of beef, a salad, and home-brewed ale—the first cricket party sat down to dinner on the ground of Teignbridge. It was then determined to form a club; a meeting was called, regulations were proposed and carried, and the Teignbridge Club was strictly inaugurated. At the first meeting and dinner of the club in the cowshed were assembled George Templer, and the Rev. Harry Taylor, John Templer, J. Reynolds Johnson, John Russell, sen., and J. Russell, jun. These were the first six members, of whom Mr. Russell, jun., of world-wide fame, is the sole survivor.

The pleasure of the instant is too often dimmed by the recollection of the past that in imagination embodies those who may return no more. Regret is not always selfish; and when the objects of that regret are hallowed and endeared to memory by the remembrance of their worth, and their affection, then the survivor may be consoled by the consciousness that the exchange of existence has been a gain to the departed, and may cherish the hope that he also, at a future and inevitable time, may, in like manner be valued, affectionated, and mourned for.

‘ We know not ere a decade pass
What changes years may bring,
How many may be spared to read,
Or who may live to sing.’

But the lyrics of George Templer in celebration of the Jubilee of 1843, will not bear a niggard quotation. They well merit to be given *in extenso*, more especially, as the allusions to the Queen, with the Army, Navy, and Episcopalians, are in the happiest vein of the once accomplished scholar and Master of Hounds:—

‘ Along the chequered path of life
Ten years have passed away,
Since last within this humble roof
We held our festal day.

‘ ’Twere good to pause and learn the love
These fleeting years have taught,
And, fondly smiling, mark the change
Those fitful hours have brought.

‘ England, the star that ruled thee then
Has fallen from his sphere,
And thou hast seen to guide thy way
A fairer star appear.

'The light that erst from childhood's brow
Shone gaily o'er the scene,
Now brighter beams from beauty's eye
Her waving locks between.

'And she whose charm of beauty rose
Beneath a mother's sway,
Hath in its noon found dearer ties
To cherish and obey.

'Haply, 'tis hers to mark the bud
Of life's precarious spring
Burst into bloom—a Mother's pride,—
Or droop a blighted thing.

'Here many a blushing boy of yore,
Grown bolder in his turn,
Unshrinking flings his glance around
On cheeks for him that burn.

'Some who were wont to chase the ball
With foot untiring then,
By time and thought are mellowed down
Grey-hair'd and grave old men.

Alas! that in this sunny hour
A sombre shade should fall,
A mildew's withering spell to one,
A cloud of gloom to all.

'The tongue is mute that loudest sang
Etona's praise of old;*
The heart that lov'd these scenes the best
Is stricken down and cold.

'It was a sharp and sudden shaft
That struck him in his prime.
We know the hand that guides its aim,
And must abide his time.

'Ah, 'twere a thankless task to trace
The dark destroyer's way,
To dim, perchance, some friendly eye
That should be bright to-day.

'Stern teacher, lead us to the right,
Yet turn we now from thee,
With grateful hearts to greet the train
That grace our Jubilee.

'And first beneath our humble roof
Be woman welcome ever,
Her present smile, life's sweetest charm,
Its balm when friends must sever.

* Rev. H. Taylor.

' Without that smile these fairy scenes
 Would mourn their drooping flowers,
 Beneath her frown our joys would fade,
 The wreck of blighted hours.

' The heroes of a hundred fights
 With the swarth Indian tried,
 Are welcome from the battle-field
 Where their brave comrades died.

' Nor less the kindred hearts at home
 That read the thrilling story,
 And burn to write a deathless name
 In England's page of glory.

' Come ye in Fame's bright livery clad,
 England's unchanging blue,
 The dread and envy of the world
 Shall here be welcome too.

' And welcome ye our Heavenly guides,
 Ye ministers of grace,
 To fields which twice ten years have blest
 With harmony and peace.

' The gaudy crew, whose god is self,
 Shall find cold greeting here,
 Where friendship rules the festal board,
 Simplicity the cheer.

' Sons of the Teign, the bard has sung
 Who hailed your rising day,
 Who loves you still, and would not live
 To mourn your joy's decay.

' We know not, ere a decade pass,
 What changes years may bring,
 How many may be spared to read,
 Or who may live to sing.

' The worm around the brow may twine
 Where rests the laureate wreath,*
 And ye who scan this simple lay
 Yourselves may cease to breathe.

' Yet time hath in his ebbing tide
 One sunlit wave of joy.
 To-day we revel in the calm
 To-morrow may destroy.'

Dear George Templer!—the cherished friend and associate of
 an early and happy day. *Sit tibi terra levis.*

M. F. H.

* G. Templer did not long survive the Jubilee of 1843.

A REMINISCENCE OF KAFFIRLAND.

' Away, away, from the dwellings of men,
 By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen ;
 By valleys remote, where the Oribi plays,
 Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hart-beeste graze ;
 And the kudor, and eland, unhunted recline.
 By the skirts of grey forests o'erhung with wild vine,
 Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
 And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood ;
 And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will,
 In the fen where the wild ass is drinking his fill.'

PRINGLE.

SOME twenty years ago, when Natal was in its infancy, and the district between the Limpopo and the Zambesi was a *terra incognita* rarely visited, except by a few elephant hunters, there were two brothers, Hans and Septimus, or, as the latter was more commonly called, Kleine van Jansen, who had the reputation of having travelled further into the interior than any of their *confrères* in the pursuit of their calling, which was trading, eked out with elephant hunting. Their head-quarters was at Notoanis, a fine, well-watered district lying under the Hangslip mountains, and bordering on the Nylstroom, one of the tributaries of the Limpopo. In those days the country abounded in all kinds of game, and, although the Boers possessed considerable numbers of cattle, *wild braad*, or venison, was the staple article of food ; and an ox, unless disabled, was rarely killed, except on high days and holidays.

The little village settlement to which the Van Jansens belonged consisted of five Dutch families, knit together more or less by inter-marriages, and living in the same kraal for mutual protection, as there was a deadly feud raging between the Boers and the Bechuanas and Kaffir tribes, which originated in the cattle-lifting propensities of both parties.

Again, there was no love lost between the Dutch and the few English traders who came with waggons full of goods to barter for ivory with the natives in this part of South Africa ; and, although there was no open rupture between the races at that time, still they seemed to regard each other with suspicion, and had little in common together. For my introduction to the Van Jansens, with whom I afterwards became intimately associated, I was indebted to chance, and our meeting took place under the following circumstances : I was following up the slots of a sable antelope that I had seen pass into a clump of mimosa close to the Makoko river, some forty odd miles to the westwards of the Hangslip range, when I noticed three waggons drawn up under the shade of a grove of makolani trees.

Although neither hungry nor thirsty, the canvas tent, curling smoke, and white women's forms in the African bush was a sight that was as welcome as meeting a vessel from home after a long cruise in unfrequented seas ; so I gave up the trail and recon-

noitred the camp. My presence was almost immediately made known to the inmates by the baying of half a dozen dogs of a non-descript breed that gave tongue in every key, and as I approached I was hailed in a somewhat gruff tone of voice by Hans van Jansen, a stout, burly Hollander, who, roah in hand, asked me, in his own vernacular, 'Who I was, and where I was going?' Although my knowledge of Dutch was extremely limited I had a fair smattering of German, and, replying in that language, made him understand my answer. He then, in fair English, asked me if I happened to be a doctor, and beckoned me forward. I told him that I was not, but that I had a chest of medicines in my waggon, and knew their use, and that he was welcome to anything I might have. 'God must have sent you, my friend, in our 'sore distress, for we have a sick camp, and one of my nephews 'lies dead.' I sent some of my people to my *compagnon de voyage*, Captain Stevenson, bidding him to hasten up the waggons that were some three miles in the rear, while I went to see the sick, which consisted of several bad cases of fever. It appears that the whole party had pitched their camp for some days in a low, swampy valley for the sake of the green forage for their cattle, and the malaria had brought on virulent intermittent fever, which had prostrated nearly the whole camp. There were three apparently very serious cases; Van Jansen's sister, who had lost her eldest boy the day before, was delirious and raving, whilst her younger brother was almost in a state of insensibility, and Kleine van Jansen was so weak and exhausted from constant attacks of fever that he was unable to sit up, and seemed perfectly helpless. As soon as the waggons came up I had a consultation with Stevenson, and we made up a quantity of cooling drinks, and a strong decoction of quinine, with which we dosed the whole camp, for they all looked as yellow as guineas, and more or less ailing. Hans van Jansen, his brother-in-law, Schmidt, Stevenson, and I then performed the last rites over the young fellow who had died the day before, taking the precaution to bury thorny bushes over the grave to prevent the corpse being disinterred by hyænas. The next morning, finding there was a marked improvement in the appearance of our patients, I persuaded Van Jansen to make a move and shift his camp to some high ground overlooking the river, where there was fine shade, whilst, at the same time, if there was a breath of air stirring, we were sure to get the benefit of it. By my directions an ox was killed and boiled down into strong soup, for the use of the sick; and leaving Stevenson in medical charge, with directions to administer strong doses of quinine every four hours, Van Jansen and I mounted our horses, and, attended by about a score of our followers and a party of Bushmen, went up stream for the purpose of killing some game for camp use. I was astonished to see the number of different kinds of water-fowl that swarmed on every side. Pelicans, flamingoes, cranes, herons, geese, ducks, teal, snipe, and scores of eagles, falcons, and hawks were circling about, uttering their peculiar shrill, wild cries; whilst

every now and again we passed numbers of huge crocodiles floating on the surface of the water or basking in the mud on the sloping banks. These repulsive-looking brutes, although extremely tenacious of life, are easily enough killed in the day, when they plunge into the water upon the approach of man; but at night they are always prompt to attack, and as they lie in wait for animals coming to quench their thirst they may be easily mistaken for logs of wood; consequently one is obliged to be extremely careful when venturing near water at night. Although I always endeavour to extirpate these vermin if I find them anywhere near the haunts of man, on the present occasion, notwithstanding I had several chances of favourable shots, I forbore to fire, lest the report of my rifle might disturb other game; and after a tramp of about two hours, during which we put up several pallahs and quaggas, we came to a reed-marsh formed by a bend in the bed of the river, in which a troop of about eighty buffaloes were browsing.

Making a detour so as to get on some tolerably high cliffs of red earth that fringed the bank of the river, we approached under cover of low bushes, to the brink of the scarp which commanded an admirable view of the herd, who, unconscious of our presence, were indulging in a siesta after their morning feed. Although several were within easy shooting distance I begged my companion not to fire, as I never before had such a splendid opportunity of watching the doings of these animals in their own wild haunts, and I wanted to observe them. Some were lying down asleep, others lazily nibbled the younger green shoots of herbage, whilst at a short distance off, a couple of young bulls were engaged in single combat, which several of the herd seemed to watch with great interest. With heads lowered and tails erect, they charged each other repeatedly, and from the crashing noise of their massive foreheads meeting, the shock must have been paralyzing, were it not for the protection the base of the horns affords. As it was, very little actual damage appeared to have been done to either combatant; they were very evenly matched, and after having fought several rounds, until they were both pretty well out of breath, they moved off in different directions, each being accompanied by a few special admirers.

Having somewhat gratified my curiosity and severely tested the patience of our native followers, before whose eyes floated visions of an unlimited supply of beef, I left Van Jansen in order to out-flank the herd on the other side. I strolled gently along the edge of the cliff, keeping closely under cover, until by careful stalking I got within a hundred yards of a mighty bull who, unsuspecting of danger, was lying down surrounded by his seraglio, each member of which seemed to be more or less engaged in administering to his bovine comfort; two cows licking him behind the ears, whilst a third was rubbing him down with her muzzle and massive forehead. The old patriarch denoted his satisfaction at these gentle attentions by alternately caressing one or the other with his tongue, and now and then giving vent to his feelings by a low guttural bellow, pre-

ceded by a succession of moaning grunts. All at once a gentle ripple in the air wafted the taint of man's presence to some of the outlying stragglers who were scouting in the direction where Van Jansen was posted, the signal denoting 'danger afoot' was given by an old cow and repeated on all sides; and in a moment the whole herd were crashing wildly through the reeds. On the first intimation of alarm being given, the old bull sprang on his legs, and rushing forward a few paces, stood for a moment with his nose stretched high in the air, as if sniffing in the wind, and his brawny chest being fully exposed, I raised my rifle—a double 8-bore, by Westley Richards—and gave him the contents of both barrels in rapid succession, aiming at the point where the neck seemed to enter the body. On receiving the first shot he staggered back a yard or two, but at the second, he pitched heavily forward and fell stone dead; whilst his companions, faithful to their allegiance, notwithstanding their manifest alarm at the reports, charged gallantly in different directions, as if to challenge the intruder who had dared to invade the domain of their stricken lord, returning from time to time to the fallen bull. Taking my second rifle from Nagoma, I dropped a young cow with a bullet behind the shoulder, and was about to pull trigger at a half-grown calf, when I heard a wild shriek, followed up by a couple of shots a short distance behind me, and immediately afterwards one of the Damara guides told me that two 'keitloa' (the two-horned black rhinoceros) had turned our rear, and suddenly charged down upon our people without their offering them the slightest molestation. When the buffalo were first sighted we sent all our followers, except the gun-carriers, with the horses to the rear, there to await our return; and it appears that two of their number whilst in search of wild fruit, disturbed the 'keitloa,' who were enjoying a snooze under the shade of a grove of kushshai trees. The rhinoceros were lying down on their sides, fast asleep, when first discovered, but awakened by the voices of the men, in the twinkling of an eye they were on their legs, and undismayed by the shouting and a couple of shots fired at them, they charged the men furiously, and obliged them to take refuge in trees, when, enraged at their escape, they gave vent to their spleen by tearing down the bushes in their path. Van Jansen, who had killed one buffalo and wounded a second with his heavy roah, now rejoined me, and we determined to follow up the spoor of the rhinoceros. Having carefully reloaded my big rifle with a Jacobs' shell in the right barrel, and a hardened three-ounce round-headed cylindrical bullet in the left, I lent my companion an 8-gauge double smooth-bore, as a second gun, and, accompanied only by Nagoma carrying my spare rifle, we made tracks for the scene of the Damaras' discomfiture. The fresh spoor was everywhere to be seen, but the trails crossed and recrossed each other so frequently that it was scarcely possible to discover the actual line of retreat. We had followed the spoor some distance when we found it doubled back to a patch of thick bush close to where we first took it up; and we were considering what the next move should be, when, suddenly, our sus-

pense was terminated in the most abrupt manner;—for the male rhinoceros, with a fiendish, shrill snort, came tearing down at us with horns lowered and tail straight on end, closely followed by his mate. I sprang on one side so as to let them pass, but Van Jansen, who was also right in their line of charge, trusting to the efficiency of his heavy roah, stood his ground and coolly let drive when the huge brute was within half-a-dozen paces of him. Although the shot must have told severely at that short distance, it did not disable him or even stay his course for a second: he merely staggered from the shock, and swerved a little to one side. As he passed me, I let drive and planted the shell just behind the near shoulder; when, almost instantaneously, every vital function in the whole frame of the animal seemed to be checked, for he dropped in a heap, doubled up with his knees under him, at Van Jansen's feet. I had hardly pulled trigger when the widowed mate, cocking her head on one side in a most knowing manner, with vicious rolling of her cunning little eyes, and a scream of rage mingled with distress, bore furiously down upon me—but as she lowered her head as she approached, I aimed at the centre of her brawny neck, and the heavy bullet, after smashing some of the vertebræ, passed into the region of the heart; for, rolling head-over-heels in the most extraordinary manner, she fell stone dead within a few yards of her spouse.

‘In death they were not divided.’

‘Hondred duizend losgebroken duivels! But this is hot work for a man with a large family!’ exclaimed the Dutchman, as soon as he had somewhat recovered his usual equanimity of mind; for although brave as a lion, his nerves were somewhat shaken at his narrow escape from impalement. ‘If it had not been for your lucky shot, that horn would have spoiled the seat of the biggest pair of breeches in Namaqua Land, I’ll be bound,’ continued he as he measured the front horn, which was nearly six spans, or fifty-four inches, whilst the hinder one was somewhat less than a foot.

On examination of the bull I found that the heavy bullet of Van Jansen’s roah had ploughed up the forehead and entered the neck, but somewhat too high up to prove mortal, whilst the Jacobs’ shell I had administered behind the shoulder, bursting in the region of the heart, had caused instantaneous death. Having assembled the people by a call from my hunting-horn, I cut off the horns, which are joined to a knob of bone attached by strong ligaments to the nose and firmly set in the skin, and returned to the marsh where we had killed the buffalo. The bull and two cows were lying dead, whilst the fourth, a handsome young bull, was standing as if keeping guard over the dead cow, killed by Van Jansen, with one of its fore-legs dangling, the roah bullet having shattered the fore-arm. All the rest of the herd had disappeared, having made their way up-stream along the bed of the river. Knowing from experience what a formidable antagonist a wounded buffalo is, Van Jansen and I approached with great caution, and when within sixty yards, as he turned his ponderous head round, my companion fired,—but his bullet struck too high and

glanced off the rocky mass at the base of the horns; and although knocked back on his haunches by the shock of the blow, he was on his legs again in a moment and, uttering a most unearthly bellow, came tearing down at us upon three legs. I now gave him a shot,—but as I pulled trigger, my foot slipped in a large rat-hole, and I fell on my knees, my bullet singing through the air wide of the mark. Whilst on the ground, however, I let drive with my second barrel, and the bullet entering his muzzle, partially stunned him, and again he rolled over; but such was his tenacity of life that he once more got on his legs and, with low subdued moans indicative of pain, but still full of pluck, tried to drag himself towards us. The crashing effect of our heavy projectiles, however, told with fearful effect, and again and again he tottered and fell. Van Jansen—who in the meantime had reloaded his roah—now stepped up and gave him a *coup de grace* behind the ear, when, with a surly groan, he staggered and fell dead.

We now remounted our horses and rode back to camp, sending a waggon and pack-bullock to bring in the buffalo hides and flesh. The rhinoceros meat we left for the natives who gathered round on hearing the shots; as, although the white rhinoceros, when young, is not bad eating, the flesh of the 'keitloa' is as tough as old boots. The change of camp had proved beneficial to our fever-stricken patients, and all, whilst doing well, expressed themselves most grateful for his constant assiduity to Stevenson in administering to their comfort. Round the watch-fire that night, Van Jansen related our adventure with the rhinoceros; and, under the soothing influence of a bottle of hollands, it was unanimously decided that Stevenson and I should be made free of the Boer territory, to come and go as we liked; and from that time we both received almost brotherly kindnesses from everybody in camp.

SHOOTING AT SIERRA LEONE.

ONE of the most beautiful looking places on the western coast of Africa is Sierra Leone; but it has the great disadvantage of being cursed with the most deadly climate, from which fact it has gained for itself the unenviable title of 'The White Man's Grave.'

Its population consists of a heterogeneous composition sufficient to 'puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer' to classify. There are sojourners from every quarter of the globe; whilst Africa seems to have contributed a specimen of every nation and tribe, from the north and east of Senegal to the south of Benguela, and the interior to the great Desert of Sahara, with sprinklings from recesses still further off—unpronounceable and inapproachable holes and corners, except by the sable locators themselves—beings who eat their enemies *to make sure of them*—Queen's *in puris naturalibus*. Foulahs, Abas, Mandingoes, Kroomen, Boobies, Fellahs, Joloffs, and scores of others, not forgetting the pure West Indian nigger in all his arrogance, pride,

and hypocrisy—*cum multis aliis* of all shades, ages,⁷ and denominations, making by the confusion of their languages a perfect Babel of the colony. Of these 'native lords of the soil,' the Joloffs are decidedly the best looking, many of them being as light-coloured as Mulattos or Mustees. Their costume, especially that of the women, is the most *swell* and picturesque, consisting, in that of the most respectable of them, of a variegated silk turban of a conical shape, ornamented with a profusion of jewelled studs, a massive virgin gold chain round the neck, very heavy gold arm, wrist, and ankle rings, and large gold earrings weighing down the ears, and showing through the long black hair, which hangs thickly plaited on each side. The body covering consists of a splendid pattern 'paque' or wrapper gracefully folded round, with muslin shoulder-slips; long, heavy strings of red and white beads, twisted round the waist, acting the purpose of zone, bustle, or *caudal*; beautifully-worked silk stockings, and patent leather slippers completing the make up. Of course this is the turn out of a heavy swell, the poorer portion being in general troubled with no more dress than a 'paque' or cloth round the waist, brought between the legs, the end hanging down before and behind, and a profusion of brass, ivory, or bead arm and leglets.

On the opposite side the bay is the Mahomedan town of Bullom Madina; and as the king, Alimamee Amaral Fundi Moodi (to give him his full title), was a very good sort of fellow, two brother officers and myself determined some years ago to pay him a visit, and get a little shooting. Being tired of red-legged partridge potting, we accordingly started in a canoe one forenoon, and soon reached a landing-place a short distance from the town, and sent a native to inform his sable Majesty that we had done him the honour to come over and have *chow-chow* with him. He immediately sent one of his brothers to conduct us to the palace or 'yard,' as it is termed, where his Majesty received us. After a calabash or two of palm wine (not at all a bad drink on a warm day), we told him that we had come over for a day's shooting, and he at once promised us a small army of beaters for the next morning. He then conducted us to a house specially set apart for European visitors; and, having directed some half dozen of his wives to attend upon and cook for us, he dispersed the crowd of natives who had congregated to see us, and took his departure, shortly afterwards sending us a basket of yams, fruit, and a dozen bottles of Bass; his messenger informing us that the latter had been left by a party of whites from Free Town some months before. Need I say we drank our unknown benefactors' healths with becoming gusto?

After an excellent dinner of fish, goat, fowls, yams, ocras, and other vegetables, we sallied out to look at the town, which is excellently built for defence, each 'yard' being surrounded by a strong high earthen wall, pierced for musketry, and entered by massive wooden gates, making each a complete fort, easy to defend but most difficult to capture. The Mandigoes are a fine, tall race of men, having a good deal of the Arab in them; they profess the Maho-

medan religion, but have many of the gross superstitions of the wilder tribes. Polygamy, of course, exists, and morality and decency are 'conspicuous by their absence.' In the evening we went, by invitation, to the king's yard, and were regaled with palm wine, sherbet, and tobacco, a group of dancing girls, about fifty in number, performing their most favourite dances, and singing their most choice songs for us. These young ladies performed in nature's garb, and neither their dances or songs were peculiar for the modesty of their action or sentiment. A very little of this sufficed for us, and we retired to our own house early, where we enjoyed a glass or two of grog while getting our gear in order for the morning, and then turned in. At early daybreak we were roused by one of the king's sons; and, having breakfasted off 'palava sauce' and a bottle of Bass, started with some fifty or sixty beaters for the field of action. Leaving the town through a very strong double gate, we picked our way over a piece of ground thickly planted with a kind of cacti, which serves as an admirable defence against any attempt of a night surprise by hostile tribes, and then emerging in a well-beaten path, after half an hour's brisk walking came to a large space of yam fields, and ground-nut plants; here we found the beaters in line, and dividing ourselves as best we could amongst them, our sport began, and brace after brace of red-legged partridges attested by their fall that our eyes were keen and hands steady. For two hours we beat the yams, and then betook ourselves to the shade of the jungle to recruit a little, and to get shelter from the almost overpowering rays of the morning sun. Here we changed our game, substituting for the red legs, the green pigeon, a bird rather larger than the English wood-pigeon, and feathered down the leg like a grouse. About noon we got tired of this small-game killing, and intimated to our guide that we should like to see something better. Calling the beaters together, he, after some vehement gesticulating and talking, seemed to have arranged his plan, and sending them off in a body, he led the way deeper into the forest. In a short time all signs of a path disappeared, and we had considerable difficulty in forcing our way onwards; however, after an hour's hard work, we reached a more open spot, and having selected a tree easy of climbing, my two companions were directed to get into it, and wait their fortune. A little further off our dusky friend, our interpreter, and myself took up our billets in a like tree; and as I found two hours at the least would elapse before the beaters could close us, I handed my gun to our interpreter, and endeavoured to snatch forty winks, but the endeavour was a vain one, for our tree was the chosen abode of countless ants, who appeared to have a strong partiality for white men's blood, and nipped me infernally. After a considerable time had elapsed we heard the shouts of the beaters as they approached us, and presently three small spotted deer came bounding along, one of which I stopped, missing another very neatly. One single shot from my friends followed, and the beat was over. On joining them, I found that a long shot had been had at a leopard,

but without success. This was dreadfully poor sport, so we determined to have our luncheon, and after the beaters had rested for an hour, to endeavour to track the 'spotted cuss' to his lair. There was just the chance, if my friend had hit him, of being able to do this, so we decided that it was worth the trouble; accordingly we made ourselves as comfortable as we could, and our sandwich cases and pocket flasks were attacked forthwith. In an hour's time we started the beaters again, remaining ourselves under the shade of a lordly cotton-tree, awaiting news from them. By-and-by a messenger came in with the welcome news that they had hit him off, and that he was safely surrounded about two miles from us. Pipes were hastily knocked out, and once again we plunged into the dense forest. Arrived at the spot, we found the animal had taken up his quarters in a small patch of dense thorns and undergrowth, so thick that no signs of him could be seen. The only dog we had was an English bull bitch of mine, but she had pluck enough to face the devil himself, I believe.

Placing my friends in what I thought the most likely places for the beggar to bolt from, and sending the bitch on ahead of me, I essayed an entrance into the bush, and had only penetrated a few yards before a yelp from the bitch, and an angry noise between a snarl and a growl in reply, told me the game was there. It was a very anxious moment, and I felt so excited, that I could hardly keep from trembling. Suddenly there was a rush; I just caught sight of some yellow object, seemingly launched through the air; and I was knocked head over heels, both barrels of my gun exploding as I fell. For a moment I lay supine, and then gathering myself together, I got up, feeling remarkably foolish, but, barring a nasty cut on my left shoulder, unharmed. Rushing out of the bush I found my friends looking as frightened as, I must confess, I had for a moment or two felt myself, as they fancied, from the leopard escaping, I was a 'gone coon.' The bitch had followed the animal, and we could hear her baying not very far off. Guided by her voice, we hurried to the spot, and found to our delight that she had treed our friend. Approaching very cautiously, we saw the brute lodged in a fork of a large cotton-tree, and apparently too much engaged in watching the dog to take notice of us. Getting to within ten yards of him we gave him half-a-dozen balls in his head and chest, tumbling him out of the tree as dead as a door nail. On examining him we found that the first ball fired at him had cut a deep groove out of his right side, but had done him no real injury.

As the cut from his claw upon my shoulder began to get painful, we left a couple of natives to bring his skin in, and started for the town, where one of the king's women applied a dressing of green pepper-leaves for me. We returned to the ship that evening, and I was for some considerable time in the hands of our surgeon. Our bag consisted of forty-seven and a half brace of partridge, twenty-two pigeons, one deer, and the skin of my spotted friend.

F. W. B.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

THE annual Isle of Wight Gala opened auspiciously enough in some respects, Cowes being apparently fuller than ever, while the presence of the Prince of Wales and Prince Arthur proved an additional attraction. Instead of the stereotyped grievance of no wind, however, we had an excess of rain to grumble at, with, from time to time, skies cloudy enough to proclaim a hunting morning to the deafest fox-hunter, in addition to just about the slant of wind in which that fraternity are supposed to delight. Her Majesty's Cup, for all rigs, over the old Queen's Course, headed the programme, and, with a S.W. breeze, it looked quite the day for schooners, which were strongly represented. Mr. Mulholland's invincible Egeria, the Harlequin (Colonel Markham), Shark (Duke of Rutland), and Shamrock, just built for Sir E. Sullivan, represented the two-masters; the cutters were Count Bathyan's new clipper Kriemhilda, the famous Arrow (Mr. T. Chamberlayne), and the Foxhound (Marquis of Ailsa). A couple of yawls, Daydream (Colonel Loyd) and Juliet (Captain Sterling), made up the entries. Harlequin led the fleet to Osborne, though off Ryde Pier, Egeria and Shamrock were ahead, Kriemhilda and Harlequin next. This order was maintained throughout the match, except that, rounding off Lymington, the Shamrock led by nearly a minute, but Egeria ran by her again off Newtown, and won her third Queen's Cup amidst the greatest display of enthusiasm from the crowd of yachts lying in the roads. The time, 4 hrs. 27 min., is, we fancy, the quickest on record. The Cutter Race, over the same course, brought out the Arrow, Fiona (Mr. E. Boutcher), Kriemhilda, Norman (Major Ewing), Iona (Mr. J. Ashbury), Garrion (Mr. T. Houldsworth), and Vanguard (Mr. Pitt Miller). Foxhound and Banshee (Mr. J. S. A. Dunbar) were entered, but did not start. The wind had shifted to S.E., and during the day inclined W., veering about in the most fidgetty manner. Kriemhilda and Iona were first away, but Mr. Ashbury's novice soon fell astern, her topsail yard parting in the slings, just past Old Castle Point. The Vanguard showed the way to Osborne Bay, where Kriemhilda and Arrow pressed her closely, the old ship going wonderfully well, and nearly all the fleet being in it as they rounded the Nab. There was little change amongst the leaders at the Norman, where the order was Arrow, Kriemhilda, Fiona, Iona; Garrion, who was last round the Nab, had now taken fifth place, but the time she had to give away reduced her chance to zero. After rounding off Lymington, spinnakers were the order of the day, and the gallant Arrow was at last passed by Kriemhilda, who had got her light canvas up very smartly. The order at the Castle was, Kriemhilda, Arrow, Vanguard, Garrion, but, on reference to the scale of allowances, Major Ewing's 40-tonner, Norman, was found to be the winner, and the Vanguard proved entitled to the second prize. Altogether it was a fluke, unsatisfactory sort of match, though the Kriemhilda's run home was something worth looking at. For the Town Cup there were no less than sixteen entries, and with a nice N.W. breeze, it was a pretty sight, as they started to sail the Queen's Course twice round. Cutters were well represented by Kriemhilda, Arrow, Fiona, Norman, Banshee, Garrion, Vanguard, and Foxhound. Yawls—Astarte (Mr. H. McFarlane), Dauntless (Mr. F. Willan), and Corisande (Mr. Richardson). Schooners, Egeria, Harlequin, Pantomime, Shark, and Livonia (Mr. Ashbury). Three of these, Foxhound, Dauntless, and Livonia, were absentees. The Arrow was first away, but before Ryde

the Egeria, Kriemhilda, and Pantomime had gone by her. After passing the Warner Light, Egeria seemed to have rare bad luck in beating, coming back to the others in most unusual style. Kriemhilda, on the other hand, and the veteran Arrow, in spite of carrying away her topmast, were having a good time of it, and well ahead at the end of the first round; Vanguard, Egeria, Corisande, Garrison, Pantomime, and Fiona coming next. During the second round the affair was practically a match between the two leaders, but as it proceeded Count Batthyany's success became all but a certainty, and Kriemhilda finally won with plenty to spare—a Cowes vessel thus very appropriately taking the Town Cup. The Prince of Wales's Challenge Cup, open to American and British schooners and yawls, had no lack of entries, and, the redoubtable Sappho being amongst the number, it was hoped that Mr. Douglas would give us a taste of her quality. This was, however, not to be, as her racing flag was hoisted, only to be hauled down again, just prior to the start, and the American crack contented herself with sailing a portion of the distance in company with the competitors. The course was round the Shambles, passing south of the island round the Nab, back to Cowes Castle. The list, in addition to the American, consisted of: schooners—Egeria, Pantomime, Livonia, Aline (Mr. R. Sutton), Gwendolin (Major Ewing). Yawls—Corisande and Dauntless. There was a fine W.S.W. breeze at 2 P.M., when the second gun was fired, and they got away to a rather straggling start, but were well together working down to the Shambles, where the first flight were Gwendolin, Livonia, Egeria, and Aline. As evening came on, the position of the several vessels became more and more problematical. Livonia's power enabled her to press on sail right gallantly, and she would probably have won, but for carrying away her maintopmast about a mile short of the Nab, when two or three miles ahead of the others. This stopped her a good deal, as she was sailing with a scratch crew and short-handed, so matters could not be set straight as smartly as they should have been. As it was, Gwendolin was just home thirty-eight minutes after midnight, Livonia, Aline, and Egeria following pretty closely. Gwendolin had run down the mark-boat off the Castle, and was thus, according to the rules, disqualified, but the Committee declined to recognize the occurrence, and implied that the Egeria must protest, if she wished the *contre-temps* taken notice of. This Mr. Mulholland declined to do, though, having saved his time from all but the Gwendolin, he was, according to strict law, clearly entitled to the prize. It seems hard that a committee should not take upon themselves to see that their own rules are observed, but force upon yacht owners the unpleasantness of protesting in case of a dispute. Another questionable action of the R.Y.S. Committee was the abolition of time penalties to previous winners of the Queen's Cup, a change of which adequate notice should have been given, however desirable it might appear in itself.

The Ryde week, under the auspices of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, commenced with the Commodore's Cup, over the New Long Victoria 'course, for any rig. There was an excellent entry. Schooners—Livonia, Harlequin, and Egeria: Cutters—Fiona, Iona, Marina (Mr. J. C. Morice), Muriel (Mr. T. Brassey), Banshee, and Norman: Yawls—Corisande, and Gertrude (Major Tharp). A light N.W. wind, which shifted about a good deal, gave but poor prospect for the match, and all available canvas was hoisted as soon as possible, but the progress was very slow. At first the cutters made the best of it, Fiona, Norman, and Marina, keeping in front; but at the end of the first round yawls were to the fore, Corisande and Gertrude leading, with Egeria next. Lothair's heroine now held the pride of place throughout, and

there was but little change amongst the first flight, except that the *Egeria*, by a clever tack along Ryde Sands, ran second, and remained so to the finish. The *Corisande* thus won easily, after allowing time to all her rivals. She is a new craft by Ratsey, and bids fair to distinguish herself. The next day was devoted to races of ships' boats, and a garden party in the Club grounds, which, though highly proper and virtuous amusements, scarcely come within our province. The Club Match on the following day was confined to cutters under 52 tons, and yawls, 70 tons, over the same course as for the Commodore's Cup. The entry consisted of; Cutters—*Christabel* (Col. Gourley, M.P.), *Thought* (Mr. G. Wells), *Aura* (Mr. T. Blake), *Myosotis* (Mr. T. G. Freke), *Norman*, *Alcyone* (Sir W. Topham), *Banshee*, *Foxhound*, *Psyche* (Mr. T. C. Garth), and *Niobe* (Mr. A. Heyman: Yawls—*Gertrude*, and *Volante* (Mr. C. Maw). There was a nice S.E. breeze as they started to beat out to the Warner; but owing to the start being, as is usual here, a flying one, it was difficult to decide which had the best of it. The leaders rounded the Warner as follows:—*Myosotis*, *Christabel*, *Gertrude*, *Alcyone*, *Volante*, and *Norman*; the last named, however, soon improved her position, and off the Club-house had run into third place, *Myosotis* and *Christabel* still leading. Working down to the Warner for the second time, *Myosotis* held her own gallantly, while *Christabel* and *Norman* made a very near thing of it, being clocked within a few seconds of each other. Towards the end of the match the wind rather died away, but *Myosotis* maintained her advantage, taking the first prize, and *Norman* the second. The Vice-Commodore's Cup, for schooners and yawls, round the island, was well supported by both rigs. Schooners were ably represented by *Livonia*, *Egeria*, *Harlequin*, *Pantomime*, *Gwendolin*, and *Flying Cloud*, Count Batthyany's old favourite; and yawls by *Corisande*, *Dauntless*, *Astarte*, and *Gertrude*. Owing to *Livonia* and *Harlequin* not starting, there were four of each class left in; and, as it turned out, the result was a very close match between *Corisande* and *Egeria*, the former winning, but with very little to spare. This concluded the yachting of the Regatta, which, altogether, was scarcely up to former anniversaries.

The time-honoured race for Doggett's Coat and Badge came off, as usual, between London Bridge and Chelsea, and was won all the way by T. Green, of Putney. W. A. Messenger, a son of the boat-builder and ex-champion, was a starter, and greatly fancied by many of the spectators; but the so-called old-fashioned boat, and below-bridge water, were no doubt strange to him, and he gave up before covering the distance. Chapman, of Horsleydown, was a good second, but none of the lot had a chance with the winner.

The Thames Regatta, on whose behalf we spoke last month, came off with great *éclat*, and produced two capital days' sport. The Tyne sent two fours for what used to be called the 'hundred' (but, unfortunately, from lack of the needful, the first prize had to be reduced to 80*l.*), one consisting of the champion crew, with the difference that Armstrong took a seat instead of J. H. Sadler, who, being a Southron, is barred by the rules of the regatta from rowing in a north-country crew. The second Newcastle four was nothing very grand. Hammersmith sent a light but fast lot, stroked by W. Biffen. In the first heat the race lay between the Newcastle crew and Hammersmith, who alternately held the lead until past the Soap Works, when the Northerners, quickening, got to the bridge a few feet ahead of the locals, after a most exciting struggle; though, as both were entitled to a place in the final, but little was gained by their exertions. It was, however, all the better for the spectators, and served to impress Winship's backers with the

certainty of his victory. In the second heat the form was not so good; and Greenwich and Horsleydown, whom we were glad to see represented above-bridge, qualified for the final. On coming to the post for the deciding spin, the Tynesiders were hot favourites, as much as 6 to 1 being laid on them by enthusiasts, and 3 to 1 currently offered. The struggle again lay between Hammersmith and Newcastle, who were in front at Simmons's. Off the London Club-house Biffen drew up; but Winship, getting away again, came Surreywards, and out of his course, to wash the Hammersmith men, who had started from No. 1 High Street, which (we ought perhaps to inform our readers) is the local *sobriquet* of the extreme Surrey station. Notwithstanding this, Biffen came up, until at the Grass Wharf he overlapped Winship, who now bored them out. Biffen gave way at first, but being driven right away from his proper course, straightened the boat, when, of course, the oars touched at once. Winship was quickest away, but the others collared them by the Crab Tree, and were first home by nearly three lengths. Greenwich was next, though a long way astern, and Horsleydown so far behind that no one seemed to have seen them pass the post; and as they became entitled to third money, owing to Winship being disqualified for the foul, the fact had to be proved to the satisfaction of the Committee by, we believe, a couple of policemen. Winship's lot probably underrated their opponents, and were scarcely fit; but, whether or no, the Hammersmith light-weights have the makings of a clinking good crew, as they are at present very rough and unsteady, and had rowed together for something less than a week. As, however, W. Biffen, the stroke, no longer hails from Hammersmith, having gone into business as a boat-builder somewhere in the country, they are not likely really to row much together, though they would doubtless find backers if Winship's team wish to try conclusions again. For the Pairs, Taylor and Winship, and Thomas and Biffen, after winning their trial heats, had a rare tussle in the final which was rowed down. Biffen took the lead, going very smartly, and apparently too much for his partner. Off Rose Bank Winship was about level, and the boats dangerously close; indeed a foul was more than once avoided by Winship giving way. At last, however, they touched, after which the Northerners drew in front, and finished two lengths ahead. The umpire at once decided in Winship's favour, adding that the foul was evidently unintentional. The Sculls created some remarks, and no wonder; Nixon of Newcastle, Anderson and Green, both of Hammersmith, and members of Biffen's four, were left in for the final; and the race, if it deserve the name, lay between these two, the Northerner being soon disposed of. Green started cleverly, Anderson quite the reverse; but the latter coming level below the Crab Tree, Green, though apparently by far the better sculler, played with his man, who finally went ahead, and was first home by about a length. The Committee, considering Green had not tried to win, barred him from rowing at the regatta for two years. If he were doing his best, all we could say was it didn't seem so; if it were a friendly arrangement for Anderson to win, why manage it so clumsily? The Coat and Badge went to Messum of Richmond, who won pretty easily. On the prizes being given away, J. Taylor, as spokesman for the Newcastle crew, complained of being disqualified for the Fours, the foul being, as he alleged, an accident, and stated his intention not to row again at this regatta. He will probably change his mind on this subject, as the chance of a share of 100*l.* is not to be picked up every day, or indeed elsewhere; but if coxswains continue to be tolerated, competitors will do well to give away a little weight, and carry some one

whose judgment can be relied upon, without perpetual instructions from stroke or bowman, who, besides having something else to do, is not in the best position for deciding the advisability of giving way or not at a critical point in the race. The regatta, as we have already mentioned, was quite successful; and we only hope that next year the Committee will have more funds at their disposal.

Amateur regattas are now so numerous, and we find, especially in the provinces, the same names so continually turning up, that a very brief reference to the past meetings of the season must suffice. At Walton-on-Thames, the usual preparations for a water frolic on a large and liberal scale had evidently been made, but owing to the threatening appearance of the sky during the forenoon, the attendance was scarcely up to the average. Still, craft, duly freighted with beauty and baskets, were to be seen in plenty, and those spectators who were afloat did not neglect to get in the way of the racing boats, as is usual at this meeting, where, with the bulk of those present, the rowing ranks, at best, are but an unimportant accessory to lunch and flirtation. Certainly the painfully neat swains who disported themselves on the water were all over the place, and it required every effort of Mr. Lord and the Thames Conservancy, to keep anything like a clear course for the competitors. The fours produced a good race between Kingston and Thames; the latter jumped away at the start, almost drew clear, but were messed about by the coxswain, and so came back to the Surbiton men, who were being beautifully piloted by F. Walton, and, making a well-timed effort about half way, came across and took the Thames' water with very little to spare. The Putney crew pressed them all the way home, but were beaten by over a length, the Marlow running being thus reversed. The Juniors fell to the Isleworth Boat Club, who won the final pretty easily. Slater disposed of Chillingworth for the Senior Sculls, and in the Juniors, for which there were nine starters, another Thames Club man, Freeman, was victorious. The pairs proved the best race of the day, Chillingworth and Herbert pressing Trower and Knollys so closely at the finish, that the verdict was a bare half length. The watermanship in both boats was most eccentric. The absence from the principal race of the London Rowing Club, who generally support this pleasant reunion, arose from the Metropolitan being fixed for the next day but one. This gathering, as usual, obtained some high class entries. The Champion Cup for Senior Eights was expected to be left to the Henley winners, but the Thames Club, with commendable spirit, entered their crew which had won the Second Eights at Henley. The Londoners were by no means fit, and the Thames men would, doubtless, have made a good race of it, had they not shipped a coxswain, who, for steering purposes, was considerably worse than nothing, the course taken being ridiculous in the extreme. Good coxswains are most rare articles, but the Thames Club could, surely, out of their large numbers, knock a few light-weights into shape; or, better still, discover in their midst a family endowed with the requisite gifts, as the London and Kingston men have done, whose adherence to the Weston and Walton breeds respectively, has been singularly successful. London won the fours, and Thames beat Kingston for second place, thus confirming their Marlow form, and avenging the Walton defeat. The London Club walked over for Junior Fours, a most unusual occurrence, as this race secures a large entry at most regattas. A crew of the Waldegrave Club had entered, but did not start. The Metropolitan Eights for juniors, which was the origin of the whole regatta, had five entries, but of these the Twickenham did not

appear, one of the crew being suddenly taken ill. West London beat London pretty easily in the first, and for the second heat the Ino won on a foul from Thames; in the final Ino just beat the Wandsworth men after magnificent efforts on both sides, which were, however, sadly nullified by undue use of the rudder-lines in both boats. Long and Gulston had their usual walk-over for the pairs, and Knollys won the sculls with ease, as from his Henley achievements he was bound to do. What folks did not expect to see was Routh beating Slater, who getting his scull jammed at the start was left astern. He soon, however, passed Chillingworth, and got near Routh, but did not pass him, possibly reserving himself for the eights, as he clearly could not hope to catch Knollys, who had early in the race drawn four lengths ahead of his field. Altogether there was some good sport, and the arrangements were admirable. The Bedford Regatta, held as usual on a queerly curved piece of water on the Ouse, secured an excellent entry. Owing to the nature of the course, but two crews can row at a time, so that some of the events involve several heats. The Thames Club won the Senior Fours, but their performance was not much to boast of, as the Bedford Grammar School team, who had previously won the Public School Fours, pushed them very close, and were beaten by a bare half-length. The winners were possibly not fit, or kidding, but it was too near to be pleasant, as one false stroke would have lost them the race. Slater took the Senior Sculls by two walks-over, and, after eleven heats, J. Gillard was declared winner of the Juniors. Eight boats were entered for Junior Fours, and after seven heats a Hammersmith crew won, beating sundry Cambridge and local boats. At Kingston-on-Thames, the regatta, though following rather closely on those we have mentioned, was fairly supported, and the attendance, as usual, very large, though, as at Walton, the threatening appearance of the weather no doubt kept many away. In the fours, the old rivals, Kingston and London, again met, and the locals made a very fine race of it, the Putney men winning by only half a length clear. In the Sculls, Chillingworth beat Gibbon, who caught a crab just as they were making the match very interesting. The Kingston Club won the Junior Fours, and there were some races confined to locals which made up the programme. At Staines there was some fair sport, and the entries were quite up to the average. There are here two Senior Fours, one of which, the Ladies' Plate, is a challenge cup, so that the same crews occasionally meet twice, and as the men are at this time of the year stale, or at any rate scarcely fit, public running gets a good deal upset. The Senior Fours had six entries, and were rowed in two trial heats. In the first were the best Thames Club crew, the Ilex, and a scratch London lot, all Grand Challenge men, and three of them winners. The Thames won easily enough, but when the Ilex boat was found to be well ahead of the Londoners, great was the astonishment, probably of the Ilex men most, at the unexpected result, and much chaff has been since expended on the incident. The second heat went to the North London, who made a good race in the final, Thames landing by about a length. The Ino Club won the Ladies' Plate, after beating London and Oscillators in the trial, and the North London in the final, heat. An Ino crew also won the Juniors, and as Chillingworth and Herbert carried off the pairs, and Herbert beat Chillingworth for Sculls, the Ino may be said to have taken a benefit, winning everything they entered for. Slater beat Herbert in the trial heat of the Sculls, but was disqualified for a foul. At Tewkesbury, where we have in former years seen some first-rate rowing and large fields, the entry for the principal events was very poor, only two crews,

Ino and North London, going for the Toddington vase (fours), and the Ladies' Plate not producing a race. Ino won pretty easily, as by their form at Staines they were bound to do, and Herbert carried off another sculling prize, beating May of the West London by a couple of lengths. The other events were mainly of local interest.

The Barnes and Mortlake Amateur Regatta, which has for many years ranked second to Henley, amongst the meetings on the Thames, was brought off most satisfactorily; the rowing for the principal events being very good, and some of the races, notably the Senior Fours and Eights, causing quite an excitement among the visitors. The Challenge Cup for fours has been hitherto won by either the Kingston, or London Clubs, who have rowed some of the finest races ever seen for its possession, one of Risley's finishes being especially impressed on our memory; while more recently there have been some very determined struggles connected with it. This time the Thames Club, who, if we remember rightly, pushed London very hard last year, succeeded in breaking the charm. Served by the inside berth, they forged ahead after a quarter of a mile, and in spite of all that Gulston and his crew, who were a trifle off, could do, held their own to the finish, winning by a bare half length. The Ino, who started from the centre, were outpaced throughout. The eights, for men who had never won a senior race, was a new and most excellent feature of the programme, being an extension of last year's race, which was on the same conditions, but for fours only. How fully it was appreciated was most practically evinced by six clubs entering. The first heat lay between London, Thames, and Isleworth, which the former won easily, owing to Isleworth fouling Thames soon after the start; and the Thames men, on protesting, were allowed to row in the final. In the second, West London took the lead, but were soon passed by Ino and Oscillators. The Hammersmith men had always the best of it, and won just clear. In the final, Thames, from the worst station, were soon tailed, and the others made a ding-dong race all the way down, to close home, when Ino spurting, won by a quarter length. This club also took the Pairs, with Chillingworth and Herbert. Slater won the Sculls pretty easily, turning the tables on Routh, who had headed him at the Metropolitan Regatta. Junior Fours, as usual here, brought out a large field, seven boats starting, and the winners turned up in a crew calling themselves the Magpies. They were objected to on the hopelessly disputed point of gentleman-amateurship, for being shopmen at Marshall and Snellgrove's, but the Committee, after consideration, disallowed the protest. Grove, of the London, won the Junior Sculls; and scratch races, after the rowing, brought an ample day's sport to a satisfactory conclusion.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—August Amusements.—Goodwood Gleanings;
and Yorkshire Yarns.

As if to check the joy which the final days of July excited at the prospect of a genuine broiling summer at last, August set in after a howling, tearing fashion, particularly objectionable to dwellers by sad sea waves, be they the waves that lave the sands of Saltburn, the cliffs of Scarborough, or the beach at Brighton. Unfortunate Paterfamilias, shivering in Northern lodgings, with

a landlady 'full against' fire, thought of the comforts of his London home in despair; incessant thunderstorms in the Midlands tried the nerves and tempers of the inhabitants very highly; while the Brighton zephyrs tried the feet and ankles of the Adas and Angelinas there abiding equally high. In the latter instance the ladies won with stones in hand, and seemed to make nothing of the treatment they received. Evidently in that particular the form of Brighton is nearly equal to Cantinière's.

We wish we could say as much of Goodwood, which proved about as fatal as that great racing festival has now done for some years to the class which goes by the generic term of 'the gentlemen.' It was not a very brilliant meeting either, and we did not even get our *quid pro quo* in the matter of sport. Indeed, to put it more plainly, we lost our *quids* and didn't get our *quos*. Of course it was Goodwood, and everybody put on their best clothes, eat a good deal of luncheon, and said one to another, with their backs to the race-course and their faces to the lawn, 'Isn't this charming?' Perfectly true, ladies and gentlemen: it *is* charming; and for a huge pic-nic of 'society' there is no place like what reporters love to term 'the Ducal Meeting.' 'Society' likes it, of course. Its lines are cast in very pleasant places, and a snug radius of a very few miles enfolds 'noble knight and lady gay' in the easiest of bonds. Molcombe takes many, the House takes more; there are one or two smaller circles within easy distance, and society, as a rule, has not to fatigue itself with long drives, or to be troubled about its toilettes. To the chosen few it is a paradise where there is a little good racing and much good company, and we trust nothing will ever intermeddle with its joy; but it becomes a rather serious question to *nous autres* of the outer world whether the pilgrimage into Sussex, with the expensive put up at Bognor, Brighton, Worthing, or wherever our lot may be cast, is a game worth the candle. Goodwood is not, or was not, always all luncheon and millinery. There was grand sport to be seen there twenty years ago, or more, when there were such horses as Harkaway, Alice, and The Hero on the earth, and Lord George was in the full ripeness of his racing career. Doubtless the toilettes then were as beautiful, though hardly, perchance, as costly as now, but we don't think we had attained to our full luncheon perfection; however, we got on as well as we could in those times, before *chefs* were able to construct a Russian salad, and Giesler's dry was unknown. What was Goodwood Cup then, and the Ham, and the Lavant? Races to be looked forward to, thought of and talked about, the first named the event of the meeting, and one of the great events of the year. Now what is it, and what the other items that help to swell the programme of the day? It is all very well to say, as do some writers, that the sport is a secondary consideration on this particular day—that it is *un jour de fête* when we look for 'light and elegant' fare, and that people, in fact, would rather prefer on this occasion bad racing to good. This is sheer nonsense, because in the same breath we are assured that the passion for sport was never greater, and that it permeates through every rank of society, &c., &c.—we all know the strain of the sporting press. Why then, is the question that would naturally occur to most people, does it not 'permeate' Goodwood? How comes it that this once grand meeting has of late years been collapsing in the sport provided thereat? Look at Ascot. There, too, is an exhibition of millinery, beautiful women, wonderful luncheons, and the cream of everything and everybody; but then there is something else besides, there is wonderful racing. And when we come to mention Ascot, where do we else see sport is the thought that involuntarily occurs to us. Let not our readers start in amazement at

the question—one put in sober seriousness, with a fat volume of the Calendar, moreover, by our side, as we write, the 'Races Past' of '71. To be sure, there is Newmarket, and of course there is the Derby and the Leger, but they are small potatoes compared to Ascot; and after Ascot, what then? This may seem a strange question to racing men—a stranger one still to that outer world which looks at racing from the safe and far-off distance of print. What, then, is the fat volume above referred to, compiled with all the care and diligence for which Old Burlington Street is renowned? Does it only help to suckle fools and chronicle small beer? Alas! it does the former we much fear; though perhaps we should have to break a lance with that eminent firm about the latter. But we are wandering away from the small beer of Goodwood. Sorry are we to say that the sport was on each day of a mediocre character, and that while the attendance, especially on the Cup day, was never larger, the racing required an immense amount of bolstering up and a great drawing on the imagination to make us believe we were really assisting at that 'glorious' institution. It was only the Stewards' Cup that on the first day gave vitality to the sport, for the other events were *nil*, and the presence of Cantinière frightened away the two-year olds. The great short-cut race, too, showed a falling off from last year in point of numbers, there being only 28 runners, while there were 39 in '71. But we need scarcely say there was the same amount of speculation, though now, as then, we most of us failed to spot the winner. It was a very good handicap, no doubt, and many were the fancies; and if, when we all talked about Anton's great chance (and no doubt on paper he had a great one), we had exercised a little thought, or refreshed our memories by a perusal of the racing records of the previous year, we should have seen that Oxonian, who then made all the running, and looked all over a winner until Anton shot out and squandered his field, must have an equally great one. Carrying only 4 lbs. more than in '71, and meeting Anton on 15 lbs. better terms, surely the horse that was known to be so good over this distance of ground, and had made mincemeat of such speedy ones as Perfume, Cymbal, and St. Vincent in the Shobdon Cup at Shrewsbury, surely he ought to have been backed here. The Turf analysts who made so much of Pitchfork's Shrewsbury performance, doubtless a very meritorious one, were silent about Oxonian, neither did the stable make any sign. William Day indeed fancied Pitchfork, and though the owner of Oxonian had a hundred on him, it is to be presumed that stake would have been trebled and quadrupled had he been fond of him. And Oxonian—next the rails, his old position last year, with the same jockey, Wyatt, in the saddle—came away from the start with a clear lead, and won in a canter. Not quite such a hollow victory as Anton's, for Blenheim got near the winner once, but it was only on sufferance, for Wyatt had merely to rouse his horse, and he left Blenheim in a moment. We shall always think it a remarkable circumstance, that overlooking of Oxonian by the clever analysts, professional and amateur, who make handicapping their science and the Calendar their study. It shows how the most painstaking and the sharpest may be caught napping. In the face of the undoubted one or two good horses in the race, Ashfield was made the favourite, an animal who once or twice has been going to do something which he has never yet done. Pearl certainly looked more genuine business, and so did Anton, Napolitain, Statesman, &c., but all these, though one or two showed prominently in front at the first, found pursuit of Oxonian hopeless and soon gave it up, and Oxonian started at 20 to 1. After Cantinière had cantered in front of her field for the Lavant, and that useful

mare, The Flower of Dorset, had beat her platers in the Halmaker, Field Marshal and Ripponden met over the severe Queen's Plate course in the Annesley. If ever a race was won by jockeyship this was the one, for Fordham, getting off at a score on the non-favourite, Field Marshal, never suffered Maidment to come a-nigh on Ripponden until in the straight George flattered the latter a little, and the favourite got his head in front. Both horses were done to a turn at this point, and white with lather, which indeed they had begun to show from the very first, struggled on to the chair, but Field Marshal had got the most in him, thanks to a bit of nursing, and won at last by a length and a half. It was a good termination to the day's sport, though running horses out of condition is not a pleasing sight as a rule. Wednesday dawned pleasantly enough, and as the dust was in full ascendancy, everybody agreed it was charming Goodwood weather. The lawn meet was a good one, and the Four-in-Hand and the C.C. were well represented; but yet again it was dull, and there was a great lack of go and excitement about the affair. We are accustomed to walks over for Produce Stakes; but one for an overnight, home-made handicap is comparatively rare. This we were treated to, though in the first event on the card, a 50*l.* Plate with ten entries, and only one of the ten, the Bellona colt, at the post. We are no great advocates for overnight handicaps, and should not break our hearts if the same result attended them all everywhere, but still it was curious. The redeeming feature of the day was the presence of Prince Charlie in the Drawing-Room Stakes, and he was worth coming to see, and with him, the ladies, and the luncheons, the tale of the Stakes day might pretty well be told. There were some idiots, we believe, who backed Bethnal Green, and indeed we encountered one or two before the race—men who nodded their heads, and said, 'we should see,' &c.,—meaning that Prince Charlie would be beaten. Poor fellows! French had not, we need scarcely say, to extend the Prince, who won in a canter, Bethnal Green lumbering after him in vain. No wonder they took 10 to 1 about Prince Charlie freely for the Leger that afternoon, and that people were glad at last to accept a point less. The Stakes was tame after this. The field was larger than expected, but what a lot they were, scarcely a racehorse among them but old Paganini, and he looked as dicky as he could look. To be sure there was Kingcraft, but then his case has long been given up as hopeless, and well as he was in (he was the best handicapped horse in the race), and strenuously as he was brought in the last half hour, we don't believe the public stood him for very much. There was a great idea that he would get a place, and he got it—for him a very good performance. No little excitement was caused during the afternoon by some ugly rumours as to Spennithorne, who at one time was at 5 to 1. The outer world of backers—the men who implicitly follow favourites—were in great consternation when it was known that that good Hampshire sportsman, Captain King, the owner of Admiral, had lodged an objection against Spennithorne, or rather had called upon the Stewards to satisfy themselves that neither the owner or trainer of the horse was in the forfeit list. This they proceeded to do, and after investigation found that all forfeits had been paid on Spennithorne, and that Watson, his trainer, had squared up his accounts in Burlington Street two or three days previously. This was considered satisfactory by the Stewards, and Spennithorne was allowed to start, so he resumed his position at head of the poll before Mr. McGeorge assembled them for the usual parade. They were a sorry lot to look at, taken as a whole, Paganini, Falkland, and Kingcraft being the gentlemen of the party, the favourite, though a strong-

backed, well-limbed horse, looking rather a commoner. Nobody liked Admiral's going in the preliminary canter—as he went short, and he went bad in the market, too, receding to 100 to 8, while Cardigan from 20 to 1 sprang at a bound to half that price. Spennithorne was always in front, Whaddon and Jack-in-the-Green making most of the running until they came into the straight, where they were done with, and the favourite took the lead, stalling off a rush of Newhouse on the Woodyates nag, Richmond, at the last, and won pretty cleverly, though he had to be ridden. Richmond started at 40 to 1, and it was singular that William Day should run second two years following, first with a hot favourite and now with a rank outsider. Old Paganini broke down on descending the hill, and so did Finesse when she got to the bottom. Cardigan ran a dreadful duffer, and was last throughout, and the distance was too much for the others—and that is all that need be said about as uninteresting a Stakes day as we ever assisted at.

Thursday came with all its old prestige—its crowds of pretty women, its heavily laden trains, and that general outpouring of the country side on to the Ladies' Lawn, which are all characteristic features of the day. To be sure, the sport was again most mediocre; and the return list, which we found on our dinner-table after coming from the course, looked like a skeleton one. Had we really been at Goodwood? we asked ourselves. But there was the fête day, at all events. Warm and lovely, with all lovely things in creation to delight the eye, from a duchess in her purple robe to the rustic beauty in her war paint, whatever it might be. All things, too, to eat and drink, and nothing to avoid. No envious rain marred the luncheons, and the lawn was trod in safety by the thinnest *bottine*. 'A very level lot,' said an eminent *connoisseur* to us as we stood gazing on the bank of colour under the beech trees—and we think our friend was right. Nothing very striking, as you sometimes see, when one or two superb beauties stand out pre-eminent—but a number of pretty women. A wonderful lot of them, too, from Tyburnia and Kensingtonia, faces that spoke of Westbourne Terrace and Palace Gardens—rather overdressed some, and with a style which we have noticed as belonging to those favoured localities—but pretty, undeniably so. It was even betting if we asked a town man, Pawkins, for instance,—who goes to every ball given in the season in these districts,—who were the girls in green, or the girls in cerise, or the girls in white, he would tell you they were the Highflyers of Rhododendron Gardens, the Languishes of Laburnum Square, or the Fitz-Fulkes of Fuchsia Villas; and then Pawkins would saunter up to the object of our inquiries and parade them and himself before our admiring eyes. There were also a few, or rather not a few, ladies from not such unobjectionable localities as these we have referred to, ladies of high fashion and easy manners, rather over-given to giggling, and with a decided inclination now and then to wink at a male passer-by—interesting young persons who were found later in the afternoon lunching at the back of some of the coaches, in an advanced stage of decomposition. But, these little drawbacks apart, it was a brilliant show, and in point of numbers we never remember it excelled. The Prince of Wales, who was unable to be present before, joined the home party this day, and Prince Arthur was also there. The Duke and Duchess of Teck had been at Molcombe all the week; and who were all the lords and ladies both there and at Goodwood, here we have not space to tell. There was some interest excited by the re-appearance of King of the Forest after his long retirement (it was here the first shot was fired against him last year for the Leger by that skilful marksman, Mr. William Nicholl)

in the 20th Bentinck Memorial. To see how well Robert Peck had patched him up, and how fit the good horse looked—only there was the danger of his 'cracking' in that off fore leg—gave a zest to the sport which would have been wanting otherwise. King of the Forest had carried off this stake as two and three-year-old, and this was the rubber game which, if he won, would entitle Mr. Merry to a piece of plate out of the 10 per cent. deductions of the three years—or he might have the money—a considerable sum. Mr. Crawford would not oppose him with Dalnacardoch, and there was only Toucques, whom he could have walked round. The danger was in descending the hill; and it looked so imminent that the fielders took heart, and though the betting opened at 2 to 1 on the King, it closed at evens. But Cannon judiciously nursed him and let the mare run herself out; and the point of danger passed (the horse came down the hill very quietly), he won as he liked, and no one grudged Mr. Merry his success, for his ill luck has almost passed into a proverb. Old Orange Girl is the only other horse who has carried off this triennial affair since the foundation of the stake, and Mr. Merry ought to have a piece of plate worthy of the event and of such a good horse. Five runners only for the Cup, a race in which Albert Victor and Favonius were to meet again, and the Ascot running was either to be reversed or confirmed. There was not that 'third course' which an eminent statesman always has at hand; at least, though Barford was backed, we don't think that such a good judge as Mr. Lefevre really fancied he could beat the other two, both fit and well. The Baron made no secret of the fact that Favonius was not himself at Ascot. Hayhoe had indulged him previously, but now he was full a stone better, it was said, than he was then. Albert Victor by right of public running was the favourite, for as he had beaten Favonius in the Alexandra Plate when receiving 5 lbs. from him, he ought to beat now at 7 lbs.; but Baron Rothschild's confidence was infectious, and 2 to 1 was with difficulty obtained about his horse at the last. Verdure was started to make running for Barford, and she rather too well fulfilled her mission, for Barford and Bothwell were done with on coming into the straight, and Maidment, sitting quite quiet on Favonius, brought him up as they neared the Stand, and amidst great cheering left Albert Victor standing still, and won hands down. It was an exciting scene, and the Baron was most warmly greeted as he returned from the scales. It is always satisfactory to see a good horse who has been under a little cloud for a while re-instate himself in public opinion. The running at Ascot made every one fancy that he was not a stayer, and not the horse we supposed him to be when he won the Derby; but here in Goodwood Cup he showed himself in his best form, and he certainly verified his owner's assertion, for he beat Albert Victor with a stone in hand. His Royal nominator hastened to offer his congratulations and to receive them, and a more popular win it would be difficult to conceive.

And then we go on—those, at least, who have not been before sojourning by its anything but 'sad sea waves'—to the glare, din, and revelry of Brighton. The lively and beautiful town is always more or less London-on-the-Sea, but during the Sussex fortnight it becomes London-on-the-Loose, and is really the most wonderful microcosm of the just and the unjust, the saints and the sinners, to be found, we expect, in the British Islands. We decline to give any opinion as to which are the dominant parties in these classes, and it is distinctly to be understood that our remarks refer to the racing season only. Those wishing for further information on the subject can, if they please, turn to 'Baily' for September last year, where, in the historic pages of 'Our Van,'

they will find the inner life of the Queen of Watering Places faithfully sketched. Sufficient here to say that we could on this occasion but give a *replica*, only perhaps we should have to dash in some warmer colouring. Brighton is abnormal in the racing season—but still she is amusing and lively, and we only trust that the *savans*, who succeeded the legs, found everything swept and garnished, and that the past army of occupation left none of its camp followers behind. They would very much have astonished the *savans*. As for the racing there was not much, but expecting but little, we are not disappointed. Mr. Dorling does not aspire to an ambitious programme or a lengthy one either, and just gives us two or three hours' sport each afternoon, not of a very high class kind, but still amusing enough. Backers did not succeed in mending their Goodwood luck—but then they never do—at least, that we can remember. The Brighton Stakes, which looked almost a gift to Napolitain, Lord Wilton was obliged to decline, owing to a slight accident the horse met with coming from Goodwood; and the field, with the exception of Dalnacardoch, was moderate. Mr. Crawford's horse was asked to give plenty of weight, but he was made favourite nevertheless, along with Manille, and he ran a good horse, for he was second to Protomartyr, who unexpectedly developed staying powers which he had never been credited with, and won very cleverly and with something in hand. Indeed, it was evident that if he started for it the Lewes Handicap was at his mercy after this race, and so it proved. The other sport on the first day was nothing remarkable, except for a rather amusing incident of a plater of Mr. Lefevre's—who we were glad, by the way, to see looking so well after his recent severe illness—Chancellor by name, landing an unexpected *coup* in a Maiden Plate; and so little did his owner think of him that he let Tom Jennings have him for a tanner over the 300 he was to be sold for. In the last race of the day, the Corporation, which was looked upon as a certainty for Victoria, Chancellor ran again, Mr. Lefevre starting Puritain, and it was said that the trainer offered to stake a new hat he beat his employer. With Fordham on Puritain, and young Tom on Chancellor, this looked a rash offer, and the public evidently did not see it, for Puritain was the favourite of the two, though there was nothing really backed but Victoria. To the intense astonishment, not to say disgust, of that public which, as a general rule, are so 'awfully clever,' the two French horses had it all to themselves from the start, Puritain appearing to have a trifle the best of it, but close home young Tom challenged resolutely on Chancellor, and won by a head—a grand finish to the day, but hardly a satisfactory one to backers who had done an extra plunge on Victoria. To beat Fordham in such a close thing was, of course, a feather in young Tom's cap—to beat his employer a much larger feather in that of Tom senior. It was amusing to lookers-on, but hardly to some of the actors. The next day was the Cup, and such a Cup—we mean the trophy itself—three men and a boat, with an impossible horse, apparently in his last agonies, in the background. It had something to do with the past history of Brighton—the pre-Georgian, Ladean, Barrymorian era, and before that Chinese pumpkin, called the Pavilion, was either born or thought of—but what it was we really don't know. But it was an imposing-looking Cup, as far as size went, and will go to keep company with a good many more on Mr. Cartwright's buffet, where we have no doubt it will excite much admiration. If we remember rightly he won a piece of plate here with Ely in '65, in which a past Bishop of Brighton appeared giving his benediction to the world in general. Fancy Brighton having had a bishop! It wants an overseer of its morals (at race time) very much,

and we don't think would get the bishop's benediction if that departed saint was in the flesh now. But this is a digression. The field was not very grand, and there was some doubt whether the Committee would give the Cup, seeing that the conditions stated that four horses, the property of different owners, were to start for it, and there were only four coloured, two of them being the property of Mr. Lefevre. But, however, the Committee behaved like trumps and agreed to give it, though only Albert Victor, Barford, and Verdure went for it. Fordham rode Verdure, and French was on Barford, Mr. Lefevre giving his first jockey the choice of mounts. Of course there was a plunge on Verdure directly the numbers went up and Fordham was seen to be on him—so much so that from 6 to 4 on Albert Victor, even money might at last have been had. The clever people did not hesitate to profit by this 'temporary insanity,' and took the evens or laid guineas to pounds, when they could not get that, very keenly. In reality it was not half the good thing that was supposed, for the race was run at such a slow pace, they only actually galloped for about six furlongs, that it just suited Barford, who was able to collar Albert Victor at the finish, and 'Cus' must have had an anxious moment or two (he made amends for them later in the evening) before he could just scramble home and land the crimson jacket by the shortest of heads. A very narrow squeak indeed, and the people who had taken 5 to 1 about Barford were in a tremendous flutter until the winner's number was hoisted. We think if Verdure had made the running as she did at Goodwood Mr. Cartwright would not have added the Brighton Cup of 1872 to his collection. The Club day gave us rather better sport than usual, but still it was nothing very particular, only Acropolis made rather an example of her field in the Two Year Old Stakes, including Arcanus and Templer—the latter running very badly indeed.

We can't afford to linger long at Lewes, for other fields beckon us away. Sufficient to say that Mr. Verrall, as usual, got up two capital days' sport for us, that the attendance was also, as usual, very large, and the pretty course partook of some of the pic-nic features of Ascot and Goodwood. Backers, too, recouped themselves some of their Goodwood and Brighton losses, and Pearl, in the De Warrenne Handicap, recouped Mr. Chaplin for many previous disappointments with his high-bred mare. Nothing but Arcanus and Chancellor opposed Cœur de Lion in the Priory; and though it was in reality odds on the latter, yet, from some cause or another, his owner seemed half afraid to back him, and so the public fought rather shy, too. He had not been out since Newcastle, and there were rumours that he had been a little off, so the fielders offered 6 to 5, and Arcanus was backed freely by his party. The race was the hollowest affair ever seen, as Cœur de Lion jumped off in front, soon settled his opponents, and won, hard held, by five lengths. As Cœur de Lion, with the exception of Chester, has made mincemeat of everything he has met, it is difficult to say why Mr. Fisher did not put it down on this occasion: perhaps he was waiting to lay 7 to 1 on him at York, and that was the reason why he declined the offer of 500 to 400 here! Lord Queensberry and 'Mr. Newton' got up a little sporting match on the first day, Whirlwind v. Jeannie's Bawbee, with owners up, and the Marquis coming away on Whirlwind never let the poor Bawbee see him again. The Lewes Handicap on the Saturday was, of course, real good goods for Protomartyr, though the field was so good that, soon after the numbers went up, 4 to 1 might have been had about the favourite. The public, as well as his stable, had a great fancy for Survivor; John Day was rather fond of White Rose, and a great many good

judges backed Dutch Skater and Como, the latter Mr. Chaplin's Leger outsider. He ran very well, and Constable waiting so far behind with Protomartyr, they began to shout Como's name, and long odds on him at the distance were offered, but the favourite came with a rush, and landed his backers cleverly by a neck. Dutch Skater and Survivor were together behind Headingley, and Mr. Lefevre's horse might have been nearer if he had not been somewhat interfered with. Oxonian could not lose the County Cup; and Lilian's easy victory in the Eccentric Handicap sent backers home in a happier frame of mind than they had been for some time.

Yorkshire, to wit. The walls of old Ebor, the cliffs of Scarborough, the sands of Saltburn, how they all invite us. But, alas! we cannot go everywhere, so must make our choice of the first-named, and, under the shadow of the stately Minster, pitch our tent and hear what the inhabitants and Yorkshiremen in general have got to say about the Leger. But, first, we must hark back a little, and quitting the Turf proper for a moment, say something about the Show of the Yorkshire Society at Malton, held there in the beginning of the month. Malton, too, without Whitewall, the Show Yard without the grey head and kindly greeting of John Scott, and only John Peart and Jim Perrin to remind us of the bygone days. But the former is, as all the world knows—or ought to know, if the world travels Malton ways—landlord of the Talbot Hotel—right comfortable quarters; and if the world cares about a liquor called port wine (we used to drink it, surely, some twenty or thirty years ago, before there was such a thing as Gladstonian claret, and your grocer did not offer you 'a fine dry dinner sherry at 18s.')—why, if people care for that drink of our ancestors, there can their tastes be indulged. And there, too, perchance, they will see Mr. Parrington (we have heard him called 'Tom 'Parrington'), who is the most wonderful organizer of a show of this sort out—top weight, in fact, and they may lay 6 to 4 on him without the slightest fear. By the way, we mentioned Jim Perrin's name just now, and ought to say that he too is flourishing, and has got Mr. Bowes' horses at Wold Cottage. But the Show! well, the Show in some of its classes was not so good as a Yorkshire Show should be, and the thoroughbred sires were of a queer lot. *Who* they were, too, was puzzling, and as we did not have the late volumes of the Stud Book with us we could not make out some of the illustrious strangers. Of course we knew Lozenge, and were glad to see him, though he did not get a prize (and why he did not was another puzzler); but we weren't so certain about Volturno; and who the deuce Rallywood, the sire of Wildman, was, we couldn't tell for the life of us. Another old friend, Viscount, was there (and we thought as we looked at him that we had been idiotic enough to back him for the Leger once); and though he is not much to look at now, why Lozenge, who won the Cambridgeshire, and beat Knight of the Garter over the R. M., did not get a riband, we repeat, we can't make out. Everybody considered him to have grown into a very good-looking horse indeed, except the Judges. But, as we have often had occasion to remark, opinions on horseflesh, bullflesh, cowflesh, and dogflesh, are indeed nouns of multitude. We have heard there are great differences, too, about cats, and Mr. Tegetmeier is not, we fancy, always certain with his pigeons. There must be something of the chameleon in all animals, that is the only way we can account for it. There were some good hunters though, and there was a son of General Hesse, Moslem by name, who struck us as perfect, but he only got placed fourth to Erl King, a grand goer, we must confess. 'Slow and sure' is a capital motto, and we can safely say the Malton Judges were the former, and trust they were

the latter too ; but they did not get to the twelve-stone hunters until Thursday, the second day, when, after luncheon, the candidates for the Light Weight Cup (38 in number) are ridden into the ring. A very good-looking lot indeed—(Landmark and Newsmonger the cracks), and great was the palaver over the two and Firefly, by Codrington, the property of Mr. Starkey. At last Landmark got the white ribbon, though he did not show himself at all to advantage when Captain Arkwright got on him ; Newsmonger was second, and Firefly third. Then arose a pretty row. Landmark was objected to for making a noise, and Professor Pritchard was called in, and the patient was subjected to a high trial, which ended in his being disqualified, and the white ribbon was transferred to Newsmonger. Mr. Harvey Baily, we heard, gave 400*l.* for him—whether before or after the award we don't know. Bar the thoroughbred sires, the Show must be pronounced very good.

And now let us return to our first loves, and tell about Knavesmire and the sport thereon—how Albert Victor proved himself a racehorse in the Great Ebor (thereby proving Favonius to be a much greater one), and the next day was beaten by Agility in the Cup! There was 'grief,' if our readers like. Probably they didn't like, for we saw a good many 'Baily' men on the Subscription Stand, men of the 'constant reader' sort, and their faces were long. For you see they had missed that wretched Albert Victor in the Ebor—they had missed—pahaw!—we *all* had missed him. Misled by the accounts of jockeys and touts—the classes who know, as a rule, as much about a horse as the Esquimaux. Both touts and jockeys (may, as poor Dickens said of some idiots he came across somewhere, invoking an Eastern curse, 'may their faces 'be turned upside down, and jackasses sit on their uncle's grave') declared that Albert Victor 'couldn't move'—that nothing looked worse than he did in the morning gallops, and that, in fact, he wasn't in it. And the end of it was that he had the race in hand all the way, and won as Custance liked,—so much for the jockeys and the touts. But Albert Victor is one of the unlucky ones, or uncertain ones, or, perhaps, he is one of the ones who don't like to be overworked (we know we ourselves are one of *those* ones), for he came out for the Cup on the next day with only Agility to beat, and didn't beat her ; and they laid 4 to 1 on Albert Victor, and, as we have above hinted, the 'awfully clever' people who missed him in the Ebor backed him here ! It was a terrible sequel to the happy landing by Cremorne of the Great Yorkshire—who, by the way, settled King Lud in the most wonderful manner, and still further thereby narrowed the Leger field. The 'surprise' which generally at York awaits us in the Great Yorkshire was transferred to the Cup and the Biennial, in which Somerset and Kaiser met, and the former was beaten—beaten so easily as to make us doubt whether the running could be true. Or is it the fact that Somerset cannot stay ; or else why did Sir Frederick part with him ? It was rather a lame meeting altogether ; and though they knocked about the Leger horses one day they brought them again the next, and Prince Charlie and Drummond shared the honours of favouritism. The defeat of King Lud was a blow to Yorkshire ; but still Khedive found some friends, despite his Stockton running, and the question of 'What was to 'win the Leger?' was far from settled on Knavesmire.

The marriage of Mr. George Whitmore, for many years huntsman to the Hon. Mark Rolle, and still at the head of the kennel department, was suggestive of the olden time, when long domestication and faithful services not infrequently found a recompense other than monetary, and when the services of sons and daughters—born, as it were, in the household—were perpetuated.

in the olden families of a bygone time. The relative position of master and servant, in the present day, is rarely productive of a lengthened term of service. On the part of the former, an insatiate restlessness that can only be satisfied with a succession of new pastures; and of the latter, a craving to make the most out of a brief term of an impatient servitude, combine to restrict the bond betwixt the two classes to one of a simple and selfish interest. When it is otherwise—when respect, fidelity, and attachment cement the mutual connection—the advantages are both gratifying, and apparently cause regret that the example is of unusual occurrence. George Whitmore entered the service of Mr. Rolle in 1860; he succeeded a local huntsman, whose hunting vocabulary and kennel discipline were not in accordance with modern habits. He was assisted by William Boxall (now huntsman to Mr. Trelawny), and by his son George Whitmore, at present with the Belvoir hounds. The change in the establishment was not less palpable than rapid, and an accession of bitches from the Duke of Cleveland, with a large admixture of the Rufford from Captain Williams, crossed upon some of the best blood in England, gradually succeeded in forming a kennel of hounds of acknowledged merit. In the course of time Whitmore, from increasing weight and a not over facile country, relinquished the horn to superintend the home and kennel department. It should be observed that he is a first-rate judge and breeder of hounds, with a knowledge of pedigree singularly extensive and correct. Having ably performed his professional duties, he has not been less careful and discerning in providing for the comforts of domesticity. He has selected for his partner the comely chief in the Stevenstone department of female servants. The marriage ceremonies were performed in the parish church of St. Giles, near Torrington, accompanied by the congratulations and festivities in which his fellow-servants and friends of all classes cordially joined. 'Baily' wishes him the comfort and happiness he so well deserves.

And cricket 'in the sweet shire of Devon' has its pleasant reminiscences too, as witness the following, kindly sent us by a correspondent:—A pleasant duty is that of doing honour to one to whom honour is deservedly due, pleasanter still to see cricketers rejoice in the performance of that duty, but most pleasant to have to add a word of praise to those Devonshire men who so easily and quietly proved to demonstration that lovers of cricket can honour her local chief by an expression of opinion which could not fail to be productive of the greatest gratification in the minds of both giver and receiver. Most common are the *laudatores temporis acti* of the present generation, but when their end and object encourages and fosters the love of cricket as a national pastime, we perpetuate the good qualities inherited from such a source, and make progressive improvement of no mean kind. Such thoughts, and many more, are prompted by the reference to an event which took place during the recent Torquay week upon the occasion of the presentation by numerous cricketing friends to W. C. Sim, Esq., of Knowle, Topsham, for many years Hon. Sec. of the Devon County Club, and withal a most liberal and kindly supporter of the noble game throughout the county, of a testimonial eminently worthy of his acceptance. To be thoroughly English, it was of course a post-prandial gift, made under the able presidency of Mr. W. B. Fortescue (in the unavoidable and much regretted absence of the Hon. Mark Rolle), supported by the guest of the occasion, and Mr. E. A. Sanders on the one side, with the Hon. and Rev. J. T. Boscawen and Mr. T. Mills on the other, the Rev. G. Townsend Warner acting as Vice. Cricketers from far and near attended, and their shouts can be easier imagined than

described when Mr. Sim, in responding, stated, that 'he felt that he stood before the assembled company in the position of a receiver of goods under false pretences.' The tankard, a costly and very handsome double-handled one, bore the following inscription—'Presented to W. C. Sim, Esq., by numerous friends, in appreciation of his valuable services, at all times willingly rendered, in promoting Cricket throughout the County of Devon. July 31st, 1872.'

'Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.'

While speaking of Brighton sports, we ought to have noted the new County Cricket ground—a farmer's field in October last, but a matchless cricket ground—with good pavilion and hotel complete, all walled in and planted by May last. No wonder 'the Author of the Cricket field' (his signature to the Press) is one of the County Committee. This gentleman, also, with two or three skating friends, has excavated and cemented on concrete an acre of ground, south of the cricket ground, which, now filled with a foot of water, forms a skating rink, as Yankees call it, available to skaters in the winter and for boys' boats and model yachts all the rest of the year.

We desire to correct an error into which we inadvertently fell in our last 'Van.' When speaking of the return match at Polo, played at Woolwich on the Friday after the Windsor one, we mentioned the '9th Lancers having scored four goals to the Blues one.' On the occasion referred to the match was played between the 9th Lancers and the 1st Life Guards—not the Blues. We don't hear anything definite about the Polo Club as yet; but then town has been so empty that to get three men together to settle or talk about anything has been an impossibility. They don't even talk about the Leger!

On the 26th ultimo the Dorking coach season closed, and Mr. Chandos Pole, Captain Cooper, Colonel Stacy Clitherow, and Mr. A. G. Scott, the Honorary Secretary, have every reason to congratulate themselves upon the success of their undertaking, as notwithstanding this is their first season, they have never once had a clean bill, and the patronage they have received from the fair sex is quite remarkable. Arrangements are on the tapis for running a second afternoon coach on the Dorking road next season, for the more especial accommodation of business men leaving the City. On the 27th, the day after the coach ceased running, the surplus horses were sold, fetching fair prices and realizing an average of 36*l.* 10*s.* each.



W. H. Woodcut

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Robert A. Stewart

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BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. ROBERT ARKWRIGHT.

How much there is hereditary in men's tastes and pursuits, particularly those pertaining to country life, the history of our landed gentry and squires would, if it could be written, tell. And we, perhaps, could not find a better example of this assertion than the well-known M.F.H. whose pleasant physiognomy graces our present Number. He is emphatically his father's son, for the Rev. Joseph Arkwright, of Marks Hall, in Essex, was an extraordinary sportsman, one of the all-round sort, good at everything, and transmitting to his children the tastes and feelings for which he was so celebrated.

Mr. Robert Arkwright was born in 1822, was educated at Eton, where he was in the same remove as Mr. T. C. Garth and Mr. Anstruther Thomson, and in 1840 joined the 7th Dragoon Guards. He had been early entered to the sport with which his name is so identified; for in 1834, when twelve years old, he alone was at the finish of a capital run with Mr. Conyers in the Roothings, taking away the fox from the hounds with the assistance of a labourer, the huntsman and whip not being in sight. This was a pretty good beginning; and when the 7th went to the Cape in 1843, Mr. Arkwright, in concert with Major Hogge, of the same regiment, got together some foxhounds, with which they hunted jackals, the Major taking the horn and Mr. Arkwright being his whip. The sport was first-rate, and in a year or two later Mr. Arkwright planned and carried out an expedition into the interior, and shot everything, from a quail to an elephant. Among other adventures he had the good fortune to encounter Dr. Livingstone in his travels; and the Doctor set a collar-bone which Mr. Arkwright had broken by a fall in riding down a wounded antelope.

Returning to England in 1847, Mr. Arkwright hunted for four years in the Atherstone country, when Mr. Anstruther Thomson was Master; and in 1851 his old comrade, Major Hogge, having given up the Oakley, Mr. Arkwright bought the pack, taking old George Beers as his huntsman, and his two sons (the trio were called

Old Beer, Strong Beer, and Small Beer) as 'his whips. He greatly improved the pack by drafts from Belvoir and Brocklesby kennels; and the Oakley bitches are renowned far and wide. After four seasons old George Beers retired, and the Master took the horn himself, and has kept it to the present time with high credit and renown, equalled by few, excelled by none. His judgment in the kennel and stables cannot be surpassed, while his performance in the saddle, once seen, will not easily be forgotten. 'It requires a very good man to follow 'our Master in a quick forty minutes. He would be lucky if he did 'not get a fall,' is the testimony of a very well-known Oakley man to his straight-going qualities. Mr. Arkwright has been fortunate enough to have good servants, and there were few better than young George Beers and Jack Hickman, who were first and second whips when old George retired. On their leaving, after two seasons, Frank Goodall, afterwards with Mr. Tailby, and now Her Majesty's huntsman, was first whip and K.H. To say that Frank gave entire satisfaction would be superfluous, and no people were more pleased to hear of his donning the royal livery than his old friends in Leicestershire and in the Oakley country. George Day and Tom Whitmore are the present whips.

It is some five or six years since we were out with the Oakley, but we have a very pleasing remembrance of the perfect courtesy and popular manners of the Master, and of the universal feeling of respect and liking that every one seemed to entertain for him. The Oakley has had many a good man at the head of affairs from the days of the Marquis of Tavistock and downwards, but it may be questioned if, even in its palmyest days, when there was more grass there than there is now, and the old Marquis said you might go for thirty miles all over it, there has been a Master so much 'to the manner born' as Mr. Robert Arkwright.

WILTON.

THERE'S a name in the annals of Pastime and Sport,
 A byword for chivalry honoured the most;
 'Tis known in the camp, and renowned in the Court,
 By jolly companions selected to toast:
 When wine's rosy honours are crowning the day,
 From fetters of labour devoted to play.

O'er Solent his pennon careering derides
 The highflying breezes, the wandering foam;
 When bored for a dance with philandering tides,
 The fair fleet of pleasure is tempted to roam;
 Borne proudly in front it coquets with the wind,
 While laggards are toiling in sorrow behind.

Where fences are stiffest, and widest the brook,
 Still holding his own over fallow and plough,
 While duffers around them perplexedly look,
 And skitters are dismally crying 'enow ;'
 The jealous, the daring may press in his wake,
 Let them follow who can, but they can't overtake.

And mark in the van of discomfited foes
 That pale boy in blue sitting still as a rock ;
 Straight sailing in front like a lion he goes,
 The shady outsider, the maiden, the crack ;
 And yeomen of Yorkshire for Wenlock revive
 That volley of cheering in store for Khedive.

Then drain we a bumper—the mazarine blue—
 Undimmed be its lustre, and lasting its fame,
 Its bearers, like Wenlock, stout, valiant, and true,
 Its owner in luck to the end of the game :
 On the Turf, on the Turf, in the musical field,
 The foremost to lead, and the latest to yield.

AMPHION.

WOLF-HUNTING AND WILD SPORT IN LOWER BRITTANY.

NO. XIV.

THE last day at Gwernez had been a hard one for the hounds. So many had been wounded in the river, and so many lamed by want of condition, or by the sharp granite roads over which they had been compelled to travel in their long day's work, that it had been found necessary to leave two couple of Shafto's lot at a peasant's hut, some two leagues short of their kennel, which they reached in sad plight on the following day. The piqueurs, too, were many of them footsore ; and the wonder was how they had endured the incessant toil and broken night rest to which they had been subjected for three successive days, shod as they were with iron-heeled huge sabots, weighing at least four pounds a pair, going incredible distances, and carousing the livelong night on their return to Gourin. Nothing but the inborn love of the chase, and that indomitable spirit that carries men on till they drop rather than give in—a spirit possessed by no nation stronger than by the Bretons—could have sustained them under such circumstances.

Napoleon the First well knew the character of the Breton peasantry, and had too often tested their courage, hardihood, and physical endurance under the cruelest privation ; hence the conscription, in his stormy day, fell with disproportionate weight on

that primitive race, and more than decimated their land. Their power of bearing fatigue, however, he was wont to attribute as much to mechanical reasons, arising from their low stature, as to the brave spirit by which they were ever inspired; for the great General maintained that the heart, in impelling the blood to the extremities, would have so much less work to do in a small frame than a large one, in a short than a tall man; and therefore would become fatigued, and strike work in one more quickly than in the other: hence his preference for soldiers of low stature on long and arduous campaigns. What country could have met his requirements so fully in this respect as Lower Brittany, or where could he have found little men with bigger hearts than among this Celtic population?

The chasseurs, too, over and above their field work, had kept the ball rolling with considerable vivacity during the past three nights at Gourin. So that when Kergoorlas proposed to give the piqueurs and hounds a day's rest on Thursday, and hunt at Kilvern on the following day, there was not found a dissentient voice among the party to object to the arrangement. As for St. Prix, he hailed it with delight, wolf-hunting being far more after his fancy, and also more in accordance with his duty, than the more dangerous sport of hunting the boar. Not that he cared for danger; but it was a real grief and vexation to him to see his hounds gashed and mutilated, as they so often were, by the tusks of that fierce animal.

'The peasants of the district have already expressed the utmost satisfaction and gratitude at the result of our *chasse*,' said St. Prix; 'and if we could not give them another day, not a man would grumble from Gourin to Concarneau.'

'That's just as it should be,' said Kergoorlas; 'but, at all events, they shall have the benefit of my hounds on Friday; and then, if our sport be as good as it has hitherto been, they will consider their wrongs amply redressed—at least, for the present year.'

'Ay, but no longer,' rejoined St. Prix; 'for as sure as autumn comes round with its crops of corn, potatoes, and chesnuts, so sure will the ravagers again appear, and heart-rending messages will reach us for further help, and—'

'More bacon,' interposed Shafto; 'and quite right, too, for, to my certain knowledge, not one man in ten of those Kilvern peasants gets a mouthful of butcher's meat, saving and excepting the produce of your *chasse*, from one year's end to another.'

'And the produce of their own guns and gins,' added M. de Kerjeguz, the chief cover owner in the Kilvern country. 'I had a fair stock of roe deer, as well as boar, in Laz and Kœnig a few years ago; but of late the supply from those covers has been barely sufficient for my own table. The scarcity is attributed to the wolves by the tenants of the adjacent farms; but my *garde-forêt* tells me the wolves that get the best share are habited in goat-skin attire. However, so long as the Louvetier can find a wolf and a boar, when he is good enough to bring his hounds

‘and his friends into my covers, I care little what becomes of the roe, which, dress it as you will, is but sorry venison at last.’

This imputation on the part of the *garde-forêt* was no doubt a just one. The peasants are free-traders in game, and look upon the *feræ naturæ* fed upon their farms, for which they pay a rent, as more their property than the landlord’s; and, although checked by the necessity of paying for a *permis-de-chasse* if they openly carry a gun, their ingenuity in devising snares and gins of countless variety for entrapping game, is only equalled by their skill in setting them. Go where you will through the broomy land, if you are accompanied by dogs, you may consider yourself fortunate if, for any length of time, they escape the toils of the peasant poacher, either in the shape of a wire noose or a rusty spring-gin. This last, except it is intended for a wolf, is rarely a formidable engine; for, although I have had many a dog caught in one, the entrapment was never followed by worse results than a piteous cry and a broken skin.

On one occasion a wolf gin was very nearly the cause of my getting into a serious scrape with the peasants of Trefranc. I was out woodcock shooting in that district; and, being in the act of jumping from the top of a high bank into a piece of sedgy ground, my trusty Breton servant, who had mounted the bank at the same moment, called my instant attention to a huge wolf-gin which was lying with open jaws very close to the spot on which I must have alighted, had I made my intended jump.

‘That’s a dangerous trap for man or dog,’ I said to Noel, with more irritation than gratitude at my narrow escape. ‘Pull it up, and cast it into yonder bog.’

He immediately proceeded to obey orders; but, as there was some difficulty in extracting the iron pegs with which the gin was moored to the ground, I passed on with the spaniels, and was not aware that, instead of pitching it into the bog, he had consigned it to my *carnassière*—a circumstance that afterwards saved him from serious discomfiture.

We had proceeded some half a league down the valley; he on one side, for the purpose of marking, and I on the other drawing a hanging cover, when an uproar in my rear apprised me that at least half a dozen peasants, armed with pitch-forks and clubs, were coming up in hot haste, and that I was the object of their pursuit. As they approached within twenty yards of me, I wheeled round and faced them—a movement that had the immediate effect of bringing the whole party to a halt; and before I could inquire what their business was, a simultaneous and angry shout informed me I had stolen their wolf trap, and bid me restore it there and then. I pointed to Noel, and told them he knew more about the trap than I did, and would show them what he had done with it if they inquired of him.

This answer, and probably the half-cocked double gun I held in my right hand, turned their attention at once upon Noel, who, by-the-by, had seen the whole affair, and even heard the conversation

that had taken place between us. So when he saw the lot of angry peasants dashing down hill directly for the meadow in which he stood, Noel's courage utterly failed him; and, dragging with all haste the wolf trap from the depths of the *carnassière*, he cast it, in view of them, to the ground; and then, with a yell of terror, started off at top speed, and disappeared from the scene.

The abandonment of the spoil appeared to satisfy the peasants, as they instantly picked up the trap, turned on their heels, and quietly retraced their steps towards Trefranc. It was a case of *relictâ bene* on Noel's part, most clearly; for, had he been weighted with that incumbrance, he must inevitably have been overtaken, and would certainly have suffered rough treatment at his captors' hands.

After this adventure, which occurred soon after I first arrived at Carhaix, I made a memorandum never again to remove a peasant's trap. My dogs, of course, I liberated when caught; but I always allowed the engines to remain where I found them. While on the subject of poaching, let me record an ingenious and, to me, a novel mode of catching pheasants, which an old soldier—one who had done good service in India, but received no pension for it—practised some time since in a western county. Meeting him one day by the side of a river, with his creel tolerably well filled with trout, I found his conversation so full of wild-life anecdote, that I gladly shared my sandwiches and sherry-flask with him, for the sake of his good company. As we wandered along, chatting, fishing, and sipping sherry, the old man's heart expanded, and, after deploring the want of a pension, to which he considered himself fairly entitled, he consoled himself by assuring me he knew a thing or two more than his neighbours, and that he could earn many a shilling while they were abed and asleep. 'For,' said he, taking me into full confidence, 'so long as my Lady up to Grandton or Sir John up to Brigsham keep a swarm of pheasants, I shall never trouble the parish for a loaf of bread.'

I felt somewhat surprised at this announcement, never before having met with an old soldier turned poacher; but, not to check the flow of his conversation, he being quite in the humour to decant his stock of knowledge to the dregs, I said, 'So you get a head or two of them now and then, do you? How do you manage it? Are there no keepers?'

'Ay, a swarm of them, too; but they're a sleepy set, and, so long as they don't hear a gun or find a wire they're easy enough, and don't take alarm.'

'Then you match them with brimstone, or noose them with a pole and wire when at roost?'

The old soldier shook his head, and bid me guess again.

'Well, then, you take a game-cock with steel spurs on in a bag, and he pins them for you?'

'No, I don't; a cock would make too much noise to suit my book. I feed the ground with a handful or two of peas on the edge of a cover frequented by the pheasants, and I make half a dozen

‘ little holes about the size of a coffee-cup in the earth, dropping a couple of peas into each. When these have been picked up, I know they’ll come again for more next day ; so I twist up half a dozen little brown paper bags, such as in shops they give you a pennyworth of comfits in, and, after smearing the inside of the bags with fresh bird-lime, I sink them in the holes, dropping lightly a pea or two into the bottom of each paper. Then, as the pheasants go picking along the line of peas (for they must be sown in line, not broadcast), they pop their bills into the bag, and suddenly find themselves hoodwinked by the paper adhering to their feathers. Then, being unable to see where to run or where to fly, they instantly squat like dead things. So that’s my opportunity—I jump out of the cover, catches them by the neck, and in they goes into my wallet, without a squeak of noise. Why, ’twas but last Sunday morning,’ continued he, warming on the subject, ‘ when other folks were to church, and the keepers abed—for that’s *their* regular roosting time—that I got six fine fellows, a bird for each bag ; and I wasn’t above an hour or so about the whole business.’

A few days after my interview with the old soldier I met at a friend’s house a general officer, who for many years had commanded the 10th Hussars in India and elsewhere, and was himself a woodcraftsman of no ordinary ability. I described this *cornet-de-papier* dodge, and, to my surprise, he was already fully informed on the subject, having practised it extensively in India, but more especially in catching pigeons than birds of the game tribe ; and we came to the conclusion that the old soldier had doubtless gained his experience in the same country.

It having been decided by the chasseurs, in conclave assembled, that there should be no hunting on the Thursday, a party was at once organised for paying a visit to the Marine Observatory, established at Concarneau by the Academy of Sciences. This institution, one of the first, if not *the* first of its kind in Europe, owes its origin and support to the liberality of the French Government ; and under the able superintendence of M. Coste, backed by the Minister of Public Works, the habits and instinct of various sea-fish are here studied, and many secrets of the deep, hitherto unknown, are now daily being revealed to the inquiring eye. The attainment of a better knowledge of the science of Pisciculture is, of course, the ultimate object of this institution ; but the business of actually breeding the fish is not practised here as at Arcachon, and other localities better adapted for that purpose. It is strictly an observatory, not a water-farm, in which stock are bred and cultivated by artificial process ; an aquarium, not a nursery intended for the development of ova and the care of young fish in the first stage of their existence.

M. de Kergooulas having kindly volunteered the use of his drag for the occasion, M. de St. Prix, Keryfan, Shafto, and myself determined to accompany him ; while the rest of the party, consisting chiefly of the chasseurs from Upper Brittany, preferred a day at the woodcocks, large flights of which had been driven in to Conveau and the neigh-

bouring covers by the recent storms. At daybreak on Thursday, accordingly, as heavy clouds from the north-west came scudding up over the little town of Gourin, scavenging the streets ever and anon with a fitful deluge; and saluting the window-panes with volleys of hail hard and big as rifle-bullets, Kergoorlas's drag rattled over the stones, and came to a standstill at the door of the Cheval Blanc. The team, which matched neither in colour nor size, nevertheless had the appearance of a rough, useful lot, well suited to the country and work for which they were required; but one of the leaders, both being stallions, had a strong iron muzzle fitted over his nose, and seemed, from the caution shown in handling him, to be a downright vicious brute. Fight, and hold on like a bull-dog, he would, if man or horse provoked his wrath; and, although his groom professed to keep him on half rations of hay and no corn, the spirit of this war-horse could not be subdued. He went by the significant name of 'Vampire,' having drawn blood so often, and would have been as fit a subject as 'Cruiser' for Rarey's taming power. Notwithstanding his hard treatment in the way of food, however, he was a rare beast in harness, and, according to Kergoorlas, could and did do the work of two ordinary horses, or long since he would have fed the hounds. A set of rope-traces did not add to the beauty of the team; but, if not

' Brilliant in Brummagem leather,'

a coil of additional rope tossed into the fore-boot insured a ready restoration to the gear, in case of disaster on the day's journey. And constant need there appeared to be for this precaution, inasmuch as the off-side wheeler, now the coach was loaded, obstinately refused to start and go up to his collar; and every time the double-thong curled over his ribs the brute plunged frantically forward, and did more or less damage to the unfortunate harness.

However, rough and hilly as the road was over the Black Mountains, we reached Scaer soon after ten o'clock, without any serious mishap; and here, tarrying awhile to bait our horses, and watch the usual process of frying omelets and broiling cutlets for our *déjeuner*, Shafto, Keryfan, and I strolled over the new bridge, to take a look at the stream that rushes, seething and gurgling, 'neath its pretty arches. To judge from its appearance, now somewhat turbid from the recent rain, a more favourable river for salmon and trout could not be seen between Dunkeld and Inverness. Immediately below Scaer bridge there is a beautiful run; and, if the reports of its well-stocked condition be true, an expert fisherman would be likely to fill his basket here without much trouble. The river is called the Elle, and falls into the sea at Quimperlé, a pretty little town, containing the grave of St. Gurlot, to which the Breton peasants resort for the cure of rheumatism, the arm being thrust into a hole perforated in the tombstone for that purpose.

The road, *viâ* Rosporden to Concarneau, presented no features of interest along its wild, sterile tract of moor and heathland beyond

occasional memorials of the terrible Chouan struggle which, indicated by wayside crosses, had been carried on so long and so savagely in this district. Within a short distance of this road was perpetrated that atrocious massacre of a party of bishops and priests who, by order of the Revolutionist Government, were proceeding to Brest, for the purpose of administering the rite of confirmation and consecrating a church in that town. They were dragged from their carriage with a cry resembling the whoop of an owl (this being the party signal of the Chouans, and hence their name), and cruelly butchered on the spot. A granite cross, rudely cut with the words 'Siste Viator,' arrests the wayfarer's attention, and is pointed out by a white-haired old mendicant, said to be the son of one of the actors in the above tragedy, as the very ground on which the murder was perpetrated. Not one word of pity or remorse, however, escapes the lips of this true Breton, who glories in the knowledge that the Chouans fought for a righteous cause—their legitimate Bourbon king—rather an old-fashioned virtue in the present day.

On descending the westward slope of this mountain-land a glorious view to seaward met our sight on every side. Below us, and at no great distance, the broken coast-line, indented with inlets, bays, and promontories, rugged and jagged by the ever-restless waves, might be seen as far as Pont Aven to the east; while, farther away westward, Penmarch, Pont l'Abbé, and even the storm-beaten headland of Bec du Raz, forming one horn of the bay of Douarnenez, could be just descried by the naked eye. Then, farther yet, and outward, rolled the great Atlantic, immeasurably spread beyond all.

'See you yonder little island off Quimper, on the Pont l'Abbé side of the bay?' said St. Prix, pointing to a spot of land looking not much bigger than a man-of-war moored out at sea.

'Quite distinctly,' I replied. 'I can even see the white foam of the waves as they break on its shore.'

'Well, a strange adventure occurred during the last Anglo-Gallic war to the owner of that island, the Baron Daoulaz; and, as he told me the tale himself, you shall hear it as it came from his lips. The Baron, you must know, was a great farmer, and, having cultivated a portion of this isolated land, was in the habit almost daily of rowing himself over, and paying a short visit of inspection to a plantation he had recently formed, accompanied by a black Newfoundland dog, his sole companion. It so happened at the same time that an English frigate stood off and on that coast for weeks together watching the French fleet, then lying securely in Brest Harbour, but preparing for sea under Admiral Villeneuve, before the great battle of Trafalgar. The Baron's visits to the little island had not been unobserved from the frigate; indeed, they had already been made the subject of comment on the quarter-deck, and excited some curiosity.

'One day, however, the wind blowing gently off shore, and the sea being unusually quiescent, the signal-man again reported the boat afloat, a man and dog on board, and bound for the island.

‘ Instantly the order to “man the galley” was given by the captain, and, by the time the Baron had landed, a crew of six men and a coxswain were pulling the ship’s boat stealthily and speedily over the smooth water, and were soon in a position to intercept the Baron on his intended return to the mainland. Finding his retreat cut off, he very quietly resigned himself to his captors, by whom he and his dog and boat were forthwith conveyed to the frigate. But of what use were they, now they were captured, either to his ship or his country?—an incumbrance, if detained, and clearly of no profit to either, thought the captain to himself.

‘ “You say you are a farmer, Baron; and if so, you probably feed some fat stock. Now what have you in that line?” said the captain, interrogating him closely.

‘ “Sold all my bullocks at Brest last week to the government navy purveyor, and I’ve nothing but a few fat pigs left.”

‘ Then did visions of pork cutlets, spare-ribs, and fresh sausages, incline the gallant officer’s judgment to the side of mercy; for salt junk, and nothing but salt junk, had passed the enclosure of his jaws for many a long week, and his mouth fairly watered at the prospect of some fresh meat.

‘ “Send us,” said the Captain, a bright thought striking him, “half-a-dozen of those pigs, the biggest and fattest you have, and I will at once give you your freedom, Baron.”

‘ “I can’t send so many—my whole stock consists of four fat pigs only; but, if you will accept them as my ransom, they shall be sent without delay to your ship.”

‘ This offer was at once accepted; but a difficulty arose as to how the negotiation was to be completed, the danger of intercourse with the shore presenting a serious obstacle against the fulfilment of the bargain. However, the ready wit of the Breton nobleman, now sharpened by necessity, quickly suggested a safe expedient. “Let the dog be my messenger,” said he. “If you put him ashore at Penmarch Point, with a private letter of mine attached to his collar, he will speedily reach home, and the result, I feel certain, will be satisfactory.”

‘ Accordingly this was done. The dog and the letter were soon conveyed to the said point, when, screeched at by the blue-jackets, he started homewards at full speed. Nor were they kept waiting long for the pigs: a couple of wild Breton peasants were seen from the ship pricking forward the four huge hogs slowly but steadily towards the shore. They were soon transported to the frigate; and, when he was restored to his boat, the Baron’s feelings may be better imagined than described as he bid adieu to the captain and crew, with tears of joy and gratitude in his eyes. For years afterwards, whenever he met an Englishman, the Baron never failed to make a joke of this capture, and to boast of the value at which he had been estimated by a hungry British sailor—at four pigs only.

By the time St. Prix had finished his story Rosporden had been passed, and the team was trotting merrily over the stones into the

little seaport of Concarneau, a town that once possessed fortified walls and a strong castle, built by Anne of Brittany, but is now famous only for its sardine fishery and marine observatory ; but of this more anon in the next chapter.

RECOLLECTIONS OF OUR STALE CONTRIBUTOR.

VERY LOW LIFE INDEED.

'A man he owned a terrier dorg, a bob-tail'd dirty cuss,
And that there dorg got that there man in many a dirty muss.'

UNKNOWN.

THE above lines, which are the production of a gifted American poet, contain a striking combination of the true and the beautiful, especially the true. Now, although dog fighting, badger baiting, and rat killing are either out of sight or out of fashion, there was a time when a bull terrier was a young gentleman's companion, and many and dirty were the 'musses' the young gentleman was led into thereby. I remember, one Sunday morning, taking Bullet a walk, and, stung by the ribald banter of some boatmen by the canal side, resolved to accept the next challenge I or my dog received. Ill-starred resolution! A pearl-button maker met me with a dog: either he and I, or the dogs must fight. I chose the latter alternative: and, just as I was cheering my dog to victory, was pounced upon by the rector and his four daughters returning from church by the bridle-road. That the rector should see me was bad enough, but that Lucy, his second daughter—Lucy, with the dark-blue eyes, the Madonna braids, and that pretty bonnet with the poke as big round as the rim of a stable bucket, should behold me in such a situation was too much. I was never invited to the parsonage after that. I missed the carpet dances where Lucy was so frequently my partner, and used to say, in her own dear artless way, 'You dance the polka very well—why *do* you keep that horrid dog?' But the affair with the pearl-button maker was fatal to my hopes: I became a blighted being, and Lucy was forbidden 'to mention my hated name again!' She married a noted missionary, and died a widow at Timbuctoo, utterly disconsolate, notwithstanding a flattering offer she received from the monarch of those parts.

A daylight excursion being so disastrous, let us quietly steal down in the evening to the 'Old Dan Tucker,' a public-house in a back street, and study nature human and canine. It is dismantled now, but there it used to be: the parlour walls embellished with portraits in profile of famous dogs, stiff and formidable, looking as much like life as the stuffed favourite on the side-table. In the kitchen was nothing particular, except some deal furniture and an enormous fire, but the attic was the penetralia of the place—there were the rat-pit and the badger-box, the cages and the dogs. The parlour was the meeting-place of the more aristocratic portion of the *habitués*, and,

seated round, you would see every other man with his well-behaved but unmistakable tyke under his arm; and as the conversation ran on the pedigrees and merits of the dogs, the company took rank in proportion to the qualities of their respective possessions.

A frequent playfellow at this establishment was a man we called 'The Novice.' His attractions consisted of an ability to bite a rat's head off or kill one with his teeth, his hands tied behind him, and other refreshing amusements—all for the small recompense of a shilling. The landlord, and many others, had a strong aversion to the Novice; and the waiting-maid used to say, 'we ought to be 'ashamed of ourselves to encourage a low fellow as "was 'arf orf " 'is 'ed.'" I believe no one was ever known to witness the exhibition more than once. But men of a different stamp were there sometimes; for instance, look at Barber Brass: he is a visitor,—you know at once by the deference paid him that you are in the presence of some august personage. He is a well-known dog dealer, and can assist you either to find a dog, or lose one, better than any man. He cuts the hair of the fighting men, and greases his own, which hangs in long black curls down the nape of his neck; the dogs he sells have a knack of going home again. He once sold a dog to my friend Brown, and it suddenly disappeared. Naturally, Brown's first enquiries were of Barber Brass. 'Brass,' said he, breathless with running and excitement, 'Rattler's gone—stolen—by Jove!—out of 'the yard—must be by somebody he knew—he never would have 'let a stranger touch him. You've got him, Brass—you know you 'have. Come, turn him out!' 'La! Mister Brown,' said Brass, with a childish simplicity of manner that distinguished him sometimes, 'What *do* yer take me for? Why, I must be a scamping 'rogue to steal a dog off a gentleman I'd sold him to. For shame 'on yer! Why, yer must be a bad-minded man yerself, I should 'say, to think of sich a thing.' Brown felt half-ashamed, and said, 'Well, Brass, I believe you; but if the dog should by any chance 'find his way down here, I'll stand two pounds to have him back 'again—there now!' 'Oh! Mister Brown,' said Brass, 'you *are* 'a honourable gent—but I should never think of accepting no such 'reward from you, Mister Brown; take my word for it, sir, I'd 'return him for nothink free and welcome. But they'll never bring 'him here, you may depend upon it; they know I know the dog, and 'they know me, and they know I'd prosecute 'em. Oh, they'll none 'bring him here.'

Brown was satisfied, and in course of time had ceased to think of Rattler; when lo! on the platform of Mugby Station, is the very dog, disporting himself at the heels of the station-master. Brown jumped out of the carriage, seized Rattler by the collar and was carrying him away, when—'Halloa! what are you doing with 'my dog?' cried the station-master. 'He's mine!' said Brown. 'He's mine!' said the station-master—'bought him of Barber Brass, 'twelve months ago.' 'The d—l you did!' said Brown. 'Then 'the rascal stole him of me!' Explanations and arrangements of a

satisfactory character were made between the parties, and Brown hastened to give Brass a 'bit of his mind.'

'Brass, you scoundrel! I've found Rattler.'

'Well, I *am* glad to hear that! and wherever did you find him?'

'Find him—you scamp! why I found him at Mugby Station, with Mr. P——, the station-master, to whom you sold him. Brass, you blackguard, transportation's too good for such thieves as you.'

'Well, well,' said Brass, in his finest canting tone, 'I *am* ashamed of myself this time. You've caught me fair. Well, well to be sure—to be found out at sich a game as that! Look here, Mister Brown, I owe you a good turn as I've done you a bad 'un;—come upstairs with me and, I'll show yer one as is a caution—twelve pound weight, 'ed like a happle, and tail like a 'bacca pipe—sich a nice 'un, and three pounds is all I shall ask *you*, Mr. Brown, though he's worth thirty of anybody's money. But you must ask no questions about him—he must be kept dark, Mr. Brown, or he might be owned, yer see.' And he winked his eye to show his high opinion of his man.

'Let's see him,' said Brown, feeling that the *amende honorable* was about to be made.

'There he is, sir—there he is. What do you think on him?'

'Why he is a beauty. But, I say, Brass, is not three pounds a little too much for a dog that might be owned—that might be *owned*, you see? You know he comes on the +,' said Brown, crossing his two forefingers. 'I'll give you two.'

'You'll give me two!—will yer though? You'll give me two, and risk the +?' said Brass, going through the same pantomime.

'Yes,' said Brown; 'all right.'

'Then,' said Brass, with drawling deliberation, 'you shan't have him at no price; he's as honestly come by as e'er a dog in England. I gi'en ten pound for him; and you—you, as set yourself up to lecture other folks on honesty, and call 'em rogues—you want to buy him because you think he's cheap, and don't care how he's come by. I'll tell you what it is—if there was nobody to buy stole dogs, there would be fewer folks to steal 'em; and the next time you call a man a thief, take care as you're honest yourself.'

Brown was highly indignant, said something about d—d impertinence, and left the place. He mentioned the affair but once, and then with many oaths and imprecations.

I have already said, that the 'Old Dan Tuckers' took rank according to the merits of their dogs, and little Swelsby rose to the pinnacle of greatness as the owner of a diminutive rat-killer called 'Lily,' and a marvellous creature she was. Her minuteness had been achieved by a process of semi-starvation; when taken from her mother she was placed in the care of a labouring man, who contrived to keep thirteen children on the same number of shillings a week; and here she enjoyed the double advantage of being made hardy as the plaything of the children, and healthy by having to eat only what

they left after meals. Swelsby took the precaution to make no payments on account, but promised ample remuneration when the time should come for Lily's removal to the sphere for which her breed befitted her. At seven months old she made her *début* in her destined arena at the 'Old Dan Tucker,' and won golden opinions. Her ears—as was the fashion then—had been cut, and from the fact that only one stuck up, she acquired the *soubriquet* of the 'prick-ear'd 'un;' and when any shamefaced buffer failed to perform his allotted task, there arose a cry for the prick-ear'd 'un, and the little heroine was put into the pit where she killed the rats to the credit of the establishment, the satisfaction of the beholders, and the delight of the proud proprietor, who was dignified and distinguished above the rest of mankind as 'him as owns the little bitch.'

The landlord was a man of reticence and reserve, but the oracle of the place was the waiter, Baggy Reeves, Jem Bags, or Bags, as he was familiarly termed. He was not thus euphoniously designated on account of the cut of his small-clothes, though he had worn the same pair for many years, as their condition manifested, but (in accordance with the recognised code of distinction) in honour of a famous dog he once possessed, and whose memory still lingered in the fond recollections of former admirers.

'Ah, sir,' he used to say, 'this is a hard place and a rum 'un. You don't leave here very early o' nights, and I have to see as all's right arter you're gone—to be here at six i' the mornin', clean out the badger and a dozen dogs, give 'em their breakfasses, clear away the mugs and sweep the kitchen, muzzle the dogs and take 'em out for a airin', answer questions, gammon the swells, wait on you gents in the parlour, and fight the roughs in the kitchen—and all for a pound a week—only what you gentlemen gives me. Thank ye, sir—you're very good—only a officer at the barracks offered me three pound for that dog o' your'n, the last time I took him out for a walk.' And thus he let you understand that he had resisted a strong temptation, and what an honest fellow you had to deal with.

Occasionally there was a turn up between two dogs—this must be in the kitchen, the parlour was too near to the street—the company afforded space by standing on the tables and benches, leaving the floor for the accommodation of the combatants, that they might be 'scratched' in due form. Did a dog turn his head or snap, he was instantly condemned as unworthy of high society, and his owner, covered with shame and ignominy, reduced to the level of a mere outsider.

'No use,' Bags would say—'no use without they'll take the death—they must take the death! Why that dog o' your'n, Mr. Johnson, he'd stop to be ate up—that's what I like; when they stop to be ate up then you're sure on 'em.'

The eloquence of this paper will have been wasted unless the reader is interested in the fate of Lily, 'the prick-ear'd 'un.' Alas! 'tis sad—'whom the gods love die young.' Bags met Swelsby one morning with a rueful countenance. 'The bitch is bad,' said he—

'yaller all over' (she was naturally white). 'Never see but one look like her afore, and he died.'

Sufficient food, succeeding bad keep, had produced jaundice, and what was to be done? If human skill could avail it must be had; and accordingly Swelsby consulted a veterinary surgeon, who prescribed calomel and opium to be taken in small doses every four hours.

'Bags,' said Swelsby, with much feeling, 'give her these pills according to the directions—neither more nor less, I beseech you.'

Bags eyed the globules with contempt, and said, 'These, to cure a bitch as bad as her is?'

'Certainly,' said Swelsby, '—certainly; no doubt about it.'

'Oh certingly—certingly,' said Bags; 'I'll do it.'

But Swelsby knew he would not. They parted; morning came, and Swelsby was early on the spot to make inquiries.

'Her's dead,' said Bags, with tears in his eyes—'dead, sir, dead!'

'I knew her'd die—good 'uns always do, and she was too good to live. My missis and the kids sat up all night a nussing her—but her died.'

'Did you give her the pills?'

'Oh yes, I gi'en her the pills.'

'As directed?' asked Swelsby again.

'As directed?—bah! I gi'en 'em her all at once, but they was sich little 'uns, they did her no good—blessed if I think they'd ha' been any use, if I'd gi'en her the box as well!'

Swelsby was a gent of feeling, and Bags' grief sincere. There were no reproaches—they shook hands, parted, and wept. Swelsby broke the news to me. He then bought an Italian greyhound which he gave to one who had now no rival to fear: and I retired into private life, and sighed for Timbuctoo.

H. G.

SNIPE-SHOOTING IN CHINA.

OF all places in the world for snipe-shooting in perfection, commend me to the paddy fields of the Canton river, where for number and quality the birds excel anything I have ever met with.

Some years ago, when stationed at Canton, snipe-shooting was my principal amusement, and many and heavy were the bags I used to make; indeed so plentiful are the birds that, even when 'picking' every shot, forty to fifty brace before breakfast was no uncommon morning's sport.

I remember a party composed of one or two kindred souls and myself, leaving Canton at daybreak one November morning, with the ebb tide, bound for the paddy fields, about half way to Whampoa. We had hired a 'house boat' for the day, intending to return to Canton in time for a late 'tiffin' or an early dinner. Our crew, composed of two old women and half a dozen boat girls (at Canton

all the boat work is done by females), soon swept us out through the red and green beacons which mark the passage ; and leaving the city behind us, we were quickly gliding down the river between fertile paddy fields almost flush with the water, broken here and there by groves of lichee trees, which said groves, by the way, are capital coverts for pheasants, indeed almost as good as the hill-side graveyards, where over the mouldering remains of a former generation of worthy Celestials I have made many a brace of long-tails bite the dust.

The scenery of this part of the river is exceedingly tame, but is rendered somewhat picturesque by the number of pagodas which rear their lofty heads on either hand, the light on the further side of which shines prettily through the accurately corresponding loopholes.

Arrived at the 'first bar,' which is composed of junks laden with stone, sunk by the Cantonese in the vain hope of keeping our gun-boats from the city during the last war, we made our boat fast to the right-hand bank, and having fortified our 'inner man' with such a prawn curry as is to be got nowhere out of China, we land on a narrow footpath and arrange our plans. Accompanying us from Canton was a native sportsman to act as guide, interpreter, and man of all work. His shooting gear was simply wonderful—first, seven feet of bored iron, terminating in a rudely-fashioned pistol stock, fitted as a matchlock ; secondly, a buffalo's horn, plugged at the broad end with wood, and at the small with rice paper, and containing about two and a half pounds of coarse native powder, which did duty for a powder-flask ; and lastly, a bag slung round his neck, in which were about five or six pounds of roughly cut up slugs of lead and iron, of all imaginable shapes and sizes. To see him load his quaint weapon was a caution. First, as much powder as could be contained in his by no means small fist ; then a plug of rice paper, driven down with a bamboo rod ; then two handfuls of slugs, and more paper ; next a piece of match was lighted and fixed, and then, but not before, a little powder placed in the pan. This being my first day of Chinese sport, I rather ridiculed the idea of the possibility of snipe being killed by such a cumbersome and primitive 'shooting iron : ' but I was considerably astonished to see with what perfect ease our Celestial sportsman 'grassed' every snipe he shot at ; for, bringing the butt of his gun to his hip, he—seemingly without taking any particular aim—knocked them over in a style that was quite equal to the best hand at it that I have ever had the good fortune to go out with.

The paddy fields are of immense extent, being divided by innumerable narrow dykes for the purpose of irrigation, and intersected in all directions with narrow raised footpaths, from the edges of which we at almost every step put up snipe in clouds ; and better or easier sport I never saw, for, before we had been an hour at it, our bags began visibly to swell. The only drawback being that, from the fact of human manure being largely used, and that *not* deodorized, the aroma arising at each footfall was anything but pleasant or refreshing. And touching that same manure, one of our party came to grief in a most unpleasant manner. We had worked over some two or three

miles of ground, when, feeling somewhat fatigued, my friend seated himself upon what he supposed was an inviting bank of dry earth, but which, to his decided detriment, proved to be a deposit of manure, into which he sank in a sitting position right up to his arm-pits, necessitating his taking refuge in a husbandman's hut, from which he emerged in the course of half an hour, after being well scrubbed by a couple of old women, in a full Chinese dress, leaving his own rig as an exchange. By this time the heat of the sun was become unpleasant, so we made our way to an adjacent pagoda, and having arrived there, at once set our attendants to prepare a second breakfast. Our united bags consisted of no less than one hundred and twelve head of snipe—not by any means bad for five guns; but truth compels me to state that our native companion had added quite a third of the number.

At this pagoda I saw one of the best-looking Chinese girls I ever met; and as she was no end of a swell, I will describe her dress. Her jacket was of brown silk, well quilted and beautifully embroidered with red and black; her trousers of light blue silk, very wide in the leg, and reaching just down to the ankles. Her hair was plastered tight back from her face, and formed into an immense tea-pot behind, with several large globe-headed gold and silver pins through it; her feet covered with little blue silk shoes about five inches long, with very high heels, and embroidered over the extremely high instep caused by the contraction of her feet with scarlet and gold twist; while, to enable her to hobble about, she supported herself with a richly ornamented bamboo pipe-stem. As deformed feet are not very frequently met with at Canton except amongst the highest classes and the *demi-monde*, we paid considerable attention to hers; observing which, she offered, for a small 'cum-shaw,' to unroll the bandages and 'make us look see.' Feeling somewhat curious, we gave her a handful of copper cash, and she began to unbind; but hardly had she got half through the operation before a dreadful smell became perceptible. This she accounted for by saying, 'Two moon 'no takee off!' This was quite enough for us, so we declined to see any further. 'Mas-kee, mas-kee (never mind), suppose you no caree 'see, me can makee all proper;' and, having refastened her bandages, she hobbled off, doubtless wondering at our bad taste.

But to return to the snipe: three kinds are common, the usual snipe and jack snipe, and a larger kind, which is called the painted snipe, the wings of which are beautifully marked, and which weighs from nine to eleven ounces, and eats almost, if not quite, equal to woodcock. Well, our breakfast despatched, we again essayed the paddy fields, this time skirting the canals, at almost every twenty yards putting up duck or teal, while snipe were truthfully as thick as sparrows in a stable-yard. It was almost impossible to miss them, and two English retrievers we had with us actually became dead beat, and refused to work; under these circumstances we knocked off shooting, and made our way across country to an old cemetery upon an adjacent hill-side. It was, as is usual in China, thickly planted with evergreens, affording glorious covert for pheasants, and two of us

'grassed' five and a half brace in a very short time. After a short rest and divers 'horns' and pipes, we retraced our steps across the paddy to the river side, taking any shot that happened to turn up, but not turning out of our path for more sport. On getting on board the 'house boat,' we cast off from the bank, and, aided by a rattling flood tide, were not long in reaching Canton. Our bag for the day consisted of two hundred and fifty-one snipe, eight duck, eleven pheasants, and nine teal: total, two hundred and seventy-nine head. Even this number, large as it appears, I have seen beaten repeatedly; and I especially remember one morning at Whampoa, when a dear old chum (alas, now no more!) and myself killed between the hours of six and eleven a.m., *two hundred and thirteen snipe and seventeen duck* to our own guns in less than a mile of paddy ground.

F. W. B.

LAYS OF MANY LANDS.

NO. I.—ARIEL'S SONG.

A FRAGMENT, FROM GOETHE'S 'FAUST.'

WHEN the bloom of Spring's bright flowers
Floats around in fragrant showers;

When the meadows young green veiling,
The earth-born woos with loving glance;

Elfin Spirit-powers prevailing,
Steep the soul in slumber's trance;

Is he pure or sin-defiled?
We pity still the luckless child.

The pauses in Night's path are four,
Fairies quickly pass them o'er;

Deftly wave your Spirit-wing,
O'er him Lethe's dew we fling:

Now fulfil your loveliest rite,
Restore him to the hallowed light.

When Zephyr's fragrant breath exhales
O'er verdant fields with healing power,

Cloudlike vapours, misty veils,
Twilight weaves o'er tree and flower;

Whispers peace in murmurs light,
The heart in childlike slumber rocks,

Before the weary sleeper's sight,
The golden gates of daylight locks.

Star after star with holy fire

Rises in the midnight choir,

In the wrinkled waters dancing,

Shining high in cloudless night,

Slumber's deepest bliss enhancing,

Reigns the magic Queen of Light.

Extinguished are Night's sombre hours ;
Its pangs and bliss have passed away ;
Thou wilt wake with strengthened powers,
Trust the glance of new-born day.
Valleys brighten, hills serenely
Shade the deep'ning light they pillow,
Wave their joyous harvests greenly,
Rolling on in silvery billow.

The dawn above thy hopes hath risen ;
Glorious light dispels the dusk,
Slender bonds thy soul imprison ;
Shake off sleep, 'tis but a husk.

J. C. M. H.

AN ADVENTURE WITH MEXICAN HOGS.

THE wild hog or peccary of Mexico is, in spite of its insignificant size, one of the most truculent and fierce little animals the sportsman can fall in with. Standing seldom more than twenty, and never more than twenty-four, inches high, they are, from the sharpness and length of their tusks, and the rapidity with which they can cut up and down with them, really very dangerous little beasts ; and from their going in small bands of from three or four, to fifteen or twenty, sportsmen generally give them a wide berth ; and, no matter how good your dogs may be, they stand no chance with them. They seem to fear no danger, count no odds, and are seemingly always ready for a fight. Numberless stories have been told of their fierceness ; and I am about to relate an adventure of my own with them, which might have resulted very unpleasantly for myself.

Some years ago I was on a shooting expedition up the River Brazos ; and, feeling rather aguish one morning, did not accompany my companions on their daily excursion. Being better in the afternoon, I took a single-barrel rifle, and went into a cane patch, to see if I could pick up a wild turkey for dinner. In stalking these birds, one has to move as silently as possible, as the slightest noise will scare them ; and it is also requisite to keep an extremely sharp look out for your game, owing to the density of the covert, so that the slightest movement of the undergrowth or canes caused by the running of the birds may be noticed, and a snap shot taken, it being very seldom they can be got to rise. Moving on in this silent manner, I noticed the slender cane stems in front of me shaking, and presently caught sight of some small dark object, which I at once concluded to be a wild turkey. Moving on as quickly, and, at the same time, as quietly as I could, I at last saw enough of the body to fire at, and pulled.

Scarce had the report died away before, in twenty directions, the canes were shaking, and I heard the peculiar snap-snap noise which wild hogs make. I knew it was no time to loiter there, or even to wait to reload (no breech-loaders then). So turning about, I bolted for the outskirts of the cane patch as hard as I could lay foot to ground, with the whole pack after me like so many hounds after a fox. Fortunately for me, just outside the canes were some trees, upon reaching which I threw the sling of my rifle over my head, and went up one quicker, I believe, than ever a topman went aloft; and even then my pursuers were snapping and grunting round the root of my tree before I had had time to comfortably settle myself amongst its branches.

At first I was disposed to make light of the situation, for I did not then know the cursed tenacity with which these infernal little mixtures of ill-temper and bristles stick to their enemies; and I fancied that, if I shot one or two of them, the rest would skedaddle; but, as I wanted to save my ammunition, I determined to have a pipe, hoping that they would get tired of waiting, and, by returning to the banquet of young cane-shoots, give me a chance of descending from my perch, and returning home. So I lit my pipe, and then reloaded my rifle. Upon counting the herd, I found there were sixteen of them; and they really formed no pleasant picture, as, with the bristles on their backs standing on end like 'quills upon the 'fretful porcupine,' they rattled their ivory tusches like castanets, and besprinkled their breasts and shoulders with white frothy foam as they ran round and round the tree, looking up at me with anything but a friendly expression of countenance.

After waiting for about half an hour, I saw that they had no present intention of leaving. So, selecting the largest of them, I put a ball through his head. The flash and report instead of, as I had fondly hoped, scaring them, merely seemed to add fresh fuel to their rage, and their efforts to scale my fortress became redoubled. Again I loaded, and dropped another, which had merely the same effect upon them. I now began to get seriously alarmed, for I had only four more bullets in my pouch; and, of course, from my position being so much above them, they only represented four more of my enemies, leaving a party of ten still to keep up the blockade. It was only about three o'clock, and I knew my friends would not return to camp until sundown, and even then my absence would cause no alarm, as they would conjecture that I was hunting; and so the only thing I could do was to sit in my tree, and curse the pigs to my heart's content until the time for my friends' return drew nigh, and then open fire on the brutes again, and trust to the chance that the report of my rifle may bring some of our party to see what was up. How bitterly I cursed my own stupidity in bringing out so little lead I need not say; but I made a vow, which I have most religiously kept ever since, never to be guilty of such consummate folly again.

Hour after hour dragged on, but the day seemed never ending;

and from the cramped quarters I had to occupy, and the extreme hardness of my seat, my position was, as may be easily imagined, anything but a pleasant one. Surely, I thought, the beggars won't stop here all day; they must get tired of it before long. But no, there they stuck; and if ever any set of beasts or even men showed indomitable patience, these 'darned cusses' of peccary did.

By sunset I found the hardness of my seat becoming unbearable, and I shifted my position to a standing one; but my legs were so cramped that I had to 'hold on like grim death' to keep from falling. At the time that I thought my companions would be returning, I began to roar out at the top of my voice; but no answering hail came back, neither did the pigs seem at all inclined to budge. So, after half an hour's incessant 'coo-ee-ing,' I determined to begin with my rifle again; and, picking out one of the largest of my beleaguers, I settled his hash. Ten minutes after another received his dose.

I had now only two balls left, and I hardly knew if it would be better to use these, or to reserve them for a little later. However, I had plenty of powder and caps. So I knew that, after I had done all I could against the infuriate animals, I could still keep up a fusillade as a signal to my friends that something out of the common had occurred to me. So two more bit the dust, thus reducing my much too attentive little friends to ten.

By this time evening began to close in, and I became much afraid that I might be tree'd for the whole night. I had had nothing to eat or drink, save a cup or two of tea, since the preceding day's dinner, and hunger and intense thirst now added to my discomfort; the latter, however, I somewhat allayed by chewing the leaves of my tree; and another good resolution was made, namely, never to stir again out of camp, supposing I ever got into it again, without carrying a store of biscuit and my spirit flask. Suddenly I heard the faint report of a distant shot, and hope once more reigned supreme. So, pouring in a double charge of powder, rammed well home, I fired in reply to it; and then loaded and fired half a dozen times as quickly as I could. Presently I heard a shot much nearer, and then began to shout as loudly as I could. Soon after I heard one of our party sing out, 'What the devil's up? Where are you?'

'Here,' I shouted, 'up a tree—tree'd by hogs; and, by Jove, they'll put you up one in about a second if they wind you. Cut back to camp, and bring all hands back.'

'All right, old boy,' was the reply. 'Sit quiet; I won't be long.'

In about half an hour my friends arrived; and the first intimation I had of their approach was a crashing volley, which laid more than half the hogs dead. A charge followed, and in a few moments the coast was cleared of all but the dead and wounded, and I was free to descend from my leafy bower. This I did manage to do; but I was so stiff that it was not until my legs had been well rubbed, and

several nips of brandy absorbed, that I was able to walk, or even stand upright. We got back to camp all right; but I ever after during my sojourn in Mexico kept an 'almighty sharp look out' for hogs.

F. W. B.

THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

'THE sitting of the Commissioners is appointed for to-day, the second, and not the first of September, of course; and I have just called thus early to remind you of the unavoidable alteration, and to express a hope that we may have the advantage of your attendance.'

Thus the clerk to the Commissioners of Property Tax to the clergyman and chief magistrate of the district, who, so far from intending to preside over a 'sitting' in judgment upon the offenders against the game laws of his country, was about to commit a daring infraction of those very laws himself.

'You have a certificate, I presume?' said he to me, who was to be his guest and companion for the day, the clerk having left for business.

'Oh dear, no. I had never thought about it, to tell you the truth; and your kind invitation came so suddenly that I bowled off at once, and here I am.'

'Well, that's awkward; and the worst of it is I am in the same fix. The deuce a certificate have I got, and what's more, between ourselves, I don't intend to take out one this season, for I suspect this is the only day I shall be able to devote to shooting. The clerk is squared for the day, at all events, and we are not likely to be informed against by anybody else, so now for breakfast, and we'll make a start of it.'

A parson, if he is fond of sporting at all, is pretty sure to be well up to his business; and my reverend friend was about as keen a sportsman as any man could wish to meet with. He had a brace of splendid little black pointers that could go anywhere, and do anything. Birds were tolerably plentiful, notwithstanding the bad breeding season; our powder was dry, and our guns in fine order; and the parishioners to a man friendly disposed towards the parson, and inclined to wink at any little peccadillo of which he could be guilty. They were always ready to 'walk' his harrier puppies, to carry his game bag or mark for him; and, in short, to do any and everything he required. We had been having some field trials not long before, and had even got up an exceedingly mild dog show in the district; and I was therefore fully aware of the capabilities of the black pointers. The Rev. B. Symonds, of Kelsale in Suffolk, used to say, 'I could, when I had dogs of every denomination, call out any one by name from all the rest, either on my horse's back or on

‘foot, and not another dog should so much as look through the ‘gate.’ We do not know what was the principle of training adopted by Mr. Symonds; but my friend gave his pointers next door to no training at all, and he never inflicted greater punishment than an occasional switching after coupling up the delinquent to a gate. They were, in fact, to the manner born; and even in their puppyhood, from being kept closely confined, would, upon being let out into the yard, stand as firm as rocks at the poultry, and even back one another, like dogs who had undergone any amount of training. After a few practical initiatory lessons under the example of an old dog, they soon became amenable to discipline, and would stand back, and down-charge to absolute perfection. There are many breeders who give their pointers no other sort of training than this, beyond, if may be, a severe thrashing for an infraction of discipline in refusing to down-charge after firing, or for chasing after a covey of birds has been flushed. They are content if the dog will ‘hie away’ at command, drop at the shot, back his companion, and perform the other duties which from time immemorial we have been accustomed to expect from the pointer species. No prettier sight in shooting can possibly be seen than that of a brace of thoroughly good pointers at work upon partridges, quartering their field in a workmanlike manner, backing each other’s point, and down-charging at the word of command. These things are surprisingly soon learnt where the strain is good, and the kind of game to be made an especial study clearly understood by the canine mind. I do not know how the parson’s dogs would have worked with another master; and it is possible that, if they had been subjected to the temptation of endeavouring to outdo strangers, they would not have been so obedient. I shall always think that the moderate-sized, or even small, pointers are the best for all practical purposes. They are generally fleetier and more active, more capable of enduring fatigue, and even handsomer than the larger kinds. Colour is the purest matter of fancy. A good dog, like a good horse, is never of a bad colour, though we are painfully aware that many ‘circuit’ judges at dog shows will ignore all the good qualifications in a pointer if the dog cannot boast the fashionable colour of lemon and white.

A Mr. Steens, an aged parishioner, carried our lunch. This gentleman, whose patronymic had been abbreviated or syncopated from Stevens, possessed an infirmity common among his class of being always on the look out for a hare. He obtained half a crown for every ‘So-ho’ on hunting days, and this naturally induced him to be always searching for puss’s whereabouts. He had stolen away from us very soon after commencing business, and was busily engaged scanning a hedge, when a bird from a covey we had just flushed flying over his head, I was as near pouring a broadside into him as possible. Suddenly catching sight, however, of the luncheon-basket through the twigs, I was enabled to lower my piece before pulling the trigger, or goodness knows what might have been the result. For the remainder of the day Mr. Steens

kept cautiously in the rear, well content for the time at least to suspend his studies in the art of hare finding.

‘Mark, mark!’ we shouted; but Mr. Steens was aware of the danger he had incurred by this time, the parson having dropped his brace; and to see a couple of gun barrels staring you in the face is calculated to confuse the ideas somewhat. Mr. Steens did not mark consequently. There were eight birds in this covey; and, following up, we soon found what was remaining of them. It was a beautiful find the second time. The birds had got into some old sedgy grass, and one of the pointers found, and the other backed immediately.

‘To-ho!’ says the parson; and there was a situation that Landseer would have loved to paint. Right and left the redoubtable parson scored another brace; and, I am proud to say, I bagged one, the powder of my left barrel being unaccountably crooked.

‘Down-charge!’ And down accordingly went both the dogs as if they had been shot as well as the birds.

‘Now, Myra, fetch your bird.’

Myra arose and fetched her bird, mouthing it with the utmost tenderness, and laid it at the feet of her master.

‘Now, Rake, fetch your bird.’

And Rake likewise arose, following worthily in the steps of Myra, and placed his bird at his master’s feet. A more perfect thing I never saw, and could hardly have believed, notwithstanding an appreciation of pointer-excellence, that such a thing could have been done. My bird had fallen on the other side of the hedge, and I thought I would save Myra and Rake the trouble of fetching it, and went after it myself. But why that guilty look upon the face of Steens? He hadn’t pocketed the bird? No; but here is another dog who was not of our party in the morning, and what the mischief is the matter with the brute? A great broken-haired terrier it is, who had hunted Mr. Steens out of the village; and there he is working himself into all sorts of contortions as if he is choking. And choking he is, for, hang me, if he is not bolting my partridge whole—feathers and all! He got it down at last by one tremendous effort, evidently resolved, rather than disgorge, to perish in the attempt to swallow. And now to cure your partridge-devouring propensities, my canine friend, let me reload and administer the medicine proper on such occasions. Steens, at my request, broke a stick from the hedge and belaboured the animal, who forthwith took to his heels in the direction of home. When at a respectful distance, I gave him the contents of both barrels; and this warmed him up without doing any more serious injury than causing him to run round and round after his tail in a ridiculous manner before making his final disappearance. I will answer for it that Mr. Steens will have a difficulty in inducing that terrier to come out shooting again, or to appear anywhere where there is a gun. The parson was in strong convulsions of laughter, having quite forgotten to reload; and away goes a hare with the deuce a shot after him! To our next covey I missed the second barrel again; but with the first, firing

too quick, I literally blew the bird into space, the parson killing as before.

Three brace and a landrail was my bag, my friend securing more than double that number. We discussed our lunch with considerable gusto, and, as we were some way from the rectory, made a turn for home. On our way we encountered, of all things, a brace of snipe. I shot one, and the other flying towards the parson should have been his shot; but he did not see the bird, and I discharged the other barrel, and missed. My friend would always wear a top hat, and on this day he had on a brand new felt one of unimpeachable make and appearance. Taking it off shortly afterwards, in order to mop his head, he was surprised to find three or four small holes in it, and the wadding coming through in an unaccountable manner. We looked at one another in blank astonishment for a moment or two, and then the true explanation flashed upon us both simultaneously.

With a loud guffaw, the parson: 'That gun of yours must scatter most confoundedly.'

'Eh?—scatter? Well, I don't know; but that snipe must have flown uncommonly near your head, eh?'

'I don't know so much about that. There's no saying where the shot may go when you pull the trigger to-day. I think your nearly shooting old Steens this morning must have unsteadied you, for I never saw you shoot so badly in all my life.'

This was a charitable construction to put upon my failures, if not absolutely the true one, and I determined to shoot no more that day, whatsoever tempting opportunities might offer; for, after two narrow escapes from perpetrating manslaughter, it was in the nature of things that in a third attempt I should actually do some fatal mischief. We were out upon the high road now, intending to take the chance of anything that might turn up, when we made a short cut for home.

'We must get out of this soon, for goodness knows whom we may meet returning from the sessions. I know it's a full sitting, and there will be a lot of fellows coming back this way.'

'I wonder how the little clerk is getting on, and how their worships have managed in your absence?'

'Oh, there's nothing much for 'em to do; and if they want to know anything, that clerk is as full of law as an egg is of meat. And that's a good thing for them; for there's scarcely a fellow among them who dare commit a sheepstealer until they have his advice.'

'But what's this coming round the corner?'

'A dog-cart, a grey horse, and—the devil!—it's the clerk himself, by all that's pernicious!'

'Here goes, then—I'm off over the hedge.'

'Hold hard! Confound it!—if you go into the field, and the dogs follow you, of course he'll swear he saw you with dogs and gun in search of game!'

'So he will—never thought of that. What's to be done?'

'Oh, face it out now. The fellow can't eat us.'

And we faced it out accordingly. The clerk to the Commissioners was most hearty in his inquiries concerning our sport, hoping we had had a pleasant day, and all that sort of thing.

‘Had no idea, parson, that you had an engagement of this kind, or I am sure I would not have made my request for your attendance to-day so urgent.’

‘Don’t mention it, Mr. Blank. Stolen fruits, they say, are sweet. What do you say to a brace of partridges?’

‘Thank you, sir, I am sure—most happy.’

And so, after all, the clerk was effectually squared that day, though we had hardly calculated in the morning upon the way in which it was to be done, and never before made such a satisfactory wind-up to the first day of the shooting season.

SIRIUS.

AFTER BEHEMOTH.

ONE of the greatest charms of foreign sport is the immense variety of the animals of the chase, and the diversity of sport afforded by them. For the timid ‘pot-hunter,’ deer, pea-fowl, pheasants, partridges, quail and other birds, easy of access, and good feeding when obtained, are to be got nearly everywhere; while for the sportsman who goes in for real sport, combined with a sufficient spice of danger, does there not exist the ferocious denizens of the jungle and forest, in the pursuit of which the peril to life or limb is just sufficient to give a degree of pleasure and excitement totally unknown to the slayer of small game; and, no matter how many narrow escapes he has in his conflicts with wild animals, I really believe that the true sportsman only becomes more and more keen after them—at least I can safely say that is the case with myself; for even now, when my eye is not so true, or my hand so steady as it once was, I should dearly like to re-tread the wilds of an African forest once more before I die.

My readers, who may only have seen the hippopotamus in captivity, may be readily pardoned for supposing that little or no danger could be apprehended in attacking them in their native rivers; but in arriving at such a conclusion, they would decidedly be reckoning without their host, for, when enraged and wounded, the hippopotamus is by no means a contemptible antagonist, added to which he has a host of allies in the alligators, which abound in the tropical rivers in which he resides. I do not, of course, mean to say that there is actually the *same* amount of personal danger in the pursuit of ‘Behemoth,’ that there is in elephant, lion, or tiger-shooting; but that even this unwieldy, harmless-looking animal is not to be molested with impunity, the adventure I am about to relate will illustrate.

When sojourning up the river Niger, we had, in our shooting expeditions, often come across the tracks of hippopotami on the banks of the river, where, in feeding upon the young cane-shoots,

yam-tops, and other produce on the native farms and clearings, these colossal animals had done an immense deal of damage; and we also frequently, when going up or down the river, fell in with them bathing, or more frequently wallowing in the mud; but as I never could see any fun in attacking them for the mere sake of killing them, at a great disadvantage, I for some time took little or no notice of them. The natives, who prize the ivory of their teeth more than that of the elephant, have a very primitive method of killing them. They suspend in a tree, overhanging the path the animals take to their favourite feeding-grounds, a strong bamboo spear, the point of which is dipped in woralli poison, and which is weighted with heavy stones, by a cord just sufficiently strong to retain it in its position; the line is then brought down, and secured by pegs across the path: the trap is then set, ready either for hippopotami or any other animal using the path. Along comes Mr. Behemoth, and as he shuffles along his fore-legs spring the trap, and the spear descending, either transfixes him at once, or inflicts a wound—even the slightest cut is sufficient—and in a very short time the virulent poison does its work, and nothing is left for the native hunter to do but cut out the teeth, and then feast upon the flesh (the poison not injuring the animal for eating), which although coarse to a degree, is by no means bad meat.

One morning when laying off the town of Angama, one of the chiefs came on board and told us that a large bull hippopotamus was devastating a plantation of young canes, some few miles up the river, and asked us to kill it for him, as all their attempts to trap him had failed. Under these circumstances, my surgeon and myself determined to try our hands, so we organised a night expedition, and having made our preparations, left the ship in a canoe shortly before sunset for the field of action.

The Niger at Angama is a lovely river, and, were it not for the remembrance of the terrible fever that lurks upon its banks, and in its dense swamps, would at first sight look like an earthly paradise. The banks, where not cleared for native farms, are wooded with magnificent trees, amongst which the lordly cotton towers like a monarch. Beneath these trees the most lovely shrubs, ferns, and flowers luxuriate; lowly sensitive mimosas, great and fantastic herbaceous plants, marbled and spotted arums, closely compacted fan-palms with spreading crowns, and multitudes of other strange forms of vegetation, in an almost inconceivable profusion, while from the branches of the trees myriads of lianes hang down, and beautiful creeping plants interlace the boughs in the most fantastic manner. Bright and gaudy plumaged birds sit on the topmost boughs; beetles, glistening like precious stones, crawl over the trunks, and butterflies of a thousand brilliant hues fan the still and loaded air; while troops of noisy chattering monkeys, of all sorts and sizes, from the wee mangrove monkey, to the big dog-faced baboon, swarm up and down the pendent lianes with fifty times the agility of a main-royal yard-man.

After a paddle of about four or five miles up the river, we landed, and found a broad beaten path leading to the cane-patch, which showed unmistakable proofs of the havoc committed by the animal we were in quest of. There being no twilight in those parts, we had at once to select a spot wherein to lie *perdu* until our expected foe made his appearance, and, to ensure our sport, the several traps in the vicinity were sprung, and rendered harmless. Selecting a convenient patch of banana trees, we spread our skin rugs on the ground, and, knowing that Mr. Behemoth would not put in an appearance for at least some hours, enjoyed a sedative pipe, and then endeavoured, in spite of the stings and trumpeting of numberless mosquitoes, midges, and sand-flies, to snatch an hour or so of 'dog's sleep,' but the endeavour was pretty nigh a futile one. If some learned chemist would only invent some lotion or unguent that would prevent these pests from torturing one, what an invaluable boon he would confer upon suffering humanity! I have tried oil of all kinds; I have besmeared myself with ghee-butter and earth mixed; I have half suffocated myself with the smoke of wet wood; but all in vain; the cursed little winged devils made light of all and every precaution, and have buzzed and bitten me to nearly a state of madness—and this night proved no exception; rest was impossible, and we envied our dark companions, who slept and snored as quietly and comfortably as an infant in its cot.

The night was a beautifully cool one, and as the moon rose the scene was lovely in the extreme. There was just sufficient night-breeze to move the uppermost branches of the palms and trees; hundreds of fire-flies glanced and danced about, while the lizards, frogs, and cicadæ kept up a ceaseless concert, broken only by the occasional howl of the jackal, while through all could be heard the silvery rush and ripple of the noble river, as it pursued its way to the sea.

Hour after hour passed, and although deer several times passed in provokingly easy distance, we were unwilling to spoil our sport by firing at them; until at last we could plainly distinguish the approaching tread of a heavy animal. Whispering to the doctor not to be too precipitate, with bated breath, and finger on trigger, I waited, until in the clear moonlight we saw a monster hippopotamus leisurely cropping the canes as he moved slowly on, not more than twenty yards from us. Whispering to my companion to fire at his head, I aimed, as nearly as I could judge, between his ear and eye. Both rifles spoke together; and we had the satisfaction of seeing him, after a rush of a few feet, fall with a crash; and on walking up, found a magnificent old bull in his last agony. Leaving some of the natives to cut out his tushes for us, we went back to the canoe, and directly day broke started on our return to the ship. About a mile down the river, we saw on the left-hand side a cow hippopotamus, with a young calf, just about to enter the water. I was laying down in the stern-sheets, and the doctor, without warning me, fired at the youngster, either wounding it severely, or killing it. In an instant

the infuriated mother dashed, with a hoarse kind of bellow, at the canoe, and literally cut or smashed it fair in two. Whether it was done by the animal's mouth, or by a blow from its head or fore-leg, I know not, but in a moment we found ourselves striking out for life in the river, which abounds with alligators. Luckily we all reached the bank in safety, but our rifles and all our gear were lost. Whether the brute was satisfied with the mischief she had done, I cannot say, but we saw her no more. Fortunately we had landed on the Angama side of the river, but I shall never forget the hard work we had to force our way to the town.

Either the exposure to the night air, or the ducking and fright of our involuntary bath, gave us both a sharp touch of intermittent fever; but the loss of our rifles was by far the most serious consequence attendant upon our trip 'after Behemoth.'

F. W. B.

LITHO-FRACTEUR PERCUSSION SHELLS, THE NEW EXPLOSIVE SMALL-ARM PROJECTILE.

BY 'THE OLD SHEKARRY.'

IN 1846, the year of the Sutlej campaign, when neither the military authorities nor the sporting world dreamed of 'small arms' throwing even 500 yards with accuracy—for the longest range at which our soldiers then fired at ball practice was 300 yards—one of the greatest sportsmen in India, General Jacob, then commanding the Sind Horse, introduced his celebrated four-grooved rifle, with which he made excellent practice at all ranges up to 2000 yards. In conjunction with Mr. G. H. Daw, the well-known gun-maker, afterward the inventor of the central-fire system, and the winner of the first Government prize for central-fire military cartridges, General Jacob carried out a series of experiments with different kinds of projectiles, with which he obtained such results at long ranges that completely threw into the shade any score that had previously been made. He spent a small fortune and many years' labour in improving this weapon, and at last brought it before the Government, when at repeated trials he made better practice at 1000 yards than could be obtained at 300 by the military arm then in use by the troops. Notwithstanding that the commander of the Sind Horse was one of the smartest and most daring leaders of cavalry in India, he only met with the usual treatment awarded to inventors by the authorities—he was snubbed, and his invention pirated and introduced into the service by another name. Although thoroughly disgusted at the imbecile conduct of the Government in throwing cold water on his zealous attempts to benefit the service, Jacob was the last man to be discouraged or give in, and he subsequently devoted his attention to the improvement of the percussion shell—an invention of the late Captain Norton—

and succeeded in perfecting this most deadly of all small-arm projectiles. The Jacob shell consists of a detonated copper tube filled with gunpowder, fitting into a leaden shell, which explodes upon the apex of the shell—in which is the percussion powder—striking the object. At ranges up to 1500 yards the flight of the shell is invariably point forward, and even at 2000 yards it is very rare that the apex does not strike the object and cause the percussion head to explode. During some experiments carried on at Kurrachee, a cart containing four boxes, made and packed exactly in the same manner as the ammunition-boxes attached to a field battery, was placed in front of General Jacob's practice butt at a distance of 1200 yards. Four officers, including the General himself, opened fire upon the boxes used, and before thirty rounds had been fired the ammunition was blown up. This experiment was repeated with the same success several times. Another experiment was tried with 500 lbs. of powder packed between layers of thick plank placed against the butt, which is 14 feet thick at the base. The size of the mark fired at was 10 feet square, and the range increased to 1800 yards. The result was as satisfactory as before, the shells penetrating the planking, bursting, and exploding the powder. In 1861, during some experiments I carried out before the Italian Minister of War and the Government authorities at Naples, an ordinary artillery tumbril, containing 60 rounds of ammunition, was placed by the sea, and at the distance of a kilomètre, or about 1000 yards, I opened fire upon it and blew it up at the fifth shot. Since then I have made all kinds of experiments with different kinds of shells, and have repeatedly tried the Desvismes, Pertuiset, and Forsyth systems, but none are practically as effective, safe, and, at the same time, so easy to manipulate as the ordinary Jacob shell, which should be constructed with sufficient metal between the base of the bullet and the base of the shell, so that there is no danger of the bursting charge in the shell being ignited by the action of the charge.

In conjunction with Mr. Daw, whose intimate association with the late General Jacob has made his long-range rifles famous from Cape Comorin to the Himalaya, I have lately, whilst making experiments with percussion shells, charged the ordinary Jacob shell with litho-fracteur—the new explosive material invented by Messrs. Krebs, of Cologne—instead of gunpowder, and obtained the most satisfactory results; the explosive force of the litho-fracteur being so many times more powerful than an equal quantity of gunpowder or gun-cotton. Having witnessed and taken part in all kinds of experiments with this newly invented material, I am convinced that it is, without exception, the most powerful, and also the least dangerous, of any explosive yet brought out, as, in comparison with its specific gravity, it develops by far the greatest force in the smallest bulk, and can be carried, stored, and used without any need of more than ordinary caution. It can only be exploded by explosive bodies, percussion-caps, red-hot metals, sudden heating to

a high temperature, or by concussion between metals. If brought in contact with a flame, or burning fuze, it burns away like so much resin, and its explosive power is hardly deteriorated even when soaked with water.

If this kind of shell should ever be adapted to machine guns and small arms, the artillery caissons of the future will have to be made of wrought-iron armour-plate, or working the guns will indeed be dangerous work. The adoption of explosive small-arm ammunition by Russia led to the International Congress of St. Petersburg, where several of the principal military powers of Europe agreed in future wars not to use explosive shells weighing less than 400 grammes, or about 14 ounces; but the United States declined to enter into any such arrangement. Of late years experience has shown that treaties of any kind are only held to be binding so long as it may suit the interests of all parties concerned to keep them, as has lately been clearly exemplified by Russia's evasion of the Black Sea treaty, which appears to be tacitly allowed by other contracting powers, although any clear-headed politician will prognosticate that it is but the first step towards the annihilation of the Ottoman power in Europe. How, then, can it be expected that in a mortal struggle for life and death any regard will be paid to an obsolete treaty when the *morale* of an enemy's troops may be shaken, and an important advantage gained by the employment of small-arm percussion shells. When nations are at war now-a-days neither side can afford to be over courteous or scrupulous in the means they employ to win the day; and the great object of the principal mechanicians and chemists of the day is to produce the most destructive weapons that can be used with safety, as the great natural principle of war is to do the most harm to the enemy with the least danger to ourselves, and to kill, burn, and destroy them either on land or sea, or wherever they may be found. If an enemy's batteries and powder-magazines can be blown up by rifle percussion shells who but a fool would hesitate to employ those means? War is a game where not a move should be missed nor a chance thrown away.

It was not, however, for the purpose of advocating the adoption of explosive small-arm ammunition in the Service that I commenced this paper, but to make known to Indian sportsmen the results of a series of experiments I have lately carried out with litho-fracteur, the most destructive agent yet known, that has ever been used as a bursting charge for percussion shells, and at the same time the safest to handle or keep in store. A sportsman, armed with a double 12-bore breech-loading rifle, carrying Jacob's shells, charged with litho-fracteur, is more than a match for the most deadly man-eater that ever skulked round an Indian village, as the explosive force of this projectile is so great that an animal, even if not struck in a vital part, would be stunned and paralyzed by the sudden shock given to the system. If struck in any part of the body, a hole like a crater is produced, and considerably over a cubic foot of flesh and

bone, reduced to a pulp, devoid of any consistency, and the effect of the shock is to paralyze every vital function in the animal's frame.

Such projectiles would be used with admirable effect against the *feræ naturæ*, who, according to the 'Times,' are gaining the upper hand in many parts of India, as the figures I am about to quote will prove. 'The aggregate number of deaths by the onslaught of wild beasts throughout the provinces of Madras, Bombay, Bengal, the North Western Provinces, Courg, Hyderabad, and British Burmah, for three years, amounts to 12,554. The deaths from snake bites, over the same area, come up to 25,664. So that from both causes there is a huge total of mortality, scoring 38,218 persons who have come to a violent or lingering end, in what to us seems a strange fashion. We are accustomed to read of isolated cases of the destruction of a few hunters in the jungle by tigers or elephants, but here we have a record showing that, in the war between men and wild beasts, the men have, to a great extent, not only the worst of the contest, but the beasts follow up their victories, until a man-eating tiger creates such terror in a district, "that whole villages are depopulated, public roads and thoroughfares are rendered literally unapproachable by human beings, even in broad daylight; and thousands of acres of once cultivated land are entirely deserted and consigned to the growth of vegetation, to offer in their turn safe coverts to these noxious animals." The Government, of course, have not been idle; but the means they employed are totally ineffectual to mitigate the pest; and since the people have been disarmed on account of the mutiny, whole districts, once the abode of man, are now inhabited only by wild beasts. The 'Times' thus continues. 'But are there not hunters, mighty hunters in India? The army of shekarees is, in truth, entirely insufficient to cope with its antagonists. The Government gives large rewards for the destruction of the terrible game, the bagging of which is a very different matter, indeed, from the performances at the Norfolk coverts or the Scotch moors. But the natives are not courageous enough to battle determinedly and effectively against their quadruped enemies. It is only the odd Englishman who can protect them, and to whom a village tiger-ridden, so to speak, will appeal to be rid of their oppressor, who, very like the dragon of old, must be fed on man meat, and helps himself to the fare whenever he feels the stimulus of appetite. The natives are cowardly enough to fly in large numbers from the district in which even one of these ferocious beasts happens to be abroad.'

'The Bombay Gazette' says:—'We are repeatedly having brought under notice the fact of a tiger coming down on a village, and carrying off one after another of the inhabitants.' In a document, published by the authority of the Government, we find it stated that the lower provinces of Bengal exhibit a state of things, calling for serious consideration. It is said in the paper to which we refer, that the mortality 'could be very largely reduced by the extirpation

‘ of the animals in the neighbourhood of human habitations.’ The remark carries with it an obvious truth. The tiger is the difficulty, and how to abolish or destroy him, is the problem to be taken in hand. Were the Government to appoint a score of the best sportsmen in India to carry out the extirpation of dangerous animals in different districts, regularly trained bands of shekarees and trackers would be organised, who, in the course of a few years, would entirely rid Hindostan of that curse of the rural districts, the man-eating tiger. Tiger hunting is capital practice for an officer during the piping times of peace, for his vigilance, caution, fertility of resource, coolness, courage, strategy, and marksmanship are all brought into play whilst waging war against these formidable monsters, and tracking and killing them in their almost impenetrable jungle haunts; but with the breech-loading arms of precision of the present day, and Jacob’s percussion shells, charged with litho-fracteur, the experienced hunter has fifty chances to one against the beast he encounters.

‘ THE BRACH.’

IN the article of the August number on ‘ Shakespeare as a Sportsman,’ an allusion was made to the expression of ‘ Brach Merriman ’ in the introduction to the ‘ Taming of the Shrew,’ which raised a question as to the particular meaning of the word ‘ brach.’ Johnson defines its signification to be exclusively that of a bitch hound—quoting Shakespeare as an authority in the following passage: ‘ Truth’s a dog must to kennel—he must be whipped out when the lady brach may stand by the fire and stink.’ It is always pleasing to convict the surly and dogmatic lexicographer of error, since he himself was never sparing in censure of any one who declined to bow to his supreme dictation. He might and should have known that the prefix, ‘ lady,’ insisted upon an obligation to determine the sex of ‘ brach,’—a common hound. In this general sense it is used by Sir J. More in his ‘ Comfort against Tribulation,’ book 3, chapter 24: ‘ Here it must be known of some men that can skill of hunting, whether that we mistake not our terms, for then are we utterly ashamed, as ye wot well. And I am so cunning, that I cannot tell, whether among them a bitche be a bitche or no; but, as I remember, she is no bitche, but a brache,’ or hound. In an old metrical charter, granted by Edward the Confessor to the hundred of Cholmer and Dancing, in Essex, there are the two following lines:

‘ Four greyhounds and six bratches,
For hare, foxe, and wild cattles.’

Shakespeare, also, in ‘ King Lear,’ has made the term to designate a particular species—

‘ Mastiff, greyhound, munfrill grim,
Hound or spaniel, brache or hym.’

Pope says that the word signifies a degenerate hound ; and Spelman affirms, that in his day 'brache' meant a 'lurcher,' belonging to the 'degeneres' or mongrels produced by the commixture of two pure races. That such is the true interpretation we will presently proceed to show.

The word is Celtic, derived from 'brach,' or spot ; for in the primitive days of Frank or Austrasian hunting—*tempore Caroli Magni*—the pure hounds were of simple colour, and the cross with an impure race produced the parti-coloured or spotted hound termed 'braque,' and it is so stated in 'Chambers' Encyclopædia.' The 'braque,' or lurcher, was bred, in the first instance, from the large gazehound, belonging to the 'canes sagaces' of Buffon,—that coursed by sight, taking advantage of skirting, and lying in wait—*à guet*—for their quarry ; and from the 'chien courant' or 'venantes' that hunted a line of scent. He partook of the mute quality of the former, with the line-hunting of the latter. In the 'Venerie Royale' of King Charles IX. of France, mention is made of the black hounds of St. Hubert being crossed with the celebrated white hounds of the royal kennel. The progeny became spotted, and was termed 'braque' or lurcher ; which illegitimate hound—from its cunning, ability to carry the line of scent, and its muteness—was used by, and gave the name of 'braconnier' to, the poacher. Neither was the term circumscribed to France, for it prevailed both in Germany and Italy. In the latter country, the word 'bracco' was generally applied to spotted hounds of various breeds : for instance, 'bracco da seguito,' a chase hound ; 'bracco da fermo,' a pointer ; 'bracco da léva,' a springer or tufter ; and 'bracco muto da notte,' was a mute hound or lurcher, used—we quote Soavi, 'Di cacciare nel crepuscolo qualche bestia contro le leggi'—to hunt at night-time with a lurcher, in defiance of law.

We have said sufficient to prove that the Saxon word 'brach' is inapplicable in the Johnsonian sense ; and we again repeat our satisfaction in having exposed the error of the over-prepotent lexicographer.

M. F. H.

CRICKET.

THE closing weeks of the cricket season were mostly devoted to county matches. The Canterbury week, which used to be the most important event in the month of August, was, this year, so far as cricket is concerned, an utter failure. Rain and absentees together spoiled the whole contest between North and South. Mr. Grace did not arrive till late on the second day, was in no condition for cricket, and disappeared without taking his second innings. Consequently the North secured an easy one-innings victory ; the only notable circumstance about the match being the bowling of Lillywhite—who has been in excellent form this season—which secured the whole of the Northern wickets. The other

two matches were of no earthly interest to any human being except the players themselves; and a considerable alteration must be made in the programme, if the Canterbury week is to sustain its reputation among cricketers. For the dancers, diners, and people who take pleasure in amateur theatricals, the case is, of course, different, and the cricket is a matter of indifference compared with the other pleasures of the week.

The results of the County cricket of the season leave Yorkshire and Nottingham quite at the top of the tree, and so evenly matched as hardly to be separated. The concluding tussle of the year between these great rivals ended in a draw—somewhat in favour of Yorkshire, no doubt, for Nottingham had only three wickets to fall, and nearly one hundred runs to get. Yet Daft's was one of the wickets, so that the victory of Yorkshire was by no means a foregone conclusion. Evenly balanced as the premier counties have over and over again been shown to be, their performances against a third county, the pluckiest and the most daring in England—need we say Gloucestershire?—were surprisingly confusing and contradictory. Gloucestershire, disdainful as ever of any professional assistance, goes to Sheffield, and beats Yorkshire in a single innings. Travelling thence to Nottingham, where, according to all public form, they were bound to accomplish an almost similar victory, they are only saved from a humiliating defeat by rain and want of time. The extraordinary number of 489 runs were amassed by Nottingham in their single innings, the completed innings of Gloucestershire closing for 139. This was a lesson of the fate that must sooner or later attend any eleven depending solely on amateur bowling—and that even none of the best. Both Dr. E. M. Grace and Mr. W. G. Grace have wonderful luck with their bowling; but the latter, though he has had great success this season, is not, and, in our opinion, never will be a bowler; and the Doctor's lobs, dodgy as they are, and aided by superb fielding, must be punished by some of the sturdiest batsmen in England. There is no Mr. Appleby in Gloucestershire; and it remains to be seen how long the mere name of Grace will continue to frighten an eleven out, when behind it is nothing better than third class bowling.

The principal feature of the season of 1872 has, however, been the resuscitation of Surrey under the new management, which has succeeded, in great measure, in reversing the defeats of the past few years. Even Nottingham would have had to succumb, but for the wretched dawdling so characteristic of modern cricket, by which means the match ended in a draw, and the Surrey men, who had fought an up-hill game with great pluck and spirit, were balked of what would have been their crowning triumph of the year. The new management has done well in looking about for available amateur talent, and has brought out several gentlemen who have done good service, especially in the field, but occasionally with the bat also. They have not found a Mr. Lane or a Mr. Miller again at present;

but Mr. Chenery, Mr. Simmonds, Mr. Game, and Mr. Boulton, amongst others, have done a good deal to raise Surrey from its low estate.

Among the professionals Street has made a marvellous advance in bowling ability. Always a good practice bowler, he has now become a good match bowler. The difference will be appreciated by cricketers.

Then R. Humphrey, Southerton, Jupp, and Pooley are too well known to require a word in their praise. They would be the backbone of any eleven. Mr. Strachan, who, *quoad* his cricket, may be described as a thoroughly useful man, has, we think, only played for two counties this season—a piece of moderation to be admired. Let us hope, however, that whatever or however many a man's qualifications may be, the time will soon come when he will have to declare, at the commencement of each season, on which of those qualifications he means to rely. There is no occasion to tie a man down for life to a particular county; but for a single season a single county is sufficient.

If Surrey is rapidly regaining its former position, Kent is as rapidly going from bad to worse. Internal dissensions, apathy, neglect to encourage rising talent, have reduced Kent to the very lowest rank among the counties. Nor do we see what present hope there is of any improvement. Who is there, for instance, to take Willsher's place as a bowler, when that most excellent cricketer retires from active participation in the game? On the other hand, the prospects of Sussex are most encouraging, and the conduct of affairs is in good hands. Sussex has an excellent working eleven in all departments of the game, with a due admixture of the amateur element. Next year Sussex should try its strength against one of the great northern counties. The effort might very likely be unsuccessful, but, at any rate, Sussex ought to make a good fight against any opponents. The Committee, wisely remembering that no eleven is immortal, are looking out well to fill up any gaps that may be made in their team. A match between East and West Sussex will, we hope, be played twice every season; and every encouragement should be given to fresh applicants. In former years the great mistake was made of ignoring the country districts in favour of Brighton. Now, you could not pick out a more uncricket-like place than Brighton. The inhabitants know nothing and care nothing about cricket or any other manly sport. But in the country districts, throughout the length and breadth of the county, the people are more keen about cricket than in any other part of the South of England. We rejoice that the managers of Sussex County Cricket are going to the right sources for the future support and strengthening of their eleven. Let them leave the people and Brighton to their West Pier and their nigger minstrels—the only amusements they are capable of enjoying.

Among the curiosities of cricket of the past season, was the decision of the umpire in a match at Brighton by which Charlwood

was adjudged 'out,' for having hit the ball twice. By reference to the laws of cricket, which must have been drawn up by a Parliamentary draughtsman, so hopelessly confused and contradictory are they, we find that Law 20 forbids a batsman to hit the ball a second time wilfully, that is, intentionally; and that Law 34 allows the batsman, after the ball has been hit, to guard his wicket with his bat, or with any part of his body, except his hands. In short, one law contradicts the other. The editor of James Lillywhite's Cricketers' Annual comments as follows on Law 20:—'The wilful striking here means striking with intent to score off it.' This is a wholly unauthorised gloss of the commentators. Not even Mr. Gladstone could so distort the meaning of a simple English word 'wilfully,' or make it comprehend an intention on the part of the striker to do some particular thing, not even hinted at in the words of the law. If the law meant all this, the law should have said so in plain English: but as the law says nothing of the sort, we decline to accept the arbitrary amendment of an individual commentator as of any weight whatever. In truth, the effort to explain or to represent in plain English the Laws of Cricket is not only hopeless, but useless also; for things which are *per se* absurd, unmeaning, and unintelligible, are not susceptible of explanation. The custom is to ignore Laws 20 and 34 (just as the idiotic 24th Law is universally ignored), to allow the batsman to hit the ball a second time 'wilfully,' if he chooses, and to allow him not only to 'guard his wicket with his bat,' after the ball has once been hit, but also to hit the ball away from his wicket as far and as hard as he may find convenient. The custom also is not to allow the batsman to attempt to make a run off a ball so struck a second time: but this is purely a custom, and not a law; nor is there a syllable in the laws either for or against such a custom. The common sense of English cricketers, however, has long ago decided them, on this as on other points, to discard the written laws as a hopeless jumble of absurdities, and to establish an unwritten code for themselves.

We suppose we must say a word as to the doings of the English Eleven who are starring it on the other side of the Atlantic; but we confess that there seems to us very little glory about the whole affair. If such an expedition is, under any circumstances, considered necessary or expedient, it is, at any rate, humiliating to think that the richest country in the world cannot send out eleven gentlemen without making a comparatively poor dependency pay for their expenses. As for the cricket, it is of course the poorest excuse for getting a cheap holiday and unbounded hospitality. There can be no real pleasure to a first-class cricketer in playing, day after day, against raw and half-trained antagonists, and in seeing them beaten as easily as if they were so many little boys from a village school. When the eleven have had enough to eat and drink at the expense of their entertainers, they will, we suppose, return; and let us hope that the whole affair, which reflects but little credit on the good

taste or good judgment of its promoters, will then be forgotten as soon as possible.

We remind captains of school elevens, who have been in the habit of favouring us with their batting and bowling averages, that we shall hope to receive them as early as possible this month, with any notes or comments that may appear desirable.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

DURING the past month the yachting of 1872 has been gradually winding itself up; and since the September 'Daily' presented itself to its readers, there has been but little to notice, beyond the gradual departure for Wivenhoe, and other winter quarters, of most of the clippers whose achievements we have been so busy noticing during the past months.

The International Boat Race, having been decided nearly four months ago, might fairly be consigned to the limbo of history, but the prominence recently given by some of our own sporting papers to a ridiculous effusion in the New York 'Daily News,' has again brought up the subject. The American newspaper in question printed a long letter from a person of the name of Smith, imputing all sorts of unfairness to the English party concerned in the race. The sensible men in New York, doubtless, valued the farrago of tomfoolery at its proper worth; but its reproduction in English sporting papers—though probably intended to give their readers a sample of low-class Yankee 'gasing'—has had the not undesirable effect of provoking a letter from Dr. Russell Withers, stroke of the *Atalanta*, who, in a few manly words to Mr. Herbert Playford, utterly ridicules the remarks of the New York paper, which he justly stigmatises as a mere tissue of exaggeration and falsehood. In this country all who knew anything of the subject in question were fully aware of the absurdity of the views expressed in Mr. Smith's letter, but it is satisfactory to receive from Dr. Withers a disclaimer of his participation in such theories.

We observe that American oarsmen have recently been exercised with the awfully complicated task of defining 'An Amateur,' which has on so many occasions proved a stumbling-block to the regatta committees on this side of the herring pond. After sundry adjournments and due deliberation, it was settled that an amateur oarsman must be one who has not performed in open races, or for money, or against professionals, and has never pursued athletics as a livelihood, or been employed in manual labour on land or water. Though our ideas have hitherto been that Americans, in sporting as in other matters, incline rather to laxity than the reverse, we must admit that these regulations, if duly carried out, are far more reasonable than the utter vapourisation which obtains at many of our provincial regattas, and one could only wish that all of them would adopt a course of action as intelligible as that of our Yankee fellow-sportsman.

The London Rowing Club, who have this year had an unusually successful season, brought off their annual water frolic with the customary *éclat*, and the L. R. C. regatta of 1872 may fairly be considered at least equal to its predecessors. Commencing proceedings with a sculling race for watermen, which was won, after some exciting heats, by T. Phelps, of Putney, the races

in the fours created a good deal of interest, as in the first heat, which fell to Monteuuis' crew, the race was won less by the oarsmen than the coxswain. The second fell rather easily to the veteran Lowe, who, however, had no chance against the Frenchman in the final. In the pairs, the invincible Gulston, of course, came in first—though at the half distance it appeared to be anybody's race, and, no doubt, most of his opponents would find it difficult to describe how or why they were beaten. The Handicap Scullers' Race, which was open to other clubs, was utterly confusing to the spectators, as at a slight distance Jack was so very like Tom that the most intimate friends of the competitors could scarcely tell which was in front. H. H. Weston, of the L. R. C., who was the heavy-weight of the handicap, got off very badly, and was never in the race, which finally fell to F. Brookes, of the West London, who won hard-pressed by the evergreen Lowe; Giles, of the Thames, running third, and T. S. Dickson, of the London, fourth. The Eights, which was the only race rowed without turning a flag-boat, fell to Monteuuis' crew, and brought the sports to a close. The prize for Junior Scullers, which has, almost from time immemorial, been given by J. S. Virtue, Esq.—a constant supporter, and former vice-president of the Club—produced, as usual, some capital racing, and displayed very fair form. The first heat was won easily by W. A. Chandler; in the second, Dickson managed to beat Horton; and the third H. J. Reynolds landed, after an interesting race. Pitchford won the next trial easily enough; but the final, the brunt of which lay between Chandler and Pitchford, appeared during most of the distance a good thing for the latter, who, however, with his customary ill-luck, managed to get his sliding seat out of gear while apparently an easy winner, and under these circumstances was of course soon passed by Pitchford, who came in first by a length, and thus became entitled to the Virtue boat. On the following day Chandler took the second prize with the greatest ease, and but for the *contretemps* we have mentioned, would doubtless have secured first honours. The season closed with a twelve-oared race from Putney to Chiswick Church, and on this occasion the new boat—stroked by G. H. Cross—secured rather an easy win, for though Pitchford in the old ship pressed him pretty hard, we fancy that, after Hammersmith, 'twas only on sufferance. P. Weston, who steered the winners, was somewhat reckless in sticking to his opponents' water, but observing the error in good time, he worked back into his proper course, and though pressed apparently closely up to the finish, may be said to have won easily.

In looking back at the past rowing season it is almost needless to refer to the numerous successes of the chief Putney Club, but while they have been absorbing nearly all the greatest prizes of the year some younger clubs have displayed unusually good form. The Thames, from their continued success in the Wyfold at Henley, and at other meetings, may now fairly claim to have passed out of the category of mere *débutants* even in races of the highest class; but we shall not, we trust, offend the Ino by congratulating them upon the excellent crews which they have this year sent all over the country, mainly with the most satisfactory results. They have no doubt excellent material to work upon, and civil servants are more accessible than men whose pursuits take them all over London; but, nevertheless, the greatest credit is due to their captain, who, besides working continuously in the boats, has succeeded in developing so much latent talent. The Leander, on the other hand, have been this year conspicuous only by their absence from all important races, a state of things which we trust is but temporary,

as while such comparative mushrooms as the Thames, Ino, and North London, as well as several provincial clubs, can make a respectable appearance at Henley and other important gatherings, it is too bad that the 'Old Brilliants,' who have on their books some of the finest oarsmen in England, should stand aloof. Next year we hope to find them taking a new lease of life, and with the ever-increasing support given by young clubs to all rowing fixtures there is little reason to fear for the future of the healthful and manly sport of rowing.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—Baden Bygones.—Doncaster Doings.

A CHANGE over the spirit of past dreams. A wail of sorrowing melody from the Alte Schloss, a murmuring ripple in the Oos, that is not the ripple of other days, a subdued tone in the waters of the Murg, while sadder wave the branches in the Alley of Sighs, and the Road of the Echo gives back no joyous answer. What is this that tinges the Lichtenthal with such sober hues, and why fell such gloomy shadows on the green woods of Eberstein?

Is it that animate and inanimate nature mourn for the change that is coming over Baden existence? Does the Oos, as it flows on for ever, sigh for the approaching disappearance of those double zeros, which have such curious resemblance to its name; but which, alas! are not endowed with the same gift of vitality? Do the strains of the Æolians (Jones, Strand, London; makers) on the Alte Schloss, weep over a game they cannot save, and bewail an *après* more fatal than croupier ever called? Do the shady alleys of the Lichtenthal sigh for the gay and sparkling *viveurs* who drained the wine cup at L'Ours; and, it must be added, behaved after a fashion of which the Little Pedlington Young Men's Christian Association would hardly have approved? And does the Road of the Echo list in vain for the *bon mot* of Jules, and the naughty story of Jeannette; and the towers and woods of Eberstein look vainly down on the Murg Thal, for the winding groups of pleasure-seekers who came up to drink the bad wine of the restaurant, and crack profane jokes on the ancient arms and wonderful pictures of the castle? We know not; but certain it is, that there is a 'passing away,' written not only on the walls of the Conversation House, but on the green leaves, the running waters, and the faces of men. For the sceptre is departing from Israel, and M. Dupressoir, who has held the reins of power with such advantage to Baden and himself, is the last of the race of banking kings, and will abdicate a throne which, unless rumour lies, he will seek to re-establish on his native soil. But here King Gold is no longer to hold sway; and so Baden is considering what it will do next year, and is rather melancholy as to the future. Not that Baden does not talk big of what it will effect; and schemes are already afloat for keeping up some of the amusements; but excellent Mr. Weih, the able prime minister of the two last administrations, is rather inclined to shake his head over them, and without exactly throwing cold water on the venture, is dubious as to its success. In fact, the future of Baden must be such a very altered one, that nobody can yet, with any certainty, venture to predict what that future will be. Beyond the fact that it will be totally different from the past, everybody is in darkness; not but what there are some sanguine spirits who profess to believe in return to those days of prosperity—say twenty years ago or so—before the French had made a little Paris of it for two months in the year,

and one did not see quite so much of that world which is euphuistically called 'the half;' and ladies and gentlemen were as thick as the leaves in the Lichtenthal. That was a very good time indeed. We parted in a gentlemanly manner (there was never any very high play at Baden), ladies had the place to themselves, and the Rue Breda had not interfered with them. Plenty of fun and love-making, too, in those days, oh, bless you, yes, more, so we take it, than there is now; only we did it quietly, and invoked not the world to look on. And we had our dinners at L'Ours, even in those days; and though we had not attained unto balls, we used to ramble in the quiet alleys after dinner, and the rambles were prolonged till long after the moon had

'Come up with her cold pale light.'

And it was not at all bad fun, I—I mean, we—can assure. The present bumptious generation are apt to think that no one enjoys life, and lives their days but its members. Poor fellows; perhaps it is better for them to continue in that blissful belief. They dine at Richmond, the Maison Dorée, and the restaurant, they play with the tangles of Neræa's hair, and Neræa charges them about a fiver a tangle. Eugénie's dinner at the Maison Dorée used to cost a mint of money; and after a *parti carrée* at the restaurant, it was the custom to offer Cora a chaplet of pearls. Well, perhaps there was some hidden pleasure in that which we obtuse old fellows fail to see; but do you know we would back our L'Ours of twenty years since against the Maison Dorée, Richmond, and the restaurant, ay, and put the money down, too. But this is childish. We are wandering away into the dead past, and it is rather the future with which we have to deal. For the present is dull, and a very make-believe of enjoyment is going on around us in this happy valley, with queer-looking people of all nations and languages pervading the walks and punting at the tables. A superabundance of Jerusalem as represented by the kingdom of Poland; and we are informed, on reliable authority, that the Polish Israelite is 'not good,' and we must say he does not look it. No more do some specimens of Frankfort noblesse, the female members of which have a pleasant way of coming up to you as you are playing, and declaring themselves 'on,' with many smiles, which embarrasses while it flatters you. 'Cook' is very much about, too, and says over our shoulder, 'He's going to put it on 'the red, *be* is,' and is distractingly explanatory to the female 'Cook' on the principles of the game, till called to order by the croupier. Here is an Irish lady who addresses the sedate officials in the purest English of which she is capable, and there is a good Bostonian twang audible here and there. Here and there, too, appears some familiar faces, English or German, well known at Homburg and Baden for the last ten years; persistent punters who lose and win with an unruffled placidity, and about whose future you find yourself speculating quite as much as about Baden. What will become of them when 'tables' are abolished? They cannot all go to Monaco, but it is to be hoped the excellent M. Thiers will take pity on them; and we hear that he undoubtedly will, and allow them the run of *la belle France*, which will be very kind of him. Fancy 'tables' at Boulogne with the L. C. and D. R. running cheap trains on Saturday, return-ticket available to Monday night, and Brown, Jones, and Robinson punting all day Sunday. Said a well-known nobleman, and gallant soldier to boot, to us one day, returning from Ascot six or seven years ago, 'My butler has won 30*l.* on the Cup, and will probably come to be 'hung.' We have always forgotten to ask him if his prediction has yet come

to pass; but we think there is every chance of Brown and Co. coming to be transported for robbing the till if France thus invites them. Seriously, we hear there is every prospect of her so doing, and we trust our paternal government, which looks after our morals in the way of early hours and liquor in such a highly popular manner, will interfere to prevent Brown and Jones coming to grief after this fashion. But this is another digression, and we are getting on very slowly in our account of Baden. The fact is, that there is no account to give, which, perhaps, our intelligent readers may surmise before they get thus far. The racing was nought, the play the same, ditto the players. On the Grand Prix day there were a few Royalties and Serenities at Iffezheim, and some very pretty women, and that was the nearest approach to the gay scenes of past years that we encountered. There was the Princess of Monaco, the Duke of Hamilton's sister, exquisitely dressed, as also the Princess Leonie of Furstenberg, the Princess of Hohenlohe, *grandes dames* in Viennese society, all very handsome and distinguished-looking, and a sight of them was refreshing, as we were just getting a little tired of the big German young women and some mincing English and American specimens, chiefly remarkable for the height of their heels and a simpering consciousness. Not bad looking, but too much *en évidence*, a fault noticeable among English women of a certain style. The Duke of Hamilton was booked for all the good things of the Meeting; but, though he took three out of the five events on the first day, he only won the Grand Prix on the second, running one, two, three, with Dami, Miss Agnes, and Monseigneur. Little Agnes could have won, but was stopped to let Dami do it, to the surprise of some people who were ignorant of the Duke's intention to win with the latter horse. No public declaration is requisite on the Continent—a bad custom, we think,—and, in fact, all 'declarations,' be they public or private, we look upon as bad, and in direct opposition to the best interests of sport. Our Jockey Club once marked its 'extreme disapprobation' of the practice, but the resolution seems a dead letter now. It certainly is not a pleasant thing to see a good horse stopped to allow an inferior one to win; and the man who has backed the pulled-up one will naturally always feel himself 'done,' declaration or no declaration. Miss Agnes must be an astonishingly good mare, for she made all the running, and could have walked in. She cannot be out of the Cambridgeshire with 7 st. 10 lbs. on her. The Duke got a good price about Dami, who opened at 10 to 1; but his Grace's intention oozed out (he told one or two of his friends), and about 4 to 1 was his starting price. It was curious, though, how those knowing people, the book-makers, were deceived; for they would not make an offer about Monseigneur at the finish, and you could not get more than 3 to 1 about Little Agnes, if that. Had they had a suspicion of the real state of the case, how anxious they would have been to lay. Mr. Arthur Yates made a successful *début* on old Diomed on the same day in the Prix de Mannheim; for, by a chapter of accidents befalling the others, Diomed cantered in alone. Mr. Yates and Mr. Hobson only arrived two days previously, having, with the praiseworthy intention of seeing as much as possible of the magnificent scenery of the Black Forest, taken a *détour* to Baden Weiler, a romantic spot in the Breisgau, at the foot of the Blauen mountain, where we believe they enjoyed themselves very much. It was stated that, owing to some confusion of ideas which the name of the place doubtless suggested, Mr. Yates astonished the railway official on the arrival of the train at Baden Weiler, by asking, 'Where's Cinna?' and demanding to be taken to the Hôtel d'Angleterre,

being with difficulty pacified. A day passed in the wild scenery of the place, however, restored his equanimity, and refreshed by the contemplation of Nature, the party journeyed on to their destination, but how the noble Cinna got to Baden-Baden we are unable to say. Some of these foolish persons who are always to be found hatching *canards* maintained that the détour to Baden was a mistake, and that the party actually thought that they were at Baden-Baden; but we need scarcely say there is no foundation for this statement. Mr. Yates and his friends were solely influenced by that love for the beauties of Nature which is inherent in many of us; and, as we said before, enjoyed their trip very much. Every one was glad to see 'Arthur' at Iffezheim, and his first proceeding was to walk over the course, with which he declared himself much pleased, and expressed his opinion that Cinna would make nothing of it. The big event—or what used to be that, the Grand Steeplechase—turned out something very like a failure, for it looked at one time as if there would only be two runners, Cinna and The Lamb. But Count Nicolas Esterhazy came to the rescue at the last with Monarch, though he only started him to make up a field, and moreover did not ride him himself, but was on The Lamb, whom he had previously ridden at Frankfort and Aix-la-Chapelle. The double Liverpool winner looked as well as ever, and ran in his old form, Cinna, who took to refusing early, showing temper at the water-jump, out of the wood, and being virtually out of the race there. Indeed, The Lamb was sailing in alone, and Count Esterhazy eased him, after getting down the bank, and allowed Monarch—who appeared to be dead beat—to come up with him. But just as the Count set The Lamb going again, he was seen to falter, and, barely able to get home, Monarch beat him easily. It was discovered that the game 'little grey pony' had fractured the fetlock joint of his off hind leg, a sad termination to his racing career. Great hopes were entertained of his being preserved to the stud, but we are sorry to say they have not been realized, and The Lamb has since been destroyed. It was an unfortunate wind-up to the meeting, and perhaps Count Esterhazy was the saddest winner on record. There is a good deal of speculation as to what will be the future of Baden, from a social as well as a sporting point of view, and programmes are afloat as to both. The amusements of Baden, as far as the fiddling and humming, guitaring and strumming, are concerned, will probably be of a mild nature, and consist chiefly of promenading, enlivened by the band of the Baden Bombardiers. But sporting matters are looking up, and there is every chance of a good meeting at Iffezheim next autumn, for M. André has been indefatigable in his efforts, and a company has been launched, having for its president the Landgrave of Hesse, and among its members the Prince of Hohenlohe, the Prince of Furstenberg, Prince Paul Esterhazy, the Duke of Hamilton, the Duke of Ujest, Count Henckel, Baron Oppenheim, and most of the leading sporting men of Austria, Hungary, and Prussia. A Club-house has been taken in the Lichtenthal Strasse, to which members of recognised Clubs in the principal capitals of Europe may belong without ballot, and there is no lack of money, we are told, to back up the concern. Half a million of florins is the capital of the Association, and the added money will be of the same amount as that given by the administration. M. André is sanguine of success, and on paper it reads well. Of course, if the money is forthcoming, there need be no difficulty, and united Germany ought to make a very good meeting without depending on English horses, which never will come there in any numbers, we feel convinced. Men will talk about it, and

say they will come, and even go so far as to enter their horses; but when the time arrives, they will fight shy. It is a terrible long journey, and only now and then will such bold sportsmen as Lord Poulett, Captain Machell, and Mr. Yates, be found to run the risk of taking valuable horseflesh such a distance. The Duke of Hamilton is a tower of strength, but the new company must look to the sporting men of the country as their chief mainstay. They must contrive, in short, to get up a much better meeting than those we have had last year and this, or else racing at Baden is doomed. They ought to feel on their mettle. It will never do to have it said that directly the French abandoned Baden it went down hill. Austria and Germany, so that no little jealousies interfere, could give us some downright good sport; *so faites vos jeu messieurs*, it is in your own hands.

What else did we do at Baden? Well, we dined at the Badischer Hof, of course—every one who knows the place does that—and we bathed and breakfasted at the Stephanien (also the correct thing to do), partook of a *petit goulé* at the Alte Schloss, and bought some wood carving, a purse, two pair of gloves, and a bottle of eau de Cologne. And yet the tradespeople grumbled! Indeed, both landlords and shopkeepers lamented loudly over the absence of their beloved enemies, the French, whose pockets they used to 'requisition' in a way that would have charmed the Red Prince, or Moltke himself. The jewellers sat behind their costly wares, and no fair dame with attendant chevalier came down after a good half-hour at the tables—time, about 10.30 P.M.—and bought a necklace worth the yearly rent of that yeoman of Kent whom we have heard of. There were ropes of pearls, and strings of emeralds, a sort of Arabian Nights profusion, but there were few Fatimas to deck with gems their flowing hair. Fatima, on this occasion, was a young person who, as far as surface went, would have taken a deal of decking, but no one seemed to care much about it. So the pearls, and the diamonds, and the emeralds remained in their cases, and their sad proprietors gazed gloomily across the counters at the people who came to look, and did not remain to buy. And who was at Baden? perhaps the impatient reader will exclaim. Well, there was Lady Fitz-Fulke, Mrs. Cuddleton Squeezby, Captain Deuceace, and Sir Shysker Doo. We did not see Lady Fitzclister and Mrs. Guntwister, her ladyship's sister, but we heard they were there. There were other persons of quality too; but our imperfect acquaintance with the upper ten (we believe that is the correct phrase) must be the excuse for not mentioning their names. Some had come, too, like the Brummagen gentleman's ancestors, *incog.* (indeed very much *incog.*), and a casual observer—so good was their disguise—would hardly have recognised them. We are sorry we cannot give a better list of company, because it looks pretty in print, and is what we like to do. We like to 'observe' the Duchess of Doubletouch and Lady Betty Balo; but somehow, whether it was the heat (necessitating constant restoration of a fluid character), or whether it was the gentle melancholy that stole over us in the contemplation of scenes so different from those of the past, we were unable to pay that attention to the aristocracy which strict duty demanded. Will the aristocracy—also our readers—forgive us for not 'observing?' Indeed, some ill-natured friends of ours characterized the society of Baden as consisting of German Jews and Marshall and Snellgrove; but then people *are* so ill-natured. Dull as the place undoubtedly was, we quitted it regretfully, and thought of embracing the oldest *croupier*, but feared it would be too much for our feelings. By-the-way, what will be the future

of *croupiers*—we mean, in this world? But this is a question that would almost warrant an article to itself, and we feel unable to deal with it here. May we meet again.

From the Black Forest to Doncaster is but a step, you know; and one meets the same man taking four fifties from Billy Nicholl about Drummond in the Rooms that we left a few hours before outside the Conversation House. And those Rooms;—oh why, most upright justices, when you swept away the gaming tables, did you not make a clearance of the drinking bar? Cannot men drink outside before they enter, and go out to do so in the pauses of business? Of all pandemoniums—and we know a few—there is nothing equal to the Doncaster Rooms. There was a little black hole at Liverpool, now happily done away with, that could have once given them a stone for heat, stench, and blasphemy. But now Doncaster Rooms stand alone in the proud pre-eminence of all three, and on the eve of the Leger are, we repeat, a pandemonium. That the drinking is chiefly the cause thereof, few will be hardy enough to deny. Men who live in a constant state of excitement get more excited still under the influence of British brandy and adulterated gin, and the oaths and the conversation more full-flavoured. We do not want a drinking bar at Newmarket or Tattersall's; why should it be tolerated elsewhere? The Doncaster magistrates had much better have made a clean sweep in their movement against gambling. It does not at all strike us that they have done away with the most crying evil of the two. The town never was fuller, and the police computed there were upwards of 30,000 strangers within its gates. Poor strangers! The Leger day, too, saw a railway traffic far exceeding that of past years, and yet never was Leger less worth coming to see. We all thought it a rotten field last year, the favourites excepted, and now it was worse; for there was only one race-horse in it, and he was a roarer. Drummond might be all Tom Jennings said he was, and his high trial with Dutch Skater seemed to confirm; but his public performances were hardly up to what a Leger horse should be. Wellingtonia, too, was a doubtful stayer, and though Wenlock had got fourth in the Derby, he had run so badly ever since that few outside his stable—and not all in it—would stand him. Difficult, nay, almost impossible as the task seemed, we turned our affections on him that we knew was A 1 among them, despite his infirmity, for what might not such a great horse as Prince Charlie do among such a lot of duffers? That the public were, as they generally are, wise in their generation in backing him, few now will gainsay. He ran a great horse, and Johnny Osborne, as he brought him to the front round the bend, must have struck terror into many a bookmaker, legitimate and illegitimate;—the men who were against him, because he was a favourite, and the amateurs who had peppered him and had not covered. The condition of the latter gentlemen for a few moments must have been pitiable in the extreme, for they had declared he would not be in the first ten, and acted on that declaration. What a weight must have been taken off their breasts when they saw 'the lucky Maidment' leave his horses and come along. No doubt one of those moments in a gambler's life that makes amends for much past grief and discomfort. We were never 'bad' against a horse, and saw him beaten at the Stand ourselves, but we can fancy what a relief it must be when the whip is raised, and the good steed falters. Bah! it is a rotten triumph though, to see a good horse defeated by an infirmity, and to know that, but for his infirmity (we call it an 'affliction' in the human), he would have carried the little commoner who beat him. We

can understand the professional bookmakers' cheers when the favourite is what he calls 'bested'; and though they are not always pleasant to hear, they have a meaning in them quite distinct from the excited utterances of Sir Shyster Doo, who has 'taken liberties' with the said favourite, and would not have been found within hearing of Bow Bells on settling-day if the favourite had won. But we are over-riding the hounds, and have got to the Leger without a thought for all that preceded it. There really is, however, so little to record about the racing, that no wonder we ignored the first day, though the Champagne and the Great Yorkshire were among the items of sport. The win of Dalnacardoch carrying top weight in the latter, was a very good performance indeed, Nepolitain a good second, and it ought to have improved Wellingtonia, Wenlock, and Khédive's position in the market. It did the former, and Wenlock came to 8 to 1; but so little was known in reality about the latter's trial, that the public were very chary of their confidence. Indeed, it was stated that he had been beaten by Nepolitain, which, coupled with his very bad Ascot performances, was enough to deter even his own stable. He was more than suspected of being a rogue, too, and so 'the fourth in the Derby' did not better himself much by his stable-companion's second in the Great Northern. The Champagne brought out nothing that could beat Kaiser, though Mat Dawson had got a colt of Sir Richard Bulkeley's Surinam, brother to Martinique, that he fondly imagined could. No one particularly liked his looks in the paddock, and he had a very curby hock; but still his high trial with Landmark was good enough to induce Sir Richard to back him for the Derby before the race. He ran desperately bad, being the first beaten, and is either a rogue, or had not recovered the effects of his trial. Kaiser required a little riding, but he beat Thorn easily at last, and Mr. Savile is evidently in a fair way for Derby honours a second time.

Probably there never had been such a collection of platers seen before as was gathered together in the paddock to start for the Leger. Tom Dawson is said to have remarked, in allusion to the absence of his stable in the race, that 'he should be ashamed to run anything in such company,' and indeed they were a ragged lot. It was amusing to listen to the comments on them, and to hear the inquiries as to who they all were—inquiries which even that omniscient being, a Special Commissioner, could not always answer satisfactorily. Of course a reference to the card showed the names of the starters, but identification was another matter. Among them towered the immense frame of Prince Charlie, truly a king of horses, with that placid air about him which is one of his characteristics. To take things quietly from Derbys and Legers downwards is evidently the Prince's motto. Not so, Drummond, who sweated and looked as nervous as he could well look, fitter to jump out of his skin than to run the race. What was the matter with him we don't know; but perhaps he was thinking of that recent trial with Dutch Skater—too recent it might be—and that had upset him. Wellingtonia, next to Prince Charlie, excited the most admiration both in the paddock and on the course. He was thoroughly trained, and his action and style of going perfect. Gladiolus did not look like a son of Gladiateur and Sunbeam should have looked, and we don't fancy that Mr. Merry fancied him either. Indeed from a very decided and full-flavoured opinion which he passed on Prince Charlie, he could have had no expectation of beating the great chestnut. However, some people professed to know all about Gladiolus, and to know a good deal more about him than either Mr. Merry or Robert Peck—which is a way on the

Turf. Khédive looked trained to death; and old John Scott, if he had been alive, would hardly have been proud of the representative of the black and gold. But we must work with the materials to our hands, and cannot make good horses out of platers. Joseph Dawson, like his Tuppill relative last year, started four, while Taylor's stable sent out three, and Tom Jennings had Lighthouse as well as Drummond. The former, with Merevale, made the running—in the vain hope, we presume, of disposing of Prince Charlie before they got to the Red House, but Lighthouse only succeeded in disposing of Drummond, who, to the utter astonishment of Mr. Lefevre, was never in the race. As they came round the bend, Prince Charlie, Wellingtonia, and Khédive were in front, and the hopes of their respective backers rose high. The Prince was certainly not going as a roarer should, but within himself and French not moving on him, and already the cry of 'Prince Charlie wins!' came from a hundred throats, when the blue jacket of Lord Wilton was seen to shoot out, and leaving the others, with the exception of Prince Charlie, almost standing still, won in as easy a style as ever Leger was won, by five lengths. Khédive had had a scrimmage with Vanderdecken just after passing the bend, and Lord Zetland's horse was going so well that he might have got the place which Cannon, steadying Vanderdecken, managed to obtain. And so a maiden won the Leger, for only the second time, we believe, since the race has been established—not a first-class horse by any means, and one whose running, despite his fourth in the Derby, had been so unreliable as to prevent the public having any great fancy for him. Of course after the race people said he ought to have started first favourite, but we see so many things after a race which we laugh to scorn before. Prince Charlie's position was rather an astonishing one to the people who had maintained he would be done with after they had gone a mile, and that he wouldn't be in the first ten, and the liberty takers must have been in an awful fright when they saw him coming round the bend. The tailing was great, and how the rubbish came in can be found, if any one cares about it, in the sporting records of the day. Every one was glad that Lord Wilton should win a Leger, for he had a disappointment with See Saw, who afterwards turned out such a good horse, and Wadlow came in for a well-deserved congratulation. As for Maidment he must be tired of being called 'lucky,' and two Legers in succession, not to mention such a trifle as the Derby, and a lot of other races besides, certainly warrants the title. The off-day was interesting from the meeting of Cœur de Lion and Kaiser, but not at all interesting to the former backers, for he was beaten disgracefully at half a mile. In fact, he ran so very badly that something must have been wrong with him, and it was remarked he had an overdone look which rather frightened the friends who saw him before the race. He had changed hands, too, it appeared, for 3,500*l.*, so this was a bad beginning for his new owner; and it is strange that both Cœur de Lion and Somerset should run so badly directly they came into their new owner's hands. Mr. Savile's colt, and Paladin, provided Somerset does not come again, seems as far as we yet know, to have the Derby betting pretty much to themselves. We heard of nothing 'dark' in the north, and don't believe there is anything, and so must wait now for the Middle Park, if so be there is anything there to beat the cracks. Drummond at a mile in the Scarborough Stakes ran a different horse from what he did in the Leger, and also on the Friday in the Doncaster Stakes, a mile and a half, he beat Guadaloupe easily—so there is no doubt the horse, who is extremely nervous in temperament, was not

himself on the Leger day, and there is a good race in him. Why should not he win the Cambridgeshire? The last day was about the worst we ever remember—the Cup a failure, the Park Hill little better, the Prince of Wales's Plate with only four runners—and if it had not been for the meeting of Prince Charlie and Chopette in the Don, the racing would not have been worth coming to see. They actually started Fisherman in the Cup—Mr. Lefevre would have walked over for it with either Dutch Skater or Lighthouse—and of course Dutch Skater won. From an idea that Maid of Perth might break down quite as easily as she could win, Muddle was made favourite in the Park Hill—but Maid of Perth kept on her legs and won. Baron Rothchild must have thought he knew something when he sent Chopette all the way from Newmarket to run with Prince Charlie in the Don Stakes. She was said to be in all her original form, and the course was a mile, and as she had beaten Drummond over the R. M. in the spring, so would she now lower the colours of the Prince. But neither the Baron, nor poor little Chopette knew with whom they had to deal. Maidment had orders to force the pace and cut Prince Charlie down, and so he came away with the mare at a terrific pace, and it was not till approaching the bend that French brought up his horse. Even then for a moment or two he did not look like heading Chopette, for he did not seem able to answer French's call, and on all sides was heard the cries of the 'Baron wins.' But it was only for a moment. The gallant horse only required the slightest rousing—at the distance he had smothered her with his great raking stride, before they had got to the Stand Chopette had nothing left in her, and amidst great enthusiasm Prince Charlie won by three quarters of a length. It was a brilliant finish to a most indifferent meeting—and yet Doncaster was never fuller, Doncaster harpies never more rapacious—and the traffic of the Great Northern something extraordinary. The large number of one hundred and twenty express and ordinary trains, and ninety excursions, came into and were sent out of the station on the Leger day. We believe that has never been exceeded or even equalled.

The sales at Doncaster were almost too much of a good thing, and by Friday morning we almost got sick of the sight of a yearling. That the thing is terribly overdone, and that it is a mistake to crowd such a lot into the four days, are patent facts. We suspect the evil will cure itself either next year or the year after, for breeders must see that the competition is too keen, and that they are doing each other harm. Besides it is late in the season, too, and how the fat with which some or indeed most of the youngsters in the sale paddock at Doncaster were loaded is to be got off in time for trainers to put them to work, we don't know. It will be a hard task for some of them. First come, first served, and the Messrs. Graham were lucky in getting their yearlings off on the first day, for every one was sold, and their average was, we believe, the highest of the week. The Dukes were the pick of the lot, and there; was brisk competition for them. The biggest was Pakington (a compliment to Sir John, or Lord Aylesford, we don't know which), and about the best-looking was Cavalier, but the big one fetched the most money, as big ones generally do. A very good-looking lot, taken as a whole. It is curious that though Moulsey was such a good horse at all distances, buyers fought shy of his first stock (and there were some good-looking ones there too), for only four were sold. There were some very promising Blinkoolies among the Waresey yearlings, and we were glad to see Colonel Astley get over four hundred guineas for a good-looking Broomielaw, though he had to

send back a couple out of his half dozen. 'The last of the Stockwells' suffered from the plethora of stock. Buyers could not be everywhere, and so Mr. Pain only sold a Caterer and a Maccaroni, and the rest, some good-looking ones among them, were reserved. Sir Tatton Sykes, Mr. Cookson, the Sheffield Laners, and the Glasgow Stud occupied the Thursday, which is always the chief day of the feast. Couronne de Fer (brother to Frivolity) was Sir Tatton's crack, and was well worth the price, nine hundred guineas, at which he goes into Matthew Dawson's stable. A bigger colt than his distinguished sister, and of a different colour, a dark brown with good back and loins, he looked a racer all over. The Duke of Hamilton gave eight hundred guineas for brother to Merry Agnes; and when a breeder only sends up three, and gets an average of six hundred and fifty-three guineas for them, he must feel that he has deserved well of his country. Mr. Cookson's yearlings were generally considered not quite up to the old form that we have been accustomed to see come from Neasham, and yet there were one or two Lord Lyons that ought to have realized more than they did. Exception was taken to some of them being small, but they were very blood-like and racing-looking. The highest priced one, a filly out of Alarum, was a real beauty, and Mr. Cookson was evidently very fond of her. For a young sire like Mandrake to have one of the first of his stock fetch eleven hundred and fifty guineas is something surprising, but The Chieftain, out of The Thane, by Stockwell—well bred enough it must be owned—brought that sum. A fine slapping colt, but we did not see that he was worth all that money, and only hope Mr. George Lambert may find it otherwise. On the whole there were some very good-looking ones among the lot spread over the four days, and they, as a rule, found ready purchasers and good prices; but there was a terrible lot of rubbish—and there were many returned on their breeders' hands, and they will be found very difficult to dispose of. Yearlings must be better placed for sale than they are now, or breeding will not be a remunerative amusement.

The two great autumn handicaps have, of course, been occupying the attention of the racing world for some little time, and the first fancies for each, with the exception of the Maid Marian colt, have kept their position very firmly. In common with many better judges we paused, as we came to Bethnal Green's name in the Cæsarewitch, and thought that if we had not quite spotted the winner, Sir Joseph's horse would be there or thereabouts. We think so still, in despite of the Revenge Mr. Pryor is about to take with that illustrious stranger, whom we have not seen since we imagined he was going to win one of the Houghton Nurseries (we thought it must be ten years ago, but found on reference to the Calendar it is only three), and did not A very singular thing is the idea, true or false, that the public get about a horse; and how no amount of 'leg filling,' 'bottling up,' or 'going amiss,' generally fails to stall them off him or her. A maiden, too, who has never done anything and been in retirement three years. But in patience Mr. Pryor has possessed his soul, and what is called a 'demonstration' was made for the first time about Revenge the week after Doncaster, and he came from the outside division to 12 to 1 in no time. The public have demonstrated about Revenge often, but then they are a demonstrative body the B. P., and though they have burnt their fingers at the game, regardless of their doom, the little victims play. That Woodyeates should have a favourite is, of course, a rule made and provided; and Nonius has been announced with a great flourish

of trumpets, and everybody declared that Mr. T. Parr's old horse was the real thing. Then Bertram close behind Wenlock in the Derby, Laburnum still closer behind Prince Charlie in the Middle Park, Soucar within a neck of Inveresk in the Chester Cup; how nice they all look on paper, and what undoubted chances they have; if horses would always run up to their form, and if the word rogue wasn't in the racing dictionary. We confess to a great hankering after Soucar next to our original fancy, Bethnal Green, but while we write Soucar is at 25 to 1 offered, and the 'demonstration' in his case has yet to be made. No horse has been firmer than Bethnal Green till he won the Grand Duke Michael in the Newmarket First October, and then he went back a little; for, according to the critics, he did not win in the style he ought, but was too much given to 'star-gazing' for a stayer. Of course, after Laburnum beat Cremorne at 14 lbs. (no such great performance, but good enough, we presume, for a horse in the Cæsarewich with 7st. 4lbs.) over the severe D. M., he became a tremendous favourite, and we heard, equally of course, that the Cæsarewich 'was over.' He did not win though in a very game way, and, to the thinking of many, showed that white feather which he has exhibited before. It never does to trust a rogue, and to oppose him is sometimes equally fatal, for he turns round upon you then and wins. To let him alone is, perhaps, the best advice we can give. We mean to take it ourselves, and shall let Laburnum 'walk in' by himself. Our original fancy—the horse of him whom the reporters, in pre-historic times, used to term 'the 'lucky baronet'—has somewhat sunk in our estimation, too, since we have seen him run, and if we were in the prophetic line we should be hard put to for a 'tip.' We have a sneaking fondness for Enfield, who ran well in the spring, and might take it into his head to do so again. Shall we say Enfield? We will; and if it comes off, our address may be known on applying to Mr. Bally.

The scores of a cricket-match between Bishops Teignton and Chudleigh, Devon, have been given in the county papers, and from thence copied into Sporting Chronicles of the metropolis. It would appear that the first innings of Bishops Teignton amounted to 2, to which was appended the remark, that it was the shortest score on record. The observation was not correct, for it is well known, and has been stated in the proper channels, that at another match in the west country the score of each side was represented by what is commonly called a duck's egg—0. The delicacy of our withholding the name of these memorable antagonists on the green sward will be fully appreciated by them. Discretion is a laudable virtue, and in these matters, as in certain others, we ever lean to the side of that amiable goddess of the olden time whose worship of late has become so rare.

A very instructive and well-got-up little book has lately been produced—'The Setter.' By Edward Laverack. It tells us of many herds of setters hitherto unknown to us—herds that have been kept for years and years in the home of our oldest sporting families. The book is very pleasantly written, and Mr. Laverack does not fall into the too common fault of using slang terms and vulgar doggy language—it is the writing of a gentleman. He gives in a small space a vast amount of useful information, which will be read with pleasure by all lovers of setters. Nor does he quote from books or from hearsay: his information has been taken from his own long acquaintance with setters and pure old and well-known sportsmen; for he gives us all their names, and it is evident he has for very many years mixed with the *élite* of sporting

men. We recommend this elegant little book to all admirers of the setter. We may mention it has two beautiful illustrations.

The races in the South Hams of Devon are frequently accompanied by miserable results. Three or four years ago a murder was committed at Newton races, under circumstances of notoriety. The case was very clear; but being miserably and disgracefully got up by the solicitor for the crown, the murderer—a black prize-fighter—escaped with his accomplice. The latter, it is said, made a confession after acquittal. Another murder—that of a woman—has been perpetrated with impunity at the last Totnes races. Her screams of 'Murder!' were heard by many, in the direction of the river or leat where she was drowned. But it was dark, and the Southamers dislike a wet jacket, and, moreover, are not over plucky. The police also and the magistrates—*arcades ambo*—are well worthy the one of the other—*et vivat Devon*.

The entry of Mr. Trelawny this year has been beyond the average, and the work of the young hounds has proved the correct judgment of Will Boxall in the crosses of blood which he has made under the superintendence of his experienced master. On Saturday, September 7, the Meet was at Luscombe Wood. They found an old dog-fox directly, hustled him sharply round the large covert, where he tried the earths, which he found stopped, and the hounds, catching a view, never quitted him, and pulled him down after twelve minutes. A young dog-fox then gave them a chevy for three-quarters of an hour—hard hunting and hard running—when he was earthed in a rabbit-hole, and the young hounds pulled him out themselves. This set their hackles up, and on being thrown into Wreythorne Gorse, they found their third fox, and raced him to Luscombe Wood, where they ran into him after a burst of twenty-five minutes. The three foxes were killed between 11 o'clock and 2.30, a very creditable performance for young hounds, and gives a promise of future ability. 'Young hounds,' said the late Lord Lonsdale, when Lambert was his huntsman, 'should be drafted into a pack by themselves, with several couple of old and steady hounds that are staunch and at the end of their day. Work them well together, and before Christmas the young hounds will have been taught by the patriarchs their whole duty, and they may be drafted according to pleasure into the hunting pack. By this mode two more objects will be gained. The young will fly readily to the challenge of the old hounds, and save the eternal cracking of the whips and loud rating of the men, that inflict an injury rather than remedy an evil, and you will spare the summer and slaving work to your killing hounds of three and four years old, upon which you depend for sport in the season.'

The Hambledon, under the mastership of Mr. Long, has commenced very satisfactorily, three brace of cubs have already been brought to hand—a great contrast to last season, when only one cub was killed, and then the spade was brought into requisition. The huntsman is new to the country, and appears to be a hard-working man with hounds—a very necessary qualification in a woodland country. The whipper-in was some years with Mr. William Standish, in the Hursley and New Forest countries, and knows his business. A circumstance has lately occurred which has caused a good deal of gossip amongst the sporting men of Hampshire. A gentleman bought a horse at the sale of the late Mr. Sullivan's horses at the end of last season. One was described in the catalogue as a good hunter. The gentleman who bought him found he was broken-winded, and would not take him. He was sued in

the county court for the money, the county court judge ruled that the horse might be a good hunter although he was broken-winded. Here is something for all hard riders and knowing ones to learn as well as Mr. Tattersall and Mr. Pain.

The Hursley have been doing very well; they have been out six times, and killed a brace and a half and run two to ground; they have an excellent entry, and they have entered wonderfully well.

Our obituary, though not, we are happy to say, a lengthy one, contains some few names of note and mark. And first and foremost, as he was first and foremost, despite his eighteen stone, in many a field, we shall in the future miss at Tattersall's and other haunts of hunting men, the stalwart figure of Henley Greaves. He has left his mark in many a country, and in his hunting career refuted the old saying about a rolling stone, for Mr. Greaves gathered 'moss' in his wanderings, and though labouring under a slight imputation of being quick-tempered, earned for himself a good degree as a thorough sportsman and a very efficient Master of Hounds. We almost forget where Mr. Greaves first entered on the duties of M.F.H., but believe he succeeded Sir Richard Sutton with the Cottesmore in 1847, and in his second season gave 1000*l.* for ten couple of the Badsworth hounds. Then in 1853 we find him in Essex (after a brief interregnum of a year with the South Wold), with John Treadwell as his huntsman; and it is worthy here of notice that ten years later, when Mr. Greaves had had the Old Berkshire, Treadwell, who had since the Essex times hunted the Quorn, came back to his old master. It was said that of all the hunt servants Mr. Greaves had had, he liked Treadwell the best. In 1858 Mr. Greaves shifted his quarters into Warwickshire with Will Mawe and George Wills, and there he stayed four years, going in 1861 to the V. W. H. It was from there that in 1863 he made his final move as a Master of Hounds, and became a worthy predecessor to the present Committee of the Old Berkshire. Though so welter a weight, he was wonderfully active, would get off, jump over a big bottom by the side, and be up again and off before many of the light weights. He used to ride good short-legged horses, which were good hacks, and when in Essex would crane along like a ten-stone man.

The Pytchley and the Fitzwilliam—and both packs drew his coverts—have to regret the loss of Mr. Tryon, of Bulwich Park, a fine specimen of an old English gentleman, genial in manners, sporting in his tastes, and of a hospitality that was proverbial. Never were his coverts blank, nor his doors closed. He was killed by his horse falling with him on the road, and will be much missed.

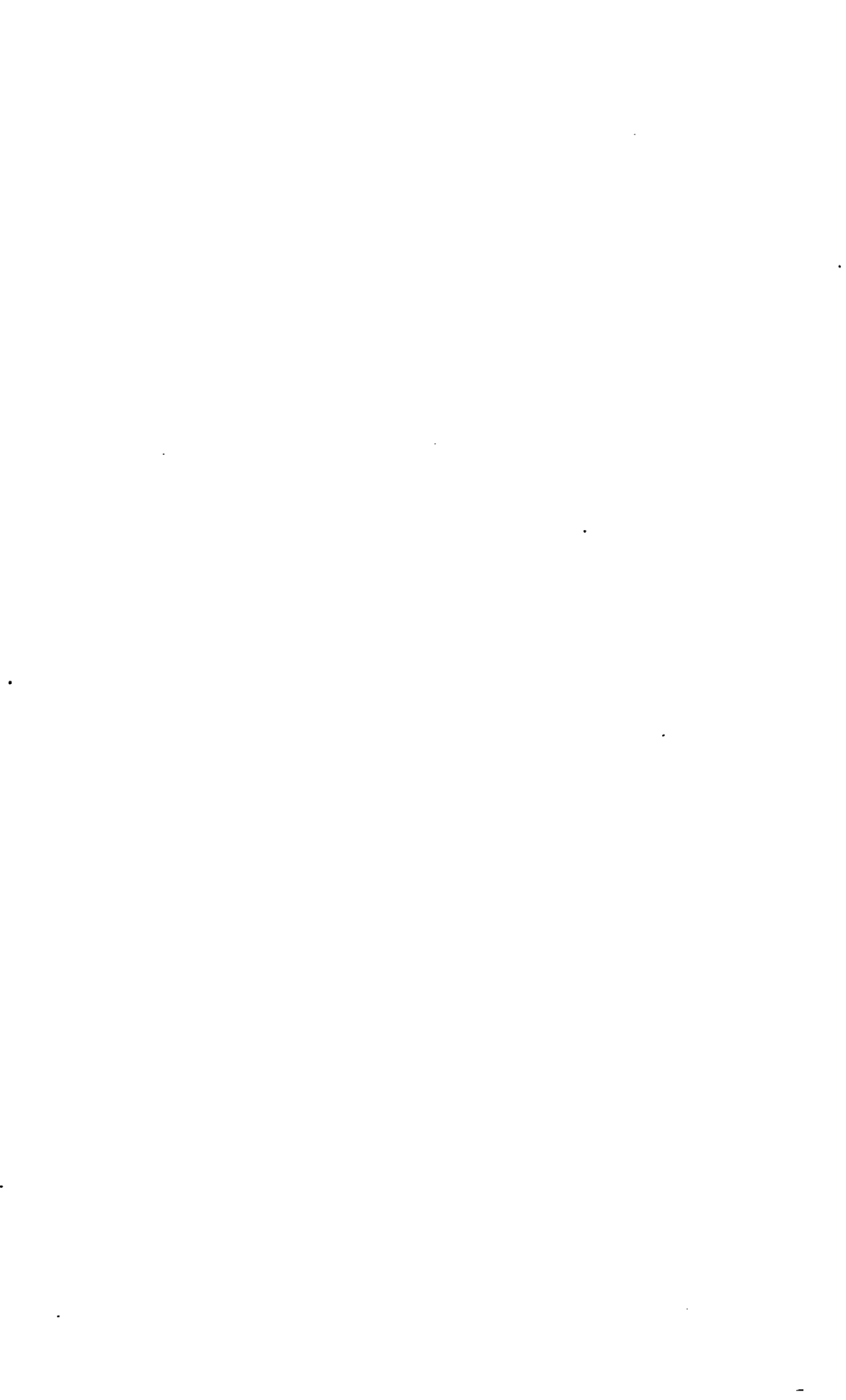
'Old Ben Land.' Sorry indeed are we to have to record such an end to a man who was, in his station of life popular and respected by so many people of all classes and degrees. That the jovial, cheery man, who generally had a joke on his lips, and in all the ups and downs of life apparently never suffered *atra cura* to get up behind his chariot—that he should slink away, and cut his throat in a ditch, seems one of the most extraordinary and inconceivable occurrences we ever met with. About one of the most unlikely men to commit such an act was, in general opinion, Old Ben; and the report of the deed which reached many who knew him well, on Lewes race-course, was startling in the extreme. He had had a bad Goodwood, and was owed a little money—cases of no uncommon occurrence in his life—so we are compelled to believe that there was something in the background unknown to the

world that upset his reason and drove him to do what he did. A sad termination to the battle of life which he had hitherto waged so pluckily and well; and to join in the somewhat pagan encomiums that have been lavished on the dead man, to talk of 'happy hunting-grounds,' with a touching reference to The Lamb, is, we confess, rather beyond us, and, we should hope, rather beyond the stomach of readers of 'Baily.' A suicide is always terrible, and doubly so when there are apparently such trivial causes for the act as here. Land was an able and zealous servant, of great experience in his profession—as witness the many good horses he had in his time, and the bloom and condition in which he brought them to the post. We need only mention of late years, Benazet and The Lamb as examples. We will try and think of the poor fellow in some of the hours which we suppose we may call his best, when he was the boon companion at a hunt dinner, rather inclined to make a chorus of '*Non Nobis*;' and having an old chum—one 'Baby Smith,' an eighteen-stone giant, well known with the Royal Staggers—by his side, whom Ben used to incite to sing comic songs at an early period of the evening. Full of quips and cranks, and jests and merriment, the face of the man who crawled to his home to die because 'it was not right that one who had gone through so 'much should end his days in a ditch,' comes before our vision. And to think that this was his bitter end!

A well-known name, appealing, we are afraid, more to the regions of 'fogeydom' than to the present generation, is the next on our list. Lady Rivers died, after a long illness, in the beginning of last month, and her name and fame carries us back to the remote antiquity of D'Orsay—to the days when men wore 'pigeon-hole' trousers and high coat collars—when Chesterfield was in his zenith and Cantelupe was the last of the dandies. Some of Lady Rivers' younger days were, we believe, spent at Brighton, where she entertained and was entertained, reckoning among her friends and acquaintance several noble and distinguished personages, with whom her sprightly manners and ready wit found much favour. About the year 1840 she used to go very straight with the Queen's Staghounds, and in 1845 Lord Rivers, then Captain Horace Pitt, married her—that is all.

Those friends of his, who read in the 'Times' of the 23rd ult., the death of 'Charles Hallowell Hallowell Carew, Esq., late of Eton Square and Beddington, Surrey, aged forty-three,' must have been shocked and grieved at the early cutting off, in what ought to have been the prime of his life, of one who began that life so brilliantly, with the world before him where to choose. The eldest son of Captain Charles Hallowell Carew, of Beddington Park, a cadet of an old Devonshire family of that name, and born in 1829. Mr. Carew, when about seventeen, attained a commission in the 36th Foot, and after serving with that regiment for two years, chiefly in the Mediterranean, exchanged into the 2nd Life Guards, and very soon evinced a decided taste for the turf, entering *con amore* into its pursuits and fascinations. With a splendid property and a large command of ready money the ball seemed at his feet; and if Mr. Carew did not entertain that belief himself, there were plenty of people

who sought to instil it into his mind. He bought largely, and had some good horses. British Yeoman, Miss Mowbray, with whom, in 1852, he won the Liverpool, and of later years Cortolvin, were among his best cross-country performers; while on the flat, perhaps Saccharometer, whom he purchased of Lord Strathmore, and Delight, who broke down at Chester, after winning the City and Suburban, were the pick. His horses were not lucky horses, however, as a rule, and had an unhappy knack of running seconds. He gave Mr. Padwick 12,000 guineas for Yellow Jack and Coroner, and the former was second to Ellington in the Derby of 1856, and to One Act in the Chester Cup of the same year. Nu, the joint property of himself and Lord Poulett, was beaten by Gardevisure in the Cambridgeshire of 1865, after a great race, by a neck, and Mr. Carew would have landed an immense stake if the neck had been the other way, for Nu started at the very remunerative price of 53 to 1. Goodwin was his trainer on the flat, and Christopher Green had charge of his chasers. A keen sportsman was poor 'Buster,' a very hard man with his favourite Surrey Staghounds, a first-rate shot, passionately fond of deer-stalking, and a good fisherman. The best of good fellows, warmly attached to his friends and attaching them, with no enemy save that most terrible and fatal one—self, his end is indeed a melancholy one. Careless in money matters, an easy prey to sharks—Jew and Gentile—his large property melted away till nothing was left of his Surrey estates; Beddington was sold and converted into an Orphan Asylum, and he died in almost actual poverty. He had been so long in declining health, that his face had not been seen for some time in the world of sport and pleasure, and when we encountered him about six weeks since, not having met him for upwards of a year, until he spoke to us we did not know him. He was then a wreck of his former self, and suffering from a complication of ills which in the end proved fatal. A cold, caught on an attack of jaundice, was the immediate cause of death, which took place at Boulogne on the 17th of September—a gloomy setting to such a brilliant sunrise!





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BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OR

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE HON. FRANCIS SCOTT.

THE Hon. Francis Scott, whose portrait we have given in this number, is fourth and only surviving son of Hugh Hepburne Scott, of Harden, fourth Baron Polwarth, chief of the Clan of Scott, representative of the Earls of Marchmont and of the Hepburnes of Humble. He was born in 1806, educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and called to the English Bar. Mr. Scott married Julia Frances Laura Boulton, niece and sole heiress-at-law to George Wyndham, last Earl of Egremont—title extinct. She died in 1868, leaving one daughter. For a period of nearly twenty years he represented in the House of Commons successively the counties of Roxburgh and Berwick; but it is in the character of a sportsman, and not in the capacity either of Barrister or of Legislator, that we present Mr. Scott to our readers. At the same time we are convinced that the cultivation of the mind, that habits of business and knowledge of mankind, more even than of horses and of hounds, are valuable, if not essential, qualities for a Master of Foxhounds.

Mr. Scott retired from Parliament in 1858, and, having settled at Sandhurst Grange, in the county of Surrey, took a somewhat active share in those duties which belong to a country gentleman and a magistrate.

The intercourse with all classes of the community, which attaches to the proper discharge of the various duties of a County Magistrate and a Poor-Law Guardian, happily distinguishes the English gentleman from the man of like station in any other country of Europe. Attention to the wants and wishes, to the local requirements, to the sanitary regulations, and to the administration of justice to all, combined with a hearty participation with them in the sports of the field, tend in no small degree to mould the character of our people, and to weld together the component parts of our society.

The subject of our memoir comes of a hardy Scottish border race, bred on the banks of the Tweed, from boyhood loving sport, early acquainted with the habits of wild animals, whether on the hill, the moor, the lake, the river, or the rock—accustomed to track the otter to his lair or the badger to his earth; patient alike to wait for wild-fowl or to watch for fish, habituated in youth to the salmon or the otter spear, with nerve to climb to the nest of the heron or the crow; in the chase sitting his horse at the leap, or swimming him through the

river, Mr. Scott did not think that, in his leisure hours, these former attractions of his early years were incompatible with or detracting from the graver duties of advanced manhood, and was not unwilling, when occasion offered, to combine the two.

A few beagles that he owned in 1848 soon became popular, and when, in 1862, some harriers were given up, Mr. Scott was earnestly requested by the neighbouring farmers to take them; these he hunted for four years, and showed excellent sport. It would be unfair not to give to the proper quarter much of the credit of these hounds—Tom Imms, a veteran sportsman, now between seventy and eighty, many years huntsman to the late Earl of Onslow, knows as much of the breeding and hunting of a hound, or of the wiles of a hare, as any man alive—a bolder or a better horseman never mounted a horse.

A report, some seven years ago, that unless Mr. Scott would undertake the management of the Surrey Union Foxhounds they would be given up, was likely to be true, and the massacre of foxes had already commenced.

Mr. Scott consented; and his remark to a supporter that he proposed hunting the hounds himself, induced the reply, 'Did you tell that to the subscribers?' 'No,' said he. 'Then you were a very sensible fellow, for, if you had, you would not have got half the subscription.' The *naïveté* of this observation—the pack being in a very disorganized state, owing to the carelessness of the late huntsman—showed that exertion was requisite, nor was it wanting. The hounds never showed more sport than during the first year that Mr. Scott hunted them. After about five seasons a bronchial attack made him discontinue this; but even now, when occasion requires, he can handle hounds and kill his fox as heretofore. Not so young as he once was, his falls have shaken his nerves less than his limbs, and his horse may still be seen well to the front, and where most other horses can go.

George Summers, one of that numerous family who are all equally respected as men as they are distinguished as sportsmen, is now the able huntsman, and shows capital sport.

In the spring of 1871, George said to his master, 'Here, sir, is the second letter I have lately had to subscribe to widows of whips and huntsmen, and how do I know that mine may not be the next to want it, and not get it?' The remark was striking, and was the origin of a most valuable institution. 'Why do not you get up a benefit society?' was the reply. 'Oh, it has often been spoken of, and tried, and failed. We are so scattered, we cannot do it without the Masters.' 'Try again, and get the Masters to join, and I will answer for it it will succeed,' was the rejoinder. They did try again, and it has succeeded. 'The Field' newspaper had noticed the want, and gave its hearty concurrent support. Messrs. Tattersall and Pain, with wonted liberality, at once gave, and continue to give, most valuable assistance. A Committee of Masters was appointed, of which Mr. Scott was a member, and from the first he determined that the society should not again fail. When

Mr. Anstruther Thomson took an active part, and when he brought in the co-operation of Lord Portsmouth and other M.F.H's., and of Mr. Heysham, its success was assured. Mr. Scott and they framed a set of Rules, which were submitted to the Committee, and duly embodied; thus a most valuable institution was initiated and consummated.

Mr. Scott may justly feel much satisfaction at the very active part he has taken in the commencement, the growth, and the completion of the 'Hunt Servants' Benefit Society,' a much-needed charity, which it is the bounden duty of every gentleman who hunts to support.

COUNTRY QUARTERS.

THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S HOUNDS.

'IN resuming our chat on "Country Quarters,"' said our friend, when we once more found ourselves in his snug *sanctum*, 'suppose after the time we have spent in the midland and northern counties that we now turn to the west, where fox-hunting, if perhaps not of quite such ancient date as in Lincolnshire, has at any rate made great progress since its introduction; so that the fine slice of country south of the Severn has been able for the best part of the present century to boast of at least two packs of hounds second to none. In dealing with these countries, I propose to take the Badminton first, as being the earliest recognised as a fox-hunting country; and this dates back to nearly as early a period as some of the long-established hunts we have already discussed; as to the precise date of their origin, we have little more than rumour to rely on.

'The hounds are said to have been founded by Henry, the fifth Duke, who also kept staghounds in Netheravon, in Wilts, about 1753; and it is pretty certain that deer were discarded for fox somewhere about this period, though whether a fresh pack of hounds were procured, or the same turned over from deer to fox, I have never heard. Report has it that the Duke drew Silk Wood for, and found, an outlying fox, on his return from stag-hunting, and was so fascinated with the sport he showed, that he henceforth changed his game; but I cannot answer for the truth of it. At any rate, about 1770, we find him with two establishments fifty miles apart, one at Badminton, and the other—as has been said, in speaking of Oxfordshire—at Heythrop House, in that county, which he rented of the Earl of Shrewsbury; and the hounds divided the season pretty equally between the two countries.

'Will Crane was the first huntsman of whom we have any record at Badminton. He was called by Beckford, "the famous Will Crane," which proves him to have been a first-rate man. On leaving the Duke of Beaufort he went to Newmarket, and trained Mr. Smith Barry's hounds for their match against Mr. Meynell's.

' Crane was succeeded at Badminton by Thomas Ketch, who hunted the hounds for many years, retiring from old age; and he was followed by Thomas Alderton, who had been his whip; and the next was John Dikworth, who carried the horn for a long time, and he also gave up on account of old age and increasing infirmity.

' The sixth Duke succeeded to the title in 1802, and for many years did the same as his father; but soon after Heythrop was destroyed by fire, he gave up Oxfordshire and confined himself entirely to the home country. The uniform, like the Duke of Grafton's, was, and is, dark-green for the servants, while the members wore blue with yellow, or rather buff, lining. The "blue Duke," as he was called, was not a forward rider; but his brother, Lord Charles Somerset, went well in Leicestershire and was a good gentleman jockey.

' Philip Payne—who before had hunted the Cottesmore and the Cheshire, and had lived with Lords Lonsdale, Darlington, and Thanet—was now huntsman. He was one of the best judges of hounds and of breeding that ever lived, and would send bitches all over England if he heard of a dog with a particularly good nose, and did his work well in the field. Perhaps, however, his greatest hit was in securing the New Forest Justice, or, as he is better known, the Beaufort Justice, a somewhat coarse hound, but whose descendants have made themselves a name in almost every kennel in England. It is said that he was the origin of the badger-pied or grey-and-white hounds, for which this pack was at one time so famous; though of late years they have pretty well given place to the gayer Belvoir tans—notwithstanding the saying, that a Beaufort could not sleep happy without a badger-pied hound on the benches; and I have heard that the present Marquis of Worcester is anxious to get the old family colour back again. He was huntsman until 1826, when Will Long—who had been whip for seventeen seasons—succeeded him. He came to Badminton in 1808, in the place of John Woods, and proved a worthy successor to Payne, putting more style and fashion on the pack than they had hitherto shown. He was a neat figure on a horse, and good rider, and his portrait is well known on the grey Bertha, and remembered on Milkman and Gimcrack.

' Will Todd—afterward huntsman to Mr. Harvey Combe in the old Berkeley country—was his first whip; and the renowned Jem Hills, who for so many years hunted the Heythrop, was his second; then, in 1835, came Bullen, formerly a whip with Lord Derby's stag-hounds in Surrey, under Jonathan Griffin.

' The seventh Duke—who came to the title in 1835—retained Will Long at the head of affairs, and he was assisted by Will Stansby, who went to the Worcestershire. It was in his time, in 1837, that the celebrated Lawn Meet took place, and the Sporting Sweep was a leading character. The Duke was a very zealous supporter of fox-hunting, and a very good judge of both a horse and a hound; but for two or three years before his death, Captain

Somerset acted as master. In 1842, he took the country round Chippenham, which had been hunted by Mr. Horlock.

In September, 1844, Long was presented with two goblets, as a tribute of respect for his character as a huntsman, by gentlemen who were not members of the Badminton hunt, he having been forty-two years in the service of the Dukes of Beaufort. The principal men going in the time of the sixth and seventh Dukes were—Lord Granville Somerset, uncle of the present Duke, who was one of the quickest of the family, and rode hard until his own wind left him; Lord Charles Somerset, who went well in Leicestershire, and Lord William Somerset, who rode old made-horses. Mr. Thomas Kingscote, the Duke's son-in-law, was a very good rider, and one of the best heavy-weights of his day; so also was his brother, Bob Kingscote, who was receiver of the County Court, and became a lay preacher; Mr. Edmund Probyn was quite a leading man; Mr.—afterwards Sir William—Miles of Leigh Court, a wonderfully fine rider, who, with Sir Bellingham Graham, was considered by Harry Ayris to be the two best riders he had ever seen; Mr. Peach of Tockington, whose hunting career dated back to the time of Payne; Mr. John Langley, a solicitor, who rode very hard; Mr. Southcote Austin. Parson Jack Taylor was a first-class horseman, a great character; lived in rather a fast set, and was a great deal at Berkeley Castle; Mr. George Anstice—commonly called Snarleyow, a Bristolian, who used to come up with the Duke to hunt at Heythrop, and who finished his hunting career at Chipping Norton; Mr. George Robins of Beverstone Castle, who had a trepanned skull; Harry Waller of Farmington, also a very good rider; and Mr. George Worrall, a wonderfully good man to hounds, and well mounted, of whom rather a good story is told. He was not remarkable for his topographical knowledge, and once ended a run, in which he had ridden very forward, by jumping into his own horse-pond. Mr. Philip Miles, now of King's Weston, an excellent man to hounds, and very hard to catch when he got away with them. Mr. Edward B. Hale of Alderley, a descendant of the judge, and who lived in a house built by his celebrated ancestor, Mr. John Wallington; Mr. Robert Castle Jenkins of Beachley Lodge, near Chepstow, Baron Kneßbeck, Lord Cantalupe, one of the last of the dandies, who died young; Count Kinsky, Lord Andover, now Lord Suffolk, Lord George Paget, Mr. John Bayly, who when on The Admiral could not be beaten with hounds, and was one of the best performers at Bibury and Bath, against Captain Pettat, Captain Percy Williams, Lord Maidstone, and "The Squire." He was a tall man. As a race rider he was held in high esteem by old John Day, who always retained him. Mr. Bayly was, perhaps, the best man that ever was in the country, and his memory is still cherished in every corner of the Duke's Hunt. He died suddenly in 1860, while hunting, and is buried at Alderley. Mr. Hemsley, Sir William Codrington of Dodington, who died in 1864, brother-in-

‘law of the present Duke; and Captain Codrington, of the Life Guards, well known as “Long Tom,” who used to ride at St. Alban’s, in the time of Captain Beecher and Mr. Crommelin, of Dan Seffert and poor old Billy Bean. His helmet, placed on the top of his regulation black boots, came just to the top of little Bartley’s head. Mr. T. Beale Brown of Salperton Park, Sir C. Shelburn, Lord Curzon, afterwards master of the Atherstone for eleven seasons.

‘About 1842 there were going, Mr. Charles Culling Smith, father of the Dowager Duchess of Beaufort, Mr. Robert Stayner Holford of Weston Birt House, member for East Gloucester for eighteen years, Col. Brown, Mr. Harley, Mr. Peter A. Audley Lovell of Cole Park, who died about two years ago, Mr. Ireland, Mr. Digby, The Rev. “Jumping Jones,” Mr. Fairlie, Count Esterhazy, The Hon. Jem Howard, a brother of Lord Suffolk, Mr. Shelley, Mr. Edward Hobson, who kept a very good house, and was very popular; Mr. Walter Long of Rood Ashton, Mr. Cave of Newnton, a hard-riding farmer, who still hunts; Mr. Brice, Mr. Henry Ray of Iron Acton, Major the Hon. James Macdonald, when in the 1st Life Guards, a great friend of the seventh Duke, and who travelled with the present one; Sir John Duntze, a hard and heavy Devonian, who lived at Malmesbury; a regular old-fashioned sportsman, who annually visits the country; Mr. Edmund Estcourt of Estcourt, Col. Charlton, who commanded the Queen’s Bays, and lived with his brother at Elberton, and was very fond of coursing; Mr. Phelps, a Hertfordshire man, Sir Walter Carew, from Devon, Col. Nigel Kingscote of Kingscote, still one of the leading men of the hunt, a fine horseman, and very popular in the district; Mr. John Fuller of Neston Park, a hard light weight, always galloping; Messrs. Hall, Phelps, and Paul. Capt. Adey of the Gloucestershire Yeomanry, a very well-known man, who was a great deal at Berkeley Castle, used to come out with his sister, who rode well; Capt. Boldero, who married a sister of Sir John Neeld; Mr. Maclean, who lived in the Vale, and hunted more with the Berkeley; the Hon. Henry D. Curzon, now living in Hampshire; Capt. Frank Lovell, a one-armed man, who married a sister of the Duke, and goes well in the New Forest, where he hunts the deer-hounds every spring; Col. and Mrs. Paulet Somerset. She was a noted hard rider, and a daughter of the celebrated John Mytton. A great number of the Miles’ family have been and are members of the hunt, though some of them live at the extreme end of the Berkeley country, and have to come a long distance to join the hounds. Edward Miles of Shirehampton, and W. H. Miles of Ham Green, were both hard men; while John and Cruger Miles still hunt more or less; but the light of the family is Col. Miles of Burton Hill—better known as Peter—the best heavy weight in the country. He owned at one time a very fine stud of horses, including Cigar, The Mute, The Priest, who carried him well in Leicestershire when visiting Sir Richard Sutton. Before his

‘ marriage he lived with Capt. William Cooper, the well-known four-in-hand man, who also hunted regularly with these hounds. ‘ Capt. Edward Somersset, formerly in the Rifle Brigade, Capt. Grove, Mr. C. Barnard, and Mr. R. Mowatt; also Lord Bathurst of Oakley Park, Lord Suffolk, and his son, Lord Andover; Lord Shelburne, afterwards Lord Lansdowne of Bowood Park; Dr. Henry Mills Grace of Down End (father of the three Graces, the celebrated cricketers), who died Dec. 2, 1871; Mr. Price Lewes, from Cheltenham. While from Bath came the following:— ‘ Messrs. F. Dowding, George Tugwell, the banker, Muttelbury, Ford, and Mee. And from Bristol they had Messrs. Burgess, Munro, Niblet, and Lennard, the horse-dealer, who died a few years since from the effects of injury in a fall, from his sherry-flask being driven against his ribs.

‘ In November, 1853, Charles Henry, the eighth and present Duke, succeeded to the title and, of course, the pack also; and no keener sportsman or better judge of hunting ever went into a field. Will Long said of him that he was the best whip he ever saw, and knew better when to let hounds alone and when to interfere with them; and I have myself seen him lose a good run rather than leave a young hound back in covert; while he is so keen, that he would think nothing of finding a fox at half-past six in the evening of a spring day. As a coachman he is quite first-class; and either he or the Marquis of Worcester works a team to covert on most hunting days; while a few years ago he was equally well known on the Turf, and bred Siberia, Vauban, Koenig, Birdhill, and other good horses, while he sets a good example to all landowners by keeping a stud horse for the use of his tenants. Kingstown, who was second to Wild Dayrell, stood here for some years; he also had Grey Prince, the sire of some very good hunters—one grey, especially, being such a favourite of the Duke’s that, after his legs got shaky, he used to have him conveyed to the meet in a van. This is the horse on which he is painted by Grant, facing the Duchess on Tetuan, which picture was presented to her in 1864.

‘ For two seasons old Will Long kept the horn and then retired, having earned a competence for himself, and given his family a good education and fair start in life; while in recognition of his long services, the Duke gave him a pension. For two years his Grace took the horn himself, and, with Will Stansby as aide-de-camp, carried on the war, until Tom Clark came from the Old Berkshire, in 1858, and brought with him some of the highest-priced lots of his old favourites; amongst them the celebrated Fleecer, besides his favourite mare Red Rose. William Walker was first whip, but he was obliged to resign the following year, from ill-health, and Richard Christian, a grandson of old Dick, from the Hon. G. Fitzwilliam, and John West were then his whips.

‘ In 1861 these hounds killed 91 brace of foxes—perhaps the largest number ever known with any pack (until last season, when the Berkeley killed 100), and in 1866 the score was 88½. In 1863,

‘ Tom Clark took twenty-five couple for a month to the south of France, for wolf-hunting, but they did not settle very kindly to the new scent, and only one was brought to hand, which may now be seen stuffed in the hall at Badminton. In 1867, West—who was then first whip, with Heber Long under him—left to hunt the Cottemore, where he still remains; and in the spring of 1868 Clark left, and took the Bell Inn at Chipping Sodbury. This, however, turned out a bad speculation; and in 1869 he took the horn again with the North Staffordshire, and the next year he went to hunt the Roman hounds, in the Campagna, where he died. He was a good huntsman, and understood breeding hounds as well as any man, as well as getting them in condition. Harder riders have been seen, perhaps; but when on Saffron, a chestnut, or Canary, a bay, he could make a very good fight, and was always in his place over this by no means easy country. The Duke made him a present of his two old favourites when he left; and he subsequently sold Saffron for two hundred. He was a raking blood-looking chestnut, very great at water, but of an impetuous disposition, and apt to bungle small places, though he would never *smudge* a big one, and came there at a small price as a cub-hunter, with fearfully worn and battered-looking legs.

‘ On Clark’s leaving the Marquis of Worcester took the horn; and, whether over the walls or the vale, he is not to be beaten, being a first-class rider and very keen; and his name will be handed down to posterity as having hunted the hounds on the celebrated Greatwood day, on February 22, 1871, in a run that rivals the Waterloo run of the Pytchley in length and endurance, and over quite as difficult if not so good a country, when—for once in his life—he contrived to find the bottom of his celebrated grey horse Beckford.

‘ With the Marquis as huntsman in the field and Charles Hamblin—who was with the late Lord Fitzhardinge, and learnt his fine knowledge of condition under Captain Percy Williams—to assist in the kennel, there is every prospect of a brilliant future, as the Marquis is very quick and patient, while, as I said before, nothing stops him. The Badminton, as a rule, hunt five days a-week, and occasionally a sixth day. Were you to bring a foreigner to see an English hunt in perfection, you might safely take him for a week’s sport with this magnificent ducal establishment.

‘ Besides the Marquis, his younger brothers, Lords Edward and Arthur Somerset, are constantly out; and his sister, Lady Blanche, rides extremely forward and well.

‘ Among the most frequent visitors to Badminton are—Dr. Granville and Mrs. Somerset, who is as good a horsewoman as ever was seen, who, like Lady Dangan, Mrs. Chaplin, and Miss Codrington, rides in the blue and buff costume of the hunt. Viscount St. Lawrence, M.P. for Galway, formerly in the 7th Hussars with the Duke, who can hold his own when hounds run fast as well as anybody; Capt. (Josey) Little, so well known across country as the pilot of Chandler, and in later years as a flat-race

‘ rider ; Sir Reginald Graham, the present energetic master of the Cotswold, who thoroughly inherits his father’s sporting qualities ; Mr. Percy Barker of Fairford, Capt. Stirling of the Blues, Mr. Walter Winton of Maesilweh Castle, in Herefordshire, Lionel Inglis of Woodway, Didmarton, now in India, Capt. Henry Baring of Didmarton, late of the 17th Lancers, Lord Rossmore, and the Hon. Mr. Byng, of the 1st Life Guards ; Lord Lansdowne of Bowood Park, Lord and Lady Dangan of Draycot Park.

‘ I may also mention Lord Vivian of Upton House, Tetbury, Sir Thomas Bateson, who rented a place near Chippenham, Mr. Henry Sutton, a son-in-law of Mr. Heneage of Compton Bassett, Col. Nigel Kingscote, M.P., of Kingscote Park, Col. Edward Hale of Alderley, formerly of the 82nd Foot, a heavy-weight ; Col. Bourke, Col. Ewart of Petty France, formerly of the Grenadier Guards, who is very fond of hunting ; Capt. C. H. Bill of the Priory, Tetbury, a very hard rider ; Mr. Walter Powell, M.P., of Dauntsey House, Mr. Kington Oliphant of Clifton, and Capt. Kington, of the 4th Hussars ; Mr. Richard Biddulph of Charlton Cottage and Chirk Castle, Mr. Winthrop, late of the 15th Hussars, Capt. Savile, late 7th Hussars, Sir Archibald Little of Upton, Mr. Percy Chaplin of Chavenage, and his brother, Mr. Eustace Chaplin of Lasborough, who saw both the Waterloo and the Greatwood runs ; Capt. Harry Candy, late 9th Lancers, a bruiser, who hunted last season, chiefly with the Duke of Grafton ; and the Hon. Mrs. Candy, who rides very well ; Dr. Alfred Grace, the cricketer, decidedly one of the best men to hounds in England ; Mr. Jenkins, well known between the flags as Mr. P. Merton, Mr. T. Canning, and Mr. R. Todd of Bristol, well known on Old Paddy, Mr. T. Cookson of Court House, Tetbury, Mr. E. Burgess, one of the last generation, who goes better than half of the present ; and the two Misses Burgess, who live near the Quaker’s Gorse. There are not many hunting farmers.’

‘ Who are the chief fox preservers ? ’

‘ Truly, in a country where, when they lose one fox they have only to whip another up from under a wall, I may say, every one ; but the following are some of the principal :—

‘ Mr. R. S. Holford, M.P., of Weston Birt, who also always has plenty of pheasants, and proves to selfish vulpecides that a gentleman can have both if he chooses ; Sir William Codrington of Dodington Park, who married the Duke’s sister, died some seven years ago, but his son, Sir Gerald, follows in his father’s footsteps ; Col. Blathwayt of Dyrham Park, who died last year, and is succeeded by his son ; the Marquis of Lansdowne at Bowood, Mr. Fuller of Neston Park, Mr. Heneage of Compton Bassett, Sir John Neeld of Grittleton, Mr. Robert B. Hale of Alderley, Mr. T. H. Estcourt of Estcourt House, Earl Cowley at Draycot House, Col. Inigo Jones of Draycot, Mr. W. H. Yatman of Highgrove, near Tetbury, and Mr. Burgess of Yate.’

‘ Now for the country. What is it like ? ’

‘ Of all kinds—hill and vale, grass and plough. On the north and

‘ west from Badminton it is mostly light and divided by stone walls :
 ‘ but in the vale there are hedges and ditches of all sizes ; brooks are
 ‘ plentiful, the fields are large, the ground deep, and the fences strong,
 ‘ with occasional doubles ; so that you must have a made-hunter with
 ‘ wind, strength, and pace to get over it. Clark once said to me,
 ‘ driving to covert, “ You see those hills ? ” (distant about eight or
 ‘ nine miles), pointing in the direction of the Downs on the Wiltshire
 ‘ side. “ If hounds ran quick, it would take three horses to reach
 ‘ “ them, and good horses, too. It takes more doing than Leicester-
 ‘ “ shire, because it’s so deep.” The wall-country, also, is by no means
 ‘ to be trifled with on a good scenting-day, as the doghounds fly them
 ‘ in their stride, thus causing no stoppage to bring them back to the
 ‘ horses, and in consequence pace tells its tale even across light ploughs.
 ‘ They have vale on both sides of their country ; and by Stanton Park
 ‘ there is as nice a piece of grass as a man need wish to ride over,
 ‘ right away to the Severn ; and on the Vale of White Horse side
 ‘ they have a goodly scope of grass. Then the Lower Woods—
 ‘ deepest and stickiest of forests, and such a nursery for foxes as
 ‘ most hunts would be glad to own, every inch of which is sacred to
 ‘ their interests, although the property of many different people, when
 ‘ foxes will condescend to leave it—gives them a chance of a raid
 ‘ across the border, for those whose hearts and nags can take them
 ‘ there ; for, although the distance is not far to Lord Fitzhardinge’s
 ‘ boundary, many a rough fence must be encountered ere it is
 ‘ reached ; and almost the only time I was in Lower Woods the fox
 ‘ gave us an insight into the mysteries of the Berkeley Vale. On
 ‘ the extreme outside of their Wiltshire border they have great open
 ‘ downs ; and ere now I have seen them stream across Roundaway,
 ‘ like the Puritans before a charge of Rupert’s cavalry.’

‘ Now as to quarters ?’

‘ Chippenham is within an easy distance of many of the best
 ‘ meets on the west, and for the Christian Malford country on the
 ‘ east ; and at the Angel there is good accommodation. At Tetbury
 ‘ there are the White Hart and Talbot ; at Chipping Sodbury, which
 ‘ is a very good place for a man with a moderate stud, there is the
 ‘ Portcullis, kept by Mr. Chappell, which has good stabling.’

‘ What about Bath ?’

‘ A sportsman must have some peculiar reasons for making it his
 ‘ winter residence, as the Badminton rarely or ever meet under ten
 ‘ miles, but hunting might be done by railing up to Chippenham.
 ‘ The Grand Pump Room is now the principal hotel, and next to it
 ‘ is The York House. The old White Hart is dead, and the Pump
 ‘ Room built on its site. The Greyhound exists, and is a very doggy
 ‘ house, rather commercial than otherwise. Haddy and Sons, at the
 ‘ bottom of Queen’s Square, keep the best livery stables ; and
 ‘ Strange, behind the Circus, puts up horses well and reasonably.
 ‘ There is a good club, and the town is pretty and pleasant ; but, as
 ‘ for hunting, I cannot recommend it. It is a better place for a man
 ‘ with the gout than one who wants to hunt.’

WOLF-HUNTING AND WILD SPORT IN LOWER BRITTANY.

NO. XV.

THE HUNTING AT KILVERN BEING POSTPONED, THE CHASSEURS VISIT CONCARNEAU AND ITS MARINE OBSERVATORY.

No matter how wild and attractive the sport of wolf and boar-hunting may be, followed as it still is in Lower Brittany after the fashion of a bygone age, with hound and horn of ancient style, and customs of venery elsewhere unknown, nevertheless the bare subject, however seasoned with adventure, will at length pall on the sense and become intolerable even to the strongest appetite. The course of nature itself is one of perpetual change and marvellous variety; and man, if he has one instinct beyond that which he exhibits in ten minutes after his birth, namely, searching for something to sustain life, certainly shows it in his crave for change. Harping on the same string, even though touched by the finger of a Paganini, pleases only as a passing charm; and he of the Sabine farm warns us that the feast too often repeated grows bitter* in the end.

On this ground a digression from the forest to the sea-shore; from the musical thunder of Kergoorlas' pack to the loud-sounding roar of the restless Atlantic, will not, probably, be unacceptable to the general reader, in spite of the title superfixed to this article. The little seaport of Concarneau, however, to which he is now introduced, possesses a Marine Observatory, in the waters of which a great variety of sea-fish not only seem 'to live at home at ease,' but to disport themselves like creatures unconscious of captivity and in the enjoyment of perfect health. Whither, then, would he wish to turn from the rugged tracks of forest life, from the haunts of the wild-boar and the wolf, if not to this attractive spot? Every hunter is, or ought to be, something of a naturalist; and here, at Concarneau, the faculty of his observation will be directed to a new study,—to the nature and habits of animals, not such, perhaps, as he has so long loved to pursue, but to denizens of the deep—the finny tribe, vertebrate and non-vertebrate, whose ways have hitherto been inscrutable and beyond the power of man's ken.

Of late years science has been busy in revealing what the bowels of the earth contain; while its surface has been combed in all regions to supply the beasts of the field, fowls of the air, and creeping things of every kind for the use of our zoological institutions and the cultivation of natural history: but till recently, although man was given 'dominion over the fish of the sea,' as well as 'over all the earth,' by the great Creator of the Universe, the study of life in the waters has received little or no encouragement from the scientific of this or a former age; the shroud of the fathomless deep acting as a barrier to all investigation. Nevertheless, this neglect is

* 'Nempe inamarescunt epulæ sine fine petitiæ.'

somewhat remarkable ; especially if the great value set upon fish in the luxurious days of old Rome be borne in mind ; when seas were ransacked for the most delicate of their kind, and the poet could tell his friends what fish were best boiled and what roasted ; that the *Peloris* of the Lucrine was a better fish than the *Murex* of Baizæ ; and that

‘ Non omne mare est generosæ fertile testæ.’

Again, one might have supposed that the interdiction of flesh-meat to the whole Roman Catholic world at certain seasons of the year, when a fish-diet, as tending to the mortification of the body, was universally allowed, would long since have stimulated inquiry and experiments as to the best mode of producing so useful a food in the greatest quantity ; but no, it was reserved for men of the present day, such as, in our own country, Mr. Willughby, Colonel Montagu, Mr. Couch of Polperro, Mr. Pennant, Sir Humphry Davy, Dr. Parnell, Sir Wm. Jardine, Dr. George Johnston of Berwick-on-Tweed, Mr. Donovan, Mr. Smith of Deanston, the sub-soiler and inventor of the artificial salmon-ladder, Dr. Knox, Mr. T. L. Parker, Sir Francis A. Mackenzie, Mr. John Shaw, Mr. R. Buist of Perth, Mr. Ffennell, Mr. Lee, Mr. Ford, Mr. Thomas Ashworth, and, last though not least, Mr. Frank Buckland, to originate the study of fish-life and fish-culture in river and sea : and doubtless great results have already been achieved by those pioneers and by the united interest of capital and science, now fairly awakened to this important point.

That it is an important point to the public, especially at the present period of high-priced provisions, may be gathered from the Report of the English Sea-Fishery Commissioners (1866), which informs us, that ‘ London alone consumes annually 80,000 tons of ‘ sea-fish, not estimating salmon, herrings, sprats, eels, crabs and ‘ lobsters, oysters, mussels, and shrimps ; this in the aggregate greatly ‘ exceeds in weight the consumption of beef in London. The most ‘ frequented fishing-grounds are much more prolific of food than the ‘ same extent of the richest land. Once in the year, an acre of ‘ good land, carefully tilled, produces a ton of corn ; or two or three ‘ hundred pounds’ weight of meat or cheese ; the same area at the ‘ bottom of the sea, on the best fishing-grounds, yields a greater ‘ weight of food to the persevering fisherman every week in the ‘ year.

‘ Five vessels, in a single night’s fishing, brought in 17 tons of fish, ‘ an amount equal in weight to 50 cattle or 300 sheep. The ground ‘ which these vessels covered, during the night’s fishing, could not ‘ have exceeded an area of 50 acres.’

The late Mr. Thomas Ashworth, the most practical, persevering and successful of pisciculturists, commenting on the above Report, says : ‘ If we estimate the annual profit of 50 acres of the best land ‘ at 2*l.* an acre, that is 100*l.*, and compare this with a single night’s ‘ fishing of five vessels, producing 17 tons of fish, at 7*l.* a ton, say ‘ 119*l.*, we may form some idea of the wonderful powers of pro-

‘duction of a “fish-farm” at the bottom of the sea, which, without any expensive tillage, produces more food *in one night* than a similar area of the best cultivated land *in an entire year*!’

That the Marine Observatory at Concarneau was established by the Academy of Sciences, not for breeding sea-fish artificially, but for the purpose of studying their habits, with a view to their better culture and propagation in a state of nature, has been explained in a previous chapter; and as the institution from its commencement has been entrusted to the management of M. Coste, a man eminently qualified for the post, great results have already been achieved, and greater may yet be anticipated.

On our arrival at the little seaport, the news rapidly spread from the hostelry to the gendarmerie, and thence, with official weight, to the ears of M. Coste, that a party of savants had arrived at Concarneau for the express purpose of visiting the Observatory and reporting thereon; so, while M. de St. Prix was engaged in writing a note to the Director, soliciting his permission to view the establishment, that energetic officer had anticipated the formality and reached the hotel: nor was the warmth and courtesy of his welcome at all chilled, when he discovered—as he very quickly did—that we were only a party of wolf-hunters, eager to improve our acquaintance with the living wonders of the deep—mere amateurs in the science of natural history, and no savants at all.

‘Come along, gentlemen,’ he said in the heartiest manner, proposing to lead the way directly towards the Institution; ‘and I hope, after you have seen the few novelties we can show you, that you will give me the pleasure of your company at supper this evening at seven o’clock!’

‘Thank you a thousand times!’ said M. de Kergoorlas. ‘But, I fear, we cannot accept your kind offer of hospitality, as my hounds are appointed to meet to-morrow morning at Kilvern, for a day’s boar-hunting in that forest.’

‘Ah! you hunt the boar as well as the wolf. Well, that’s a more profitable *chasse* than the other; for you destroy the destroyer, and eat him afterwards. But if you can defer your hunting to Saturday, and will do me the honour I ask, you would then have ample time to-morrow to see our Druidical monuments, of which there is a vast assemblage at Carnac and Plouharnel, in this neighbourhood; and they are acknowledged to be unequalled in Europe.’

‘That would be a great treat,’ responded Kergoorlas and myself at the same moment; Keryfan, too, chimed in, and hoped the change might be made in the hunting-day.

‘With all my heart,’ said St. Prix, always ready to promote good-fellowship and the wishes of those around him; ‘so let us bow to the majority, Shafto, and accept M. Coste’s hospitable offer and the treat in store for us to-morrow.’

Now, so insatiable was Shafto’s appetite for sport, that a day lost to hunting was almost equivalent to a day lost to his existence: and when thus appealed to by St. Prix, it required no little effort on his

part to conceal his disappointment and assent to the proposal : but he did so manfully, nevertheless ; although he would far rather have viewed the white tag of a living fox flashing across a path, than have discovered the whitened bones of an arch-Druid at the base of a tottering cromlech.

‘ By all means, if you wish it, St. Prix. And ’—he added, gracefully,—‘ as we are so near, I think it is a duty we owe our forefathers to make a pilgrimage to their tombs.’

‘ If tombs they be,’ said M. Coste ; ‘ but that at present is an unsolved problem.’

Arrangements were then made for despatching a mounted messenger to Gourin to proclaim aloud in its streets the postponement of the hunting-day ; while Louis Trefarreg was charged, in a letter from the Louvetier, to inform the peasants of Kilvern on the same point : the fixture not having been advertised, this notice was deemed amply sufficient for the chasseurs and peasants of the surrounding district. Matters having been so far settled, we ordered beds at the Lion d’Or ; and then, under the guidance of M. Coste, trotted off at once to the Observatory.

The site of this building is admirably adapted to its wants ; inasmuch as, dependent on a constant supply of fresh sea-water for the sustenance and well-being of its occupants, it is founded on a rock literally overhanging the sea ; the water of which, from the absence of a muddy tidal river and shore, is usually pellucid as the fountain of Blandusia : then, Concarneau being a fishing town and possessing a fleet of small craft numbering at least 400, engaged in the capture of sardines and all kinds of fish incidental to that coast, it offers peculiar advantages for the stocking of the establishment, both as to the variety of the captives, and their quick conveyance from the wide sea to their narrow home. Nor are the fishermen uninstructed on this point : the moment an unusual prize is captured, the boat making the capture, if it possess not a suitable kettle, which some of them carry for the purpose, hastens back to port and deposits it with all care and expedition in the tanks of the Aquarium : a service which is liberally requited by M. Coste on behalf of the French Government.

The building itself is a long, rectangular, stone edifice—what the French call *une maison carrée*—bearing a terrace on its flat roof and a spacious reservoir, into which, being the topmost of a succession of reservoirs, the water is pumped directly and continuously from the sea. As the reservoirs are formed like a flight of steps, one below the other, a stream flows steadily through them, and thus, by its motion, the air of the water is constantly renewed ;—a process rendered necessary by the respiration of the fish, which would soon exhaust the fresh air of a still tank and die from the want of it.

An ingenious over-shot wheel had been designed for doing the laborious work of continuously pumping the water to the topmost reservoir ; which water, on quitting the lowest reservoir, was to fall rapidly over a wooden shoot into the boxes of the wheel, and thus

give it the needful rotatory power. Allowing for waste and evaporation, it was expected this wheel would supply the reservoirs with sufficient water for nine days out of ten; but that on every tenth day it would be necessary to make up the deficiency by the usual manual labour. This contrivance, however, at the time of our visit, was in embryo; but I doubt not its proportions have been developed long since, and that it is now doing its giant work with the utmost effect.

A few words more on the construction of the reservoirs: these, forming a length altogether of about 80 metres, are divided into at least 100 cells by galvanized wire-net partitions, which, while they keep the different species of fish separate, permit a free passage to the running stream: so, in each compartment each kind gets the food peculiar to it, and seems to enjoy life as though unconscious of captivity. Nor, regulated by the outlet, can the usually pellucid water ever become too deep in the reservoirs; and thus the habits and instincts of the fish can at all times be watched by M. Coste and his observant staff—a point of considerable importance in the interest of ichthyological science.

So much for the building and its mechanical fittings: now for the live stock contained within its walls. On approaching the first reservoir, and before it was possible for the fish to see us, M. Coste called our attention to the popular error with respect to the sense of hearing, denied, as so many think, to fish. ‘But,’ said he, ‘if they have no visible ears, the internal structure of the head exhibits in most species a thin, yielding cartilage, which serves the purpose of a tympanum; and any vibration on the air affects that membrane sensibly at once.’ To illustrate this remark, he struck the edge of the tank sharply with his knuckles; and instantly a rush was heard as of many fish bustling towards the spot. M. Coste then mounting a step higher, and calling on us to do the same, we saw some fine grey mullet with their heads almost out of water, eagerly expecting the food which usually followed that summons. It reminded me of the ‘lake dinner-bell’ at Charlottenburg, near Berlin; the sound of which brings a shoal of carp and tench to it on the edge of the water, whenever the bell is rung. The Chinese call their fish together, at feeding time, with a sharp whistle.

So ravenous were the mullet, and so little timid, that, before M. Coste could convey to them the food prepared for their use, they were literally jostling each other and endeavouring to snatch it from his grasp, ere his hand touched the water: moreover, they permitted him to handle and stroke them, not only without resistance on their part, but apparently with a confidence that his attentions were kindly meant, and therefore most welcome. St. Anthony himself, the patron saint of fishes, could never have had a tamer flock than this small shoal of mullet: nor were they the only subjects exhibiting the results of kind treatment in this establishment. The sticklebacks, a naturally bold, pugnacious class, were equally civilized; taking the food from his hand like a pack of pet spaniels; a little eager and

jealous of one another, perhaps, but still well-behaved on the whole, and betraying no fear whatever of the hand that fed them.

On one point only, however, they were not to be trifled with : each male fish selected a particular corner for his abiding place, and any invasion of this sanctum was instantly followed by a fierce encounter, which never ceased till the trespasser was ejected from the premises ; tooth and spine were freely used on both sides, and the death of one, pierced by the spines, was the not unfrequent result of the battle.

It has been observed by M. Coste and other ichthyologists that the colour of the sticklebacks depends on the colour of the ground they occupy ; for instance, one living in an earthenware jar in the far corner of the reservoir had assumed a dusky, brown hue ; while on the opposite side, another, whose castle was a white tea-pot, was so light-coloured that, but for the pink colouring of his vicious little eye, he could scarcely be distinguished from the surrounding water. This assimilation in colour to that of their habitats is, however, not peculiar to this class, and is doubtless a provision of Nature to secure them and other species from the attacks of their enemies. The sticklebacks were great pets of M. Coste's ; who told us with much concern that, when he had trained them to quiet habits and even good-fellowship, they rarely lived longer than two years.

The next compartment to which M. Coste directed our attention was that enclosing the turbot—the most important, so far as the object of the institution is concerned, of all the fish contained in the Observatory. One hundred thousand turbot—more or less—are brought annually to the London market by Dutch fishermen of Scheveling alone, who are supposed to earn thereby some 80,000*l.* ; a large sum, which our own north-country fishermen might well envy ; and a share of which the French are now making great efforts to obtain.

In captivity—as M. Coste demonstrated—the turbot will take food from the hand ; and although he looks so unintelligent, he is not quite so great a fool as he looks. He knows, for instance, one hand from another ; and the intrusion of a strange one, too near him, is instantly resented by an indignant attitude and unmistakable irritability, his fins expanding and the spots on his body changing from a light to a dark colour ; as much as to say, ‘Keep your hand off my person, sir’ ; that’s a liberty I don’t allow to a stranger.’ The rapidity with which he catches and devours a mullet of five or six ounces in weight is quite marvellous, considering his apparently unsuitable shape for rapid motion through the water, and the small mouth he possesses for taking a fish of that size : however, one, two, and three mullet, taken from a bait-tank, kept for the purpose, were quickly disposed of by a turbot not weighing eight pounds—his jaws expanding like those of a snake.

Other flat-fish there were in various compartments, such as skate, ray, brill, topknot, plaice, and sole ; the first two, however, claiming more attention than the rest, probably because they were of larger size, and not so well known by our party of landsmen as their smaller

and more common congeners. Of the eleven species of true rays found in the adjoining seas, no less than five specimens, one consisting of the sting ray, had been captured for the institution. This fish is furnished with a serrated spine about four or five inches long, placed midway on the tail, and giving it the appearance of being double-tailed; with this weapon, when attacked, it has the power, by twisting about its long tail, of inflicting wounds that are rarely healed without much trouble; for, although it has been ascertained that the spine carries no poison, the laceration it effects is usually followed by severe inflammation. So the first thing a fisherman does on landing a sting ray is to chop off the dangerous tail.

Then came the tank appropriated to several species of the ugly and ever-hungry dog-fish; own kinsman to the shark, the 'hyæna of 'ocean,' and only less formidable because less powerful than that terrible fish. But of all the piscine tribe the most attractive and interesting to a naturalist were unquestionably the pipe-fish, a number of which, varying from eight to eighteen inches in length, moved in strange and graceful fashion, apparently hunting for water insects, invisible to the naked eye, in their narrow pellucid home. Sometimes they seemed to stand, literally, on their heads, the dorsal fin moving with singular rapidity; then, reversing that position, to balance themselves on their tails perpendicularly, with 'heads up and sterns down:' but, unlike the beauties described by my quotation, at such time the pace was nil, and, barring the dorsal fin, they were all but motionless.

But the most extraordinary feature distinguishing these *Syngnathi*, consists in their being didelphyc, or marsupial; the male fish being furnished with a false belly or elongated pouch between the stomach and the tail, into which the female casts her roe. In this receptacle the young are fecundated; and to it they retreat when threatened by danger, just as the young of the opossum and kangaroo do under like circumstances. There is a plate in the work of the old French naturalist Rondelet, entitled '*De Piscibus Marinis*,' in which the young of the pipe-fish are represented as swimming in and out of the male parent's pouch (the female not being so provided), and playing around it, as a litter of puppies do around their dam.

The evolutions performed by these fish, on receiving their food, resembled those of a tumbler exhibiting some wondrous feat of gyration; they twisted round on their backs, and then through their curiously-formed syringe-like beak they sucked in the food; an evolution rendered necessary by the mouth being under the beak and perpendicular to its axis. M. Coste's interest in the peculiarities of these fish never seemed to grow weary: he had watched them, he told us, for hours together, and scarcely a day passed without his noticing some new trait in their habits worthy of record.

It would be far beyond the scope of this paper to relate a tithe of M. Coste's pleasant remarks on his finny flock; but I must not omit a few words on the crustaceous tribe, some of which, for various reasons, occupy an important office in this Marine Observatory. In the first place, the hermit crabs not only clear away the uneaten

food of other fish, but, when death visits the tanks, the bodies of the defunct, no matter of what genus or size, are reduced in an incredibly short time to perfect skeletons : a nest of ants never did the polishing work more effectually. M. Coste, in pointing out this valuable service, by which all taint is removed from the water, brought to my recollection the quaint language of my old henchman and friend, Will Patey, who, whenever a hound proved utterly useless for work, invariably thus suggested his doom : ' He must go ' a-crabbing, sir, he must ! ' If sentence of death followed, in a tide or two the animal was reduced by a swarm of small crabs to so clean a skeleton that it might have been sent forthwith to the Hunterian Museum.

Between the common crab and the lobster M. Coste described a singular difference in the habits of the male fish ; the lobster is a grand Turk in his way ; roving, like a Lothario, from one attraction to another, and rebounding, tail forwards, five or six feet at a time, when meeting a rebuff from a coy mistress ; then gradually sidling up to her again with the hope of winning his fair prize. The crab, on the other hand, exhibits the virtue of conjugal fidelity to the highest degree, and is true as a dove to the single object of his affection ; clinging round her with all his arms, swimming about with her, and, if severed by force, seizing her again with the most devoted attachment ;—a pattern husband beyond all suspicion.

The metamorphoses, never dreamt of by Ovid, which these crustaceans undergo, have furnished most interesting matter for observation ; and beautiful indeed is the appearance of the lobster on first escaping from his crusty prison ; he is then dressed like a court beau, and seems quite conscious of the striking effect of his ' purple and ' golden suit.' The power of reproducing a limb in case of injury is common to all the tribe ; and as casualties, of course, are constantly occurring to them in their present narrow seas, the opportunity of observing the very slow growth of a new claw is but too frequently given to M. Coste and his watchful attendants.

The shades of night, now fast deepening over this interesting exhibition, soon brought our visit of inspection to a close, much to the regret of all ; but, as M. de la Villemarqué, the eminent Celtic scholar and archæologist, was invited to meet us at dinner, his own château being at no great distance from Concarneau and very near Quimperle, a great treat was yet in store for us from the company of two such men as M. Coste and that savant.

LETTERS TO TYRO.

NO. I.

DEAR YOUNG ONE,

Woodbine Cottage, October 5th, 1872.

I am glad that you have taken to hunting. It is the amusement of all others which combines the greatest amount of pleasure with the least amount of alloy. It is good for the health : it drags

the sluggard from his bed, it makes the man who is fond of his glass restrain his appetite, and it sends early to rest those who otherwise would spend half the night at the card-table or in the smoking-room. But, apart from these considerations, I hope that you like hunting for hunting sake. More men go out with hounds than in my days, but much fewer know what hounds are about. The feel of a good horse under you, the excitement of jumping big fences, the emulation of beating others in the field, and of doing that in which you excel, combine to make plucky young fellows like riding across country, and no wonder. Others like to put on well-cleaned leathers and well-polished boots, with coats from Poole, and bouquets from Harding in their button-hole. These go out for fashion sake. Some go to pass the time, some to get an appetite for their dinner, and some hunt medicinally, but very few care anything for hounds or their work. If courtesy would permit the Master of your hounds to tell you how many of his Field were competent to give an opinion upon a point of hunting, he would probably be able to number them upon the fingers of one hand. But I hope that I am writing to one who desires to become a sportsman, and not a mere follower of hounds for riding or fashion sake.

You tell me that you have bought a nice lot of horses from Newcomb Mason. I remember him, some forty years ago, when he was living with old Tilbury at the Dove House, Pinner. He was the eldest son of a hunter-dealer at Stilton, in a large way of business, so that, as far as experience goes, he ought to know what a hunter should be. A good hunter will go in any country, but people differ as to what constitutes a good hunter. A free-going resolute horse would be as much out of place in a cramped country as a sticky one would be amongst the upstanding blackthorn fences and wide ditches of the grass countries. There is a deal of truth in Parson Lowth's lines :

'Ev'ry species of ground ev'ry horse does not suit,
What's a good country hunter may here prove a brute.'

I take it for granted that your horses have got blood and action, which are the first requisites for a hunter ; but whether you are carried to your satisfaction depends much upon their manners, which originated the old saying, 'No mouth, no horse.' Nice horses are scarcer and dearer than they were in my early days. Not that sportsmen formerly hesitated to give long prices for horses that they fancied. Lord Sefton and Lord Plymouth gave just as much for their hunters as Lord Henry Bentinck or Lord Stamford did in later times ; and I have heard that a cheque for twelve hundred guineas was laid upon the table for Mr. Charles Warde's King George, and was refused by that good sportsman, but solely on account of the youth of the writer of the cheque.

I wish that you had got your stud together a little earlier, so that your groom might have had the autumn before him to get your horses into condition. A horse, to be really fit to go, must have been well summered, that is, must have got plenty of hard meat in

him to work upon. Then, during the months of August and September, whilst you have been walking after the grouse and partridges, and shaking off the effects of your London season, your groom could have been preparing your horses by long slow work, done as much as possible at early dawn, whilst the dew was upon the ground.

Horses in dealers' condition are almost sure to fly to pieces. They have been just bought, at a fair or horse show, from the farmer or breeder who has fattened them up for sale, sometimes actually giving them oilcake for the purpose. The blows and thorns, that are nothing to a horse in hard condition, will infallibly lame one that is full of gross humours. I fear, therefore, that your groom will have a hard task set him to keep your horses going between now and Christmas, but we must hope for the best.

I am glad that you have got a groom that you like. The man who has the charge of valuable animals should be a man of sense and of experience. He should not be too conceited to call in the aid of a veterinary surgeon in a case where he himself is puzzled: he should be able to keep in order the men that are under him, for the strappers in a hunting stable are, as a rule, a very rough lot. They used to get from twelve to fourteen shillings a week, but now their wages have risen to one pound. But, whether they receive much or little, it does them no good, for it is almost invariably spent in drink. As soon as they have got into debt at Leamington, they tramp to Leicester, and thence to Melton or Grantham, and so on from one hunting quarter to another. In the summer they get employment in the livery stables in London, or in taking race-horses about the country. They can dress a horse well, and are good stablemen, being naturally fond of horses; but they are fonder still of drink, and require a very strict hand over them. The only hold that the groom has is the power of summary dismissal, by paying their wages up to Saturday night.

Many hunting men stand their horses at livery during the season. The usual charge is 24s. 6d. or 25s. per week for each horse, exclusive of attendance. This plan saves trouble; but if your groom is the trustworthy and intelligent person I take him to be, I should recommend you to find the forage for your horses; it will then be his fault if they have not the best of everything. It was Mr. John Warde that said that 'half the goodness of a horse went in at his 'mouth.' The best white oats that can be got in Mark Lane, weighing 44 lbs. to the bushel, will cost you 33s. per quarter. I have given as much as 38s.; but then, on the other hand, I have known the same quality of oats to be 10s. a quarter less in price. There is a strong prejudice against black oats, but I am not aware that there is any good reason for it, and they are at least 3s. or 4s. a quarter cheaper. The price of hay is more variable: within the last few years it has been as low as 4*l.*, and as high as 10*l.* a ton. I am speaking of the best old hay that is sold in Uxbridge market, and not of the stuff that is only fit to be given to the cows.

Almost of equal importance with their food is the air that horses

live in, and I would have you make a point of keeping your stable cool and well ventilated. For the object of getting their horses' coats to look sleek, grooms are very apt to stuff up every crevice with litter, and make their stables oppressively hot. This I never would allow. I used to have a thermometer in the stable, and insisted upon the temperature being kept below sixty. Then, when the horses were out at exercise, I had every door and window thrown open, and a thorough draught through the place.

Before the commencement of the season you should have your saddles fitted to your horses' backs. As the horses get finer drawn in condition, the saddles will require some stuffing and alteration, but they should always be made to fit as well as the coat upon your own back.

With regard to bridles, you will have to find out by use what bridle best suits each horse. Our forefathers used to ride all horses indiscriminately in plain snaffles, mere watering bridles. The objection to such a bridle is that, however collected a horse may go, he must occasionally require assistance and support in deep ground, and then the simple snaffle is not sufficient. About thirty years ago, the steeplechase horse, Lottery, was ridden in a double-reined snaffle and martingale, which for a time became all the rage. It has the advantage over the simple snaffle that the rider can assist his horse more, and can steer him better. But, as a general rule, nothing can beat the plain curb and snaffle, with plenty of metal in the bit. Then there is the shifting-bit, to keep a horse's mouth alive, which is by no means a bad invention; and there is a bridle, much used in Lincolnshire—the half-moon bit; and I have read in the papers of a bridle, the invention of Lord Gardiner, which is, I believe, some modification of the Pelham bridle. All these are useful in their various ways, but I have no faith in Chifney bits, or in Iron Dukes, or in gridiron bits, or any other inventions which are calculated to drive horses mad. I have always found that horses go most pleasantly in the easiest bits; and when a horse is irritable, it is frequently because something is hurting him. One horse requires a gag to get his head up, whilst another wants a martingale to keep it down. Experience alone must rule, in each individual case, what suits best. Whilst on the subject of tackle, I must recommend you to make use of the Melton girths instead of the old-fashioned sort. The under one is between five and six inches in width, with two buckles at each end to fasten to the saddle. The upper girth is about half the width of the other, and with only one buckle at each end. It passes through a strap sewn on to the under girth, and is more like the old surcingle. The advantages are manifold; they are easier to lengthen or to shorten; they lie smooth and do not get apart, taking up a piece of the skin of the belly of the horse, and, in the event of an accident, there are three straps to depend upon instead of two.

Having devoted so much space to the stable and the saddle-room, I must of necessity postpone my remarks upon riding to hounds, and other points connected with hunting, to my next letter. I shall not

be able to throw any new light upon the subject, but I can give you, for your guidance, general rules, well enough known, although not so well observed as they ought to be by persons in the habit of going out with hounds. Are they not written in 'The Foxhunter's Bible?' as Lord Kintore used to call 'Beckford's Thoughts on Hunting.' No doubt you will think my ideas old-fashioned and slow, but I would have you to remember that the laws of nature which govern hunting do not change, although people now travel by express trains and convey their thoughts by electric telegraph. Wishing you a good season's sport, and health to enjoy it,

I remain yours very sincerely,

SYLVANUS.

A REMINISCENCE OF KAFFIRLAND.

II.

'Trampling his path through wood and brake
And canes which, crackling, fall before his way,
And tassel grass, whose silvery feathers play,
O'erlapping the young trees,
On comes the elephant to slake
His thirst at noon in yon pellucid spring.'

THE pasturage being nearly exhausted in the immediate neighbourhood of our camp, and the fresh traces of lions being too numerous for us to allow the cattle to stray to any distance from it without being closely watched and guarded, we 'trecked' and shifted our quarters some twenty miles to the north-east, and halted on some high and well-wooded ground, that formed a kind of peninsula between the fork of the Mokoka river and another tributary stream. Here we found abundance of good water and pasturage for our cattle, whilst the numerous spoor and fresh sign of elephant gave us every reason to anticipate good sport. We therefore determined to make this our head-quarters for some days; and, to save ourselves trouble and anxiety about the safety of our cattle, constructed a rude kind of abattis of felled trees, interlaced with brushwood from one stream to the other, thus enclosing a good-sized strip of ground tolerably secure from night-attacks of wild animals. The entrance was closed by rude gates, and furthermore guarded by a huge watch-fire, round which most of our native followers slept.

The sun had hardly sunk below the horizon when a nocturnal chorus commenced, which proved the wisdom of our precautionary measures, for most of the 'vleys' or rain pools in the neighbourhood being dried up in consequence of an unusually severe drought, a great number of wild animals came down to the river to drink, and the game was followed by several distinct troops or families of lions, whose terror-striking roars occasioned great alarm and disquietude amongst our oxen. Several times in the early part of the night the lions came close to our fence, but they never attempted to force it,

being probably deterred from so doing by the taint of man's footsteps, which they—in common with all other wild animals—will avoid crossing if possible.

During the early part of the night, whilst peering into the darkness from the gate, I frequently saw the glimmering of lions' eyes, on which the blaze of our watch-fire was reflected as they prowled round about our camp, attracted by the smell of the cattle; but they were too wary to come near enough to offer a certain shot, so I would not pull trigger at them, and towards midnight they took themselves off. We had all worked hard at the barricade, and were too tired for any of us to think of watching for game that night; but on examining the banks of the river the next morning, we found that it had been visited by two separate herds of elephant, as the spoor showed that each party had come and gone in different directions. There were also 'signs' of rhinoceros, buffalo, hartebeeste, pallahs, sasabys, and reed-buck having drank at the stream within the last three days.

After having reconnoitred the immediate neighbourhood to make sure that none of the marauders who had serenaded us during the night were lurking about, we commenced the construction of two large and comfortable 'skarms,' or ambuscades, which commanded the gaps in the banks of the river, down which the animals came to drink. The skarm, to be properly made, for elephant shooting, is a pit from twelve to fourteen feet long, four feet wide, and four feet deep, so that two persons can lie or turn comfortably in it. About seven feet of the centre part is strongly flat-roofed over with stout logs, which are again covered with earth, and young bushes are often planted over it. Thus it resembles a barrow having two entrances, which are left open at each end, and here the hunters sit with only the upper part of their heads above the ground. Great care must be taken that the general appearance shows no deviation from the common order of things, and that there are no signs of human occupation about it. The more natural it appears the better chance the hunters have of close shots; and of course great attention must be paid that the skarm is constructed to leeward of the track by which the game is likely to come, otherwise their keen sense of smelling will instantly detect the atmosphere tainted by man's presence.

A couple of hours before sunset Stevenson and Schmidt took up their quarters in one skarm, whilst Hans van Jansen and myself, accompanied by Nagoma, occupied the other. Some time before sunset a troop of zebras came gambolling round about our skarm, but we allowed them to go unscathed, as their flesh—although eatable when nothing else is to be had—is rank and strong, having, moreover, a peculiarly disagreeable odour. They were followed by a herd of pallahs, but as these drank at a bend in the river, almost out of gunshot, we contented ourselves with watching their doings. The next visitants were a fine male koodoo, with a grand pair of spiral horns, and three does, who came within sixty yards of us, and both Hans and I, firing double shots at the same moment, managed to drop the buck and two fine fat does that would have graced any

larder. The report of our rifles brought half a dozen of our native followers from the camp, which was not more than a quarter of a mile away; so we sent the game in, and at the same time gave strict orders that none of our people should venture outside the gates until morning. Hardly had we retaken our position when a running fire of five shots in the other skarm told us that its occupants were having their turn of sport; and shortly afterwards Stevenson came round and informed us that they had killed a large white rhinoceros. This proved to be a very fine specimen of the kobaba, the anterior horn being fifty-six inches long. Both Schmidt and Stevenson had been so devoured by mosquitoes that they determined to return to camp, but as these pests of the river-side had not troubled us, we remained in our skarm, and bidding Onkombo keep a bright lookout, and awake us if he saw anything, we were soon in the land of dreams.

We must have slept soundly for some hours, when I was suddenly awoke by a curious blowing noise, which I at once recognised as being one of those peculiar sounds emitted only by elephants. Cursing my own stupidity for entrusting the watch to a native, I seized my rifle and peered cautiously round; but no elephants were in sight, although two black rhinoceros were wallowing in the river, and hordes of hartebeeste and sasabys were browsing on the young vegetation on its banks. They, too, had heard the ominous noises; for the rhinoceros, uttering grunts of defiance, made their way up the stream, whilst the antelope gathered round their leaders and prepared to make a move. Giving my henchman a *gentle reminder* for sleeping on his post, I roused Van Jansen, and in a moment we were on the alert. The moon was now well above the horizon, and our ambuscade being on high ground, we could see a good way up and down the river.

We remained on the *qui-vive* for nearly half an hour, and I had begun to think that the taint on the air of the dead game had scared away the elephant, when—without the slightest sound or intimation of their approach—seven mighty bulls glided noiselessly as shadows into the open ground before us, and stood with their trunks raised and their great ears distended, as if seeking to wind the taint in the breeze and catch the slightest sound. The leader—whose large white tusks glistened in the pale moonlight, stood perfectly motionless for at least ten minutes, as if undecided whether to advance or retreat, and his reverie might have continued further to try our patience had not a couple of hyenas for once served us a good turn. Attracted by the scent of the dead rhinoceros, they brushed boldly past the elephants and, passing within a dozen yards of our hiding-place, made their way towards the other skarm where the dead beast lay. The fetid stench that these animals leave behind, probably overpowered any other suspicious odour that might have led him to suspect danger, for he now fearlessly approached our skarm, closely followed by the others. So stealthily, however, did they move, that no sound of their footsteps betrayed their presence: not

a stone rattled, not a leaf rustled, nor a twig cracked under their ponderous weight, and they had advanced to within twenty yards of us, when suddenly the leader gave a snort, followed by a shrill scream of alarm, and, throwing up his trunk, trumpeted loudly. He had come to the spot where the koodoo had fallen, and detected the smell of the fresh blood. For some time I had watched every movement with my rifle pointed towards his massive shoulder, and on the first intimation of alarm I let drive right and left, aiming just behind it, whilst Van Jansen also fired two rapid shots at the 'dood plek' (a fatal spot behind the shoulder) of a second bull, scarcely inferior to the leader in height, but not so squarely built. Van Jansen's aim was more certain than mine, for the elephant he fired at fell dead in his tracks, whilst the leader, trumpeting hoarsely with rage, tore frantically towards the river, followed by his frightened companions. Having reloaded, we stepped out of our ambuscade to reconnoitre, and found the herd all gathered round their wounded leader, and evidently attempting to hold him up with their trunks, for he staggered and reeled about from side to side, unable to stand without help. Seeing at a glance that he had struck, and was in his last throes, we paid our attention to the others; and, taking advantage of the fairest shots offered, both fired together at different elephants. This time I was more successful, for I dropped one stone dead with a bullet between the eye and the ear, and rolled over a second with a Jacobs' shell, which entered at that vital spot where the outstretched ear appeared to spring from the head. Van Jansen was not so lucky; for although the bull he fired at dropped to his shot and floundered on the ground, he soon recovered his legs, and, accompanied by an unwounded pal, charged, tail on end, straight at us. Luckily, my second rifle was loaded with Jacobs' shells and six drams of powder, and as they came tearing down with upraised trunks, I opened fire at them right and left, aiming at their massive chests—and, with scarcely a groan, they rolled over and over. We again reloaded and approached the stricken leader, who had fallen to his knees from extreme weakness, but he seemed too far gone to heed our presence; so, stepping up, I gave him a *coup de grâce* just behind the ear, when—a tremor passing over his body—he sunk gently to the ground, dead.

Only two escaped out of the herd, and they, on making their way along the bed of the river, were attacked by the rhinoceros, which turned out to be of the black 'keitloa' species, the most savage and vindictive animal in Africa. We reloaded our rifles, and made our way to the scene of conflict, intending to take action against both combatants; but the field of fight being a large swamp overgrown with high reeds, above which only the backs of the elephants were visible as they charged or wheeled round to avoid the attack of their infuriated adversaries, we declined to enter the lists, and contented ourselves with watching operations. From all appearance the elephants were getting the worst of it, for they emitted the most piteous cries of distress, whilst their opponents indulged in hoarse

savage grunts and snorting noises of menace. At last the elephants, thoroughly worsted, took to the water; and, with the aid of my night-glass, I could see them wading and swimming down stream in full retreat. The rhinoceros remained the masters of the field and had won the fight, and, as matters stood, we did not care to spoil the victors, but, returning to our skarm, rolled ourselves up in our carasses and slept till daylight, when we were awakened by the yells and screams of delight of the Damaras, and our other native followers, at the prospect of an unlimited quantity of food and great stores of elephant fat.

During the day we constructed two other skarms at a spot farther up the river, as the strong smell of decomposed flesh was sufficient to prevent elephants from quenching their thirst near the old place; and here we had great sport, killing seventeen bull elephants to our four guns in five days, besides quantities of other game. At the end of this time, our invalids being in a fair way towards convalescence, we made 'tracks' towards Notoanis, as ominous rumours were about concerning a grand cattle-lifting raid in the Nylstroom district which had been perpetrated by one of Moselikatzee's former allies; and a severe encounter had taken place between the natives and a Boer commando, in which the latter was said to have come off second-best. Van Jansen and his people would not hear of our proceeding to the Zambesi until we had first seen their home, enjoyed their hospitality, and been presented in due form to the Landroost, or head magistrate of the district, who appears to exercise the functions of civil governor; so we continued our way together.

LATE SHOOTING.

By the time October draws to a close partridge shooting is pretty well done with,—that is, for those who care not to handle the trigger unless they can make large bags. As regards parties, with a multitude of guns and beaters, there is little to be done afterwards, unless perhaps another day or two may be got, where birds are numerous, by using the artificial hawk; but this requires delicate handling, or they will forsake a manor where they are persecuted above and below at the same time. Driving also will tend to increase the season's list of slain; whether it adds to the sport enjoyed individual taste must determine. It certainly is not a mean shot who can pick his birds from a covey coming over at lightning speed, and drop one cleanly and well, to each barrel at forty yards, for we cannot fancy a sportsman letting fly into the brown of them, even under these circumstances. But the hawk will not stand many repetitions over the same ground, and driving is only for those whose manors are large; and they, we venture to hope, will be more inclined to turn their attention to the coverts at this season of the year. At the same time there are those—and a numerous class they

form—who, with small or moderate-sized manors, have neither the means or the will for driving, and very possibly little or no covert to occupy their attention. It will perhaps, naturally, be said that their sport is over for the season—that, like other dogs, theirs have had their day, and they must lay by until another September places fresh covies and unbeaten turnip-fields at their disposal. If they are of the sanguinary order, no doubt such is the case; but to the moderate man we venture to assert, that many an hour's amusement is yet forthcoming ere February finally closes the scene. If birds are wild, and cover scarce, there is all the more credit in getting at them, and a brace or two brought to bag under such circumstances may well count, as far as sport is concerned, equal to whole hecatombs, when there is nothing to do but walk them up and knock them down. True, the brace of wide-ranging dogs would now be of little service—nay, do absolute harm; and so we must sacrifice one great charm of the sport. But a really steady dog is still admissible, and the one-dog man may keep his favourite going nearly all the season without damaging his bag—unless, indeed, in the style of shooting which is now likely to fall to his lot, he is content to pin his faith on a well-broken retriever that he can depend upon to hunt within range, and obey him with a look. We are by no means certain that this is not our favourite; for once do away with the dash and fine range of either pointers or setters, and the great charm of their society is gone. Like the foxhound, it is pace and style that distinguish them, and there should be no suspicion of pottering or footing in the matter. Whether we have our steady old dog, in whom, perhaps, we must overlook a little of that sort of thing, or the retriever, matters little,—if we go the right way to work we are sure yet to have some fair shots, and it is our own fault should we not render an account of them. For want of a handy piece of cover to commence in it is more than likely we take a thick hedge as our starting-point. A wave of the hand sends the retriever to the other side, and, fully able to depend on his knowledge of range, we are ready for whatever may first present itself. This probably comes in the form of a rabbit, and, as we curl him up, there is a satisfaction in knowing that Farmer Fullstack's wheat will have one enemy the less during winter. Ere the hedge is done with, either the rush of a hare, or the whirr of some solitary bird, affords further exercise for our skill; and, under these circumstances, great indeed would be our shame did either one or the other escape.

Nor all this time have we been unmindful of future sport; for covey after covey, scared at our approach, have left the bare fields, and been carefully marked down in the turnips or late mustard. As the eye ranges across the stubble a mound of newly-drawn earth arrests it, and—where an ordinary observer would only see a mole-hill, or what looks very much like it—the sportsman recognises 'a form,' and requires no nearer approach to determine if it be occupied or the reverse. Whether the country be a hunting or coursing one, will then decide the fate of its occupant: if either the

one or the other, puss will, of course, be left scatheless—otherwise, her chance is small, even with all the laws we give her.

The uninitiated would be somewhat astonished could they know the number of hares that are passed over unseen by shooters, hunters, and coursers—not because they are difficult to be seen, but because so many do not know them when they see them. All but the veriest cockneys know a hare when she gets up; but scores will pass her in the form unnoticed. This was our own case for years, although bred up in the midst of country sports, until at last we came across one that almost stared us out of countenance, and had a real good look at her as she sat. From that time it was very few that escaped our ken, and the faculty of finding them developed so quickly that ere long a mere glance over a stubble or ley field was sufficient to inform us of its being occupied or not. To return: most probably, in either turnips or mustard, if there has been a slight frost and the sun comes out, so as to make it a little sticky, we shall get some shooting—not like September certainly, but still fair shots; and if we cannot ‘pot’ something every time we fire, we will not be put out about it, but take the rough and the smooth together. By-the-way, how that old dog works the winged bird that has run, and at which perhaps in reality we should not have fired. It is worth losing a little time to see him alternately stooping and then raising himself, with pricked ears, as he nears his game and fancies it will try to rise. How some men will run and halloo when they see the bird flutter over the turnips, and what a mess they make of it when they go down for a grab, oftener than not eventually losing the bird through their excitement, or causing the dog to mouth and pinch it from the same cause! But watch how gently he will bring and deliver it up if left alone—not a feather ruffled. Perhaps—we have known it happen—the bleat of a snipe may sound from the turnips, and the delicate little stranger add to the variety of the bag. Then a long plantation leads to our next bit of cover, and we stroll under it, not with any idea of its affording game, but because it lies in the road, and a wood-pigeon or two are nearly sure to rattle from its shelter and take their chance of an ounce of No. 6, which seldom fails to stop them. But beyond this lies a wide hedgerow, and beyond that again a wooded dell with a marshy spot in the centre, that sometimes even throws up a little stream in very wet seasons. Here is a chance for a brace of pheasants, or even that most highly-prized of all birds, the woodcock. Should either one or the other reward our labours it is indeed a red-letter day; and more probably than not such will be the case, for it is a spot not to be often disturbed, or have its quiet invaded on every slight pretext. Failing this, however, we will turn across the wild hills and downs homewards, when either a flock of golden plover, or, at any rate, their more common relative the peewhit, may give us the chance to send in an extra long-shot, and secure a dainty dish, as they come circling and wheeling across our path. Happy our lot, should we secure either one or the other; for, though not equal to the golden, the common plover is by no

means to be despised ; and he who can send his messengers of death amongst them in the winter months must have a pretty good tool. 'All bosh !' perhaps will say the man of many beaters. Be it so. We are content with the reflection that our endeavour to give a slight sketch of 'Late shooting' has called up many a pleasant recollection of such rambles as we here describe ; when, with old Nell as our only companion, we have enjoyed such pleasure as the grandest day in the coverts, though placed in the hottest of corners, has failed to bestow. The very freedom of wandering at will gives it a charm, wanting to the regulated beat. The uncertainty of what game you may fall in with—whether much, little, or none—has also its pleasure ; and though perhaps it is too much to say, we have killed all the species of game here enumerated in any one ramble of this sort, we can safely aver that we have seen them all ; and—as the man said, who, after fishing all day, and only getting a nibble—'there is some excitement in that.'

N.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—October Operations—Autumn Amusements.

'The autumn skies were flushed with gold'

On that Cesarewitch Monday when, standing on the Warren Hill, we looked over the Newmarket chimney-pots to the 'top of the town,' beyond which lay the ground big with the fate of many horses and men. We put the noble animal first, because on this occasion (Cesarewitch Eve) there is a special service held in his honour, and to think and talk of anything else at Newmarket would be considered desecration. And the noble animal certainly had it all to himself in coffee-rooms and bar-parlours, in Lord Cockahoop's first-floor front, as well as in Bill Sykes' modest apartment (three to a bed), in the gilded halls of trainers, and the snug cottages of 'head men.' A great time for Newmarket is First Octobertide—when the little town overflows, and beds are charged for by the square foot—when a dog-kennel in the roof, horizontal position, the only one attainable without difficulty, is eagerly grasped at—and outlying pickets from the White Hart and the Rutland do battle with stonyhearted landladies, with the vaguest notions of breakfast, and who repudiate dinner with indignation and scorn. How the money must flow in these five or six days—how doth the busy butcher improve his shining hours—how pleased look the poulterers—how serene the sausage-makers—how bland the bakers ; while mine host pays frequent visits to the bank, and takes the most rosy view of affairs. Truly an excellent time.

For Newmarket and its inhabitants, yes—but was it excellent for us, the sojourners within its gates ? Did we pick up our gold on that Tom Tiddler's ground ? Did we spoil the Egyptians, and pass the Ditch on our homeward journey with light hearts, and no thoughts, except pleasing ones, of the Monday ? Some did, we believe ; but to the majority the Cesarewitch was a disastrous *coup*, though the Middle Park may have somewhat retrieved matters. Things did not go well on the opening day, bright as that day was to the eye ; for there were one or two certainties bowled over in the most perplexing manner. Why should Black Stocking have beaten Chopette over the T.Y.C. ? or rather (but that question we asked after the race), why should the latter

have been called upon to give her 47 lbs.? Why, indeed; but then that is how 'we bring them together'—which is, as we know, the aim and end of all handicapping, so we must not complain. Then Voyageuse beat Albani, the former a powerful-looking Adventurer filly, who, though she ran rather green, made mincemeat of the favourite at last. Not, by-the-way, that there was much to choose between them when the flag fell, for though Albani opened favourite, the good looks of the dark Voyageuse, for whom Mr. Crawford gave 700 gs. at Doncaster last year, made her nearly as good as the other at the finish. Fevre, another northern purchase of Lord Aylesford's, did not imitate Voyageuse's good example in the 100l. Plate; for, though a very warm favourite, and in everybody's mouth all the morning as the good thing of the day, he ran very badly, worse than he did at the Woodcote, and will not turn out a very profitable investment. The winner was Angela, one of those uncertain animals who never run two days alike, and, though she had won at the Curragh September Meeting, Mr. Long was afraid to trust her here. However, whether it was owing to her having her own boy on her back or not, she ran kindly here, and won easily at last. Highland Fling beat over the D.M.—another of those disappointments in the shape of horseflesh which Mr. Cartwright is rather celebrated for—Louise Victoria, who, since her second in the Oaks, has not run even respectably,—such a good-looking mare, too,—and on that Friday in the Epsom paddock seemed as if she could carry Reine. There was not much in it between the three, Highland Fling, Louise Victoria, and Guadeloupe, for they were all beaten; but Mr. Merry's mare ran the gamut and came again, in answer to Webb's call, her victory immediately bringing her into some demand for the Cambridgeshire, as she had all the worst of the weights of the other two. The so-called 'Cesarewitch trial' turned out a farce, as far as its bearing on the long race was concerned, seeing that nothing ran that had anything to say to that event. Lord Wilton wouldn't oblige the prophets by running either Sylva or Barmston, which was very wrong of him, and Protomartyr also was an absentee, so there was only Uhlan and Verdure, for Tynemouth was no account. The race, though, was a splendid one, and worth coming on the Heath alone to see. Uhlan made the running, and Verdure reached him as he came out of the Abingdon bottom, and seemed for a moment or two going to overhaul him, but the weight told on her in the last few strides, and, after a magnificent finish, Uhlan won by a head. It was a case of the dwarf beating the giant; for Newhouse was on Uhlan, and Fordham on Verdure. The former young man can ride well enough when he likes, and he can also do the other thing, an instance of which he gave us later in the week.

The Cesarewitch did not lack its sensation—when does it ever do that?—though it was postponed so long, that we began to fear the race was losing its character. No 'milkings'—no scratchings—no foisted-up favourites—this couldn't be the Cesarewitch. But bide a wee. We shan't forget the face of a well-known amateur bookmaker, whom we encountered at a well-known club on the fatal Saturday, the 5th instant, when he announced to us that Nonius was at 1,000 to 10! The sensation had come, and Mr. Thomas Parr's explainer provided the entertainment. Nonius, who was in the mouths of all men, even before the weights appeared—Nonius, who, it was rumoured, 'Sir Frederick' had backed at Doncaster for hundreds or thousands—(people were not particular as to a figure)—Nonius, the hope of Woodyates, specially reserved, and specially prepared—a genuine article, in which 'there was no deception'—Nonius gone to 1,000 to 10! The news much interfered with the appetites of

many diners, and in places of public resort at night the Nonius-spectre cropped up every now and then, to the great detriment of our pleasures. We thought, as far as ourselves were concerned, that we had got rid of him when, at the Lyceum, Mr. Irving held us spell-bound by his delineation of the Royal Martyr; but alas! there was an eminent backer within two stalls of us. 'Have you heard that Nonius is scratched?' he said, as the act-drop fell on the surrender of his sword by King Charles to Cromwell, and, with a choky sensation in our throat, we came back from the dead past to the equally dead Nonius. Yea, he was scratched, and an eminent backer thought his 'leg had filled.' There was commotion at the Raleigh and the Arlington in the small hours; and we thought even Paddy Green was affected as he grasped our hand that night. What had he done, the favourite? Had he broken down, and was the legend of the filled leg true? He had simply done nothing, and that, as far as we could make out, was all. It was enough, though; for Sir Frederick had really struck him out that very afternoon, while the unconscious Nonius and, it appeared, his equally unconscious trainer, were *en route* to Newmarket, in blissful ignorance of what had happened. To be sure there had been a trial, so said rumour, and the favourite had been beaten to blazes, and a great deal farther; but what the trial was, and where it took place, were not agreed upon even by the people who knew everything. On Monday morning, too, the horse took a gallop at Newmarket, in which he did not seem to much impress the spectators, and shortly after racing commenced the fact of his being struck out was confirmed; and the startling intelligence added, that Sir Frederick Johnstone and Mr. Gerard Sturt, joint owners of Nonius and other horses, had removed them all from Woodyeates, and that their destination would be Danebury. Here was a coil with a vengeance. William Day said he was as much surprised as any one else; and 'Mr. Richmond,' another Woodyeates master, further complicated matters by striking out Catherine, who had come into notice on Nonius' fall. So Newhouse seemed likely to stand down, and the eager backers of William Day's lot—those *very* early birds, to whose sharpness razors are as nothing—must have felt rather small. There were all sorts of rumours afloat; but the actual truth was only known to one or two people, and, as they chose to hold their tongues, the public were obliged to feed on *on dis*, such as Sir Frederick and Mr. Sturt having been interfered with, that Nonius 'wanted time,' &c., &c. Woodyeates has been anything but a sporting Agapemone, we believe, for some time; and, indeed, we often wonder how stables with half a dozen masters, more or less, ever do hold together. There must be discordant elements among them, taste, habits, caste, &c., which must go far to prevent them dwelling together in unity. But so much for the Nonius affair. The horse fretted his little hour, and whether we shall ever see or hear of him again we know not. He could not be said to have achieved fame; it was rather thrust on him, and probably he would have been intensely astonished if he had heard that he was a Cesarewitch favourite—almost as astonished as Mr. Thomas Parr.

But the other favourites were more legitimate, and they had earned their position by public deeds as well as private trials. Laburnum and Bethnal Green had won their races in the First October Meeting in a style that none could gainsay, and so jumped at once into the place of honour in the betting. In the October Handicap, too, it was that the hitherto unknown Salvanos came out, and distinguished himself so greatly. And then there was Inveresk, Field Marshal, Bertram, Enfield, all with more or less claim to confidence—perhaps next to the favourites, the Chester Cup winner had the highest. Salvanos' forward running

in the October, and the fine speed he showed, of course made the Handicap at his mercy, if he ran straight and could stay. And, indeed, good judges of racing ought not to have doubted his lasting powers with 5 stone 7 lbs. How often do we see weight bring a horse home, who, in point of fact, is not a stayer, and would not be one under fair racing weight—and we take leave to think that we do not yet know that Salvanos is a stayer, though at the same time he *may* be the best horse in England. Still his trial in the October Handicap was good enough to follow, and some of the knowing division did follow him—more knowing still, got on the horse for the big event at 100 to 1 as soon as his owner. Certainly the birds in the air ‘must carry the matter,’ as far as racing secrets are concerned, for at one or two of the clubs and places of resort for betting men, we know that Salvanos was put about as *the* outsider at 100 to 1, even, perhaps, before Mr. Radcliff had thought of backing him himself. What these sharp ones knew we can’t say. Perhaps the touts had only mentioned the horse’s undeniable good looks, but these cautious men don’t risk their money on looks alone, even when the price is 100 to 1. Sufficient, however, that they did back the horse, and have reaped their reward. Joseph Dawson was evidently rather fond of Enfield’s chance, and he was very favourably treated in his weight. Moreover, his trainer told us it was a mistake to suppose him a rogue—under which imputation Enfield has certainly laboured—for he is not that. He has a habit of hanging towards his horses, and can with difficulty be got to leave them; but he is not a rogue in the common acceptation of that word—as Laburnum, we fear, is, for instance. Mr. William Nicholl declared, with many adjectives, that Inveresk would win, or, at all events, would beat the favourites—which latter prediction came to pass, to ‘Billy’s’ great joy and triumph. The public horse was, we fancy, Bethnal Green all through, particularly at last, as he started first favourite—Barmston, with whom Lord Wilton declared to win, coming to a short price, and causing Laburnum to go back a point. We must say we had no fancy for the Stanton horse, and his position in the market did not at all affect that of old Sylva, whom some followers of the stable stuck to persistently, and shook their heads over Barmston. Field Marshal, Inveresk, and Soucar, not forgetting Salvanos, were in a good deal of demand before the flag fell, and his size and looks gained him many friends. We all know what good judges women are as a rule—we mean those who are at all accustomed to horses, and to be with them. Two ladies, with their attendant cavalier, were at the Ditch stables taking stock of the horses there saddled. ‘What is that?’ said one, pointing to Salvanos; ‘why, that is by far the best-looking horse in the whole lot.’ The gentleman in attendance was a wise man, and knew that a woman’s tip is not to be despised. Galloping back to the Rowley Mile Stand, he took twelve ponies about Salvanos at the last moment, and—we trust he remembered the tipster. As for the race, it won’t take long to describe that. We believe really it was never in doubt after ‘choke jade;’ for though Salvanos only took up the running about the Bushes, he was pulling double, and going as steadily as clockwork all the way. Before he came to the front Field Marshal looked very formidable, as did Inveresk, Sylva, Enfield, and Bethnal Green, but Laburnum began to show the white feather at this point, and Sir Joseph’s horse was in trouble soon, too, Sylva going on after Salvanos, followed by Enfield and Inveresk, and so they finished. An easier winner than Salvanos has rarely been seen, Julius and Lioness being the only instances, of late years at least, that we remember. As Aristides was tired of being called just, so must Mr. Radcliff be weary of being called ‘popular and

'straightforward'—so we will spare him. He wins a good stake, we believe, and it has been the first turn of fortune he has had with his small stud. By-the-way, we were nearly forgetting that, though not aspiring to the honours and perils of prophecy, we ventured on a tip in the last 'Van,' and gave Enfield; and as Enfield secured a place, and beat all the favourites, we may venture to plume ourselves just a little bit on our own forecasting.

The Middle Park Day was one of those on which no sane man, much less woman, would have braved such weather as attended them on the Heath. But then it was the Middle Park, you perceive, the Preliminary Derby, in which we were to see the Derby winner, and all the crack young ones of the year, and that was worth going through something for. To inspect them in the bird-cage, too, is half the battle, and more than half the pleasure—to hear the numberless opinions, to pick up a wrinkle here and discard one there—to attend the footsteps of many Gamaliels, and to be not much the wiser for the attending—and, greatest pleasure of all, to form one's own opinion secretly to oneself, and cling to it, despite what is called 'the talent' (from their generally knowing nothing about it), stick to it, too, through good and evil report. Believe us, there is great delight herein. Last year we remember we picked out Prince Charlie, and took him to our heart and affections as a grand specimen of a racehorse—following him, too, from Middle Park to the St. Leger, and proud we are we did so. But there was nothing like him in the bird-cage to-day. There was a son of Blair Athol, who just for the moment recalled him as he walked past, a tall, fine chestnut, Andred; but it was only for a moment. Kaiser had wonderfully put on muscle and thickened since Doncaster, and yet he is not a satisfactory-looking horse somehow—does not, in fact, look as good as he is, while *Cœur de Lion* is not half as good as he looks. His stable and new owner, whosoever that may be, though rumour does point to a gentleman fond of mystery in these matters—stood him again, we believe, after the Doncaster exhibition, which was wonderful. Next to Kaiser, the French horse Montargis (own brother to Révigny) and Mr. Merry's mare, Marie Stuart, pleased us most of anything there. A very powerful, compact, short-legged horse, with a deal of quality, is Montargis, and Marie Stuart is a strapping-looking mare, much grown since we saw her last. Perhaps the little beauty, as far as quality went, was the Queen Elizabeth filly; but she looked too small to go through the dirt, while of the dark division Chandos and The Clyde were the most conspicuous. Cantinière we did not see, and there were many differences of opinion as to her condition on the part of those who did, some declaring she was big, and not in her summer form, while others, the majority, could find no fault in her. The weather was dead against her—it was a day not favourable to a roarer—and the ground was deep and holding. However, she was a great mare, so she kept her position as first favourite, though Lord Ailesbury was, we believe, afraid of her penalty on that deep ground. Kaiser, with whom Mr. Savile was very sanguine, ran her close in the betting at last, and they offered 10 to 1 bar two, Surinam being third favourite. Of course Sir Richard Bulkeley's horse, with his maiden allowance—and supposing him to be anything like what Matthew Dawson said he was—had a great chance; but then the stable fancied Andred (who, by-the-way, is not a roarer, as was industriously put about) also, Andred having, with Kaiser, Montargis, Flageolet, and Marie Stuart, a 4 lbs. penalty. But, with the exception of the two favourites, nothing was backed for any money except Surinam and Andred, for Mr. Merry did not seem to fancy Marie Stuart;

and though Count de Juigné, the owner of Montargis, was present, his horse started at 30 to 1; while the other Frenchman, Flageolet, had done a little too much hard work lately to make people disposed to back him. It was a grand race, nearly as exciting as the three heads between Frivolity, Sunshine, and Kingcraft, three years ago, and it gave us the first dead heat for the Middle Park. Kaiser looked all over a winner in the dip, though Montargis was sticking to him closely, when Osborne brought up Surinam, and Kaiser tiring a little under the weight, Sir Richard Bulkeley's horse split the pair, and made a dead heat with the latter, Montargis being only half a length behind them. Flageolet was fourth, Marie Stuart and Chandos close behind him, and if Cœur de Lion was not absolutely last, he was something very like it. Sir Richard Bulkeley and Mr. Savile acted very wisely in dividing, and Surinam walked over. The incident of the race was the fact that Cantinière was out of it before they reached the Bushes, a performance too bad to be correct, granting the heavy ground and her full penalty. Of course it was said after the race that the great flyer of modern days was all to pieces, and that we should never see her again with that wonderful speed with which she astonished us in the past season. That she was not up to the mark is more than probable; but we must suspend our judgment for the present. Thursday was a day chiefly remarkable for that disagreeable complaint entitled 'nose-enders,' from which many distinguished individuals suffered acutely. One or two favourites won, certainly; but it was with odds on them, except in the case of Black Stocking, who, after her win over the same course on Monday, could not complain of the treatment she well met with at the hands of the handicapper, and Lord Bradford actually won three races during the week, on which he was warmly congratulated. The 'grief' was chiefly over Glowworm in a 50*l.* Plate, odds of 7 to 4 being laid on him, and he was one of the first beaten, the winner turning up in the Chillianwallah filly, an outsider of Mr. Gretton's, not backed for sixpence, and reminding us of how very nearly another outsider of that gentleman's, The Prince, about this time twelvemonth, upset Il Maestro in a Maiden Plate. Lord of the Shires, too, and Knutsford got beaten by Faust; and the wretched character of the mares this year was again exemplified by Lillian beating Louise Victoria, Guadalupe, &c., in the Newmarket Oaks in a common canter by ten lengths. The day wound up with the win of the outsider Strathspey in the Handicap Sweepstakes, A. F., for which Uhlan and Bedsworth were favourites, and Noyre Tauren (who, if Lord Aylesford was a betting man, he would find a dear bargain), backed directly by Captain Machell, took the castor. But Noyre Tauren, so said one of the sporting papers, 'was a shocking bad third,' and Strathspey cantered in, carrying only a solitary 'tenner' of his owner's. The only race calling for notice on the Friday was the Prendergast, and at first sight the issue seemed to make whatever there might be of Middle Park confusion worse confounded, for Andred won, and Surinam was some lengths behind him. But then Andred carried no penalty in the Prendergast, whereas he had 4 *lbs.* extra in the Middle Park; and Surinam, who had the maiden allowance in the Middle Park, put up a 6 *lbs.* penalty in the Prendergast. Then, again, the Prendergast is over the T.Y.C., the easiest course at Newmarket; the Middle Park, over the much severer six furlongs of the Bretby; so perhaps the running is pretty true, after all. And yet Andred looks more like a horse who would prefer a distance of ground than the little Surinam. However, he and Flageolet made a tremendous race of it, and Andred was over the post by a head. The question now is, have we seen the

winner of the Derby? But hold—there is the Criterion to be taken into consideration before we can make reply.

The Houghton was true to its traditions, and set in with heavy wet and heavy ground. We found the town divided into two factions of the friends of Salvanos and his opponents, the former, though, in a decided majority. Mr. Radcliff had been attending the horse in his gallops during the week, and there was no doubt of one thing, that, if Salvanos did win, it would be one of the most popular events that ever occurred at head-quarters. The horse was reported to be doing well in every way, and was having just enough work and not too much of it, and 'What's to beat him?' the question on almost every tongue. Journeying down to Newmarket on the Monday morning, with a well-known bookmaker in the same carriage, the latter declared, with much force, that the favourite would not win, because 'he was a slow beginner.' His running in the October Handicap did not look like that at the time, but the bookmaker's prediction had more truth in it than we then suspected. The Criterion was the event of the first day, and the result went far to show that the Derby is still an open race, and, without exactly pulling down Kaiser from his position, established the fact of others being in it as well as he. Mr. Savile's horse was a great favourite, greater than we should have supposed he would be after his running in the Middle Park, where, after looking all over a winner in the dip, he manifestly tired in coming up the hill. Looking at the heavy state of the ground, and the penalty Kaiser had incurred, it certainly did not look odds on him, but there were plenty of people eager to lay 5 to 4, while the Heath House pair, Paladin and Surinam, divided the honours of second favourite. Lord Falmouth's horse had, it was said, quite recovered from the effects of his recent illness, and there were rumours of his having been tried on the previous Friday, but how true they were we are unable to say. At all events, there was a great disposition to back Paladin, and he had the call of Surinam at the finish. Flageolet was thought to have had enough of it lately, and, though 100 to 15 was taken about him here and there, we don't think the public much fancied him. Cœur de Lion made the running at something like the speed he showed us in the spring, but he was done with before they had gone half a mile, Flageolet then taking his place, and, Kaiser soon after challenging him, they ran head and head for a little way, till the ground and the weight told, and Maidment was compelled to ease Kaiser, the issue being left to Flageolet and Paladin, and, after a ding-dong race, in which, however, M. Lefevre's horse had always the best of it, the lucky tricolor won.

The result seems to leave the Derby a very open question; there are the three horses all together, and it will be a puzzling task to separate them. There is one horse, by-the-way, that we don't hear much about now, but who we shall expect to make a noise again before the day, and that is Somerset, one of the most bloodlike and thoroughly good-looking two-year-olds that this year has shown us. He was a very good horse at Stockbridge—a little still on the other side of the Ditch—and that he will resume his York running some day is a strong belief with us; not that we would seek to inoculate our readers with it unless they like. But we would just say to those noble sportsmen who, about this time, are backing the favourites against the field—don't omit Somerset.

Speaking of the Cesarewitch just now, we said that, but for Nonius, it would have been lacking in sensation, and the Cambridgeshire was jogging on to its decision in a rather humdrum way until the eve of the race, when a bombshell, in the shape of a rumoured objection to Salvanos, exploded in the Room about 11.30 P.M. with terrific violence, sadly interfering with the midnight slumbers

of some, and much harassing the dreams of others. Who was the astute one who first smelt the supposed rat we can hardly tell, but it was Mr. G. Crook, we believe, who, when Mr. Radcliff entered the Rooms about an hour before midnight, asked him if he was sure that Salvanos, as a French-bred horse, had been properly registered? The question was a puzzler, for, while Mr. Radcliff, in common with most people indeed, felt convinced that all the necessary legalities had been complied with, he could give no proof of his conviction. It certainly did seem highly improbable, if not impossible, that Mr. Lupin could have directed his yearlings to be sold—that Messrs. Tattersall could have offered them—or that purchasers could have been found for them, unless the rule had been complied with; but, as nobody knew this for certain, and Tom Jennings, who was knocked up after midnight to see what he could tell on the subject, rather complicated matters by declaring that he did not know if The Maestro (bought at the same sale) was registered or not—this was rather a staggerer, and Mr. Radcliff, who had very pluckily, and to show his confidence in everything being *en règle*, laid 300 to 100 twice at the Rooms, began to feel slightly uneasy. However, there was nothing to do but to wait till the morning, and then telegraph to the Weatherbys, which was duly done, and, after a tantalizing delay, the wire flashed back the reply that it was all right, and Salvanos had been duly registered, to the great relief and joy of many sojourners within Newmarket, and to the little coterie at 'Whitehall' in particular—joy, alas! to be soon turned into lamentation, for Salvanos did *not* win, and 'the greatest certainty (on paper) ever known' did not finish in the first ten. It is an old story now; but the fact was, the horse did not get a particularly good start, and we fancy our friend the bookmaker was right when he told us that he was a slow beginner. At least that is how we read his defeat. The horse was well, and had done the proper amount of work and no more, but the result seems to teach us that it is impossible for the winner of the Cesarewitch to be trained to go the short course too. Experience shows us that nothing without dash and go in it can win a Cambridgeshire; although it will be said Salvanos had shown all that in the October Handicap, the Cambridgeshire is a far different event—one in which they race from end to end. It was of course a great disappointment to Mr. Radcliff and his friends; greater still when, on the Thursday following, in the Free Handicap, Bethnal Green, whom Salvanos beat many lengths in the Cesarewitch, finished long before the Cambridgeshire winner (who bolted) and Pompadour. A puzzle, certainly; and indeed the in-and-out running of the week was beyond explanation, save on the ground of the heavy going. Playfair won the Cambridgeshire very easily on Tuesday, and bolted out of the course, apparently from distress or temper, on the Thursday, showing himself a regular brute, in fact, and Mr. Gretton was wise in declining Mr. Radcliff's challenge to run him for a thou' in the Craven Meeting either A. F. or the Cambridgeshire. Playfair became a great favourite at the finish, and less than 10 to 1 was accepted about him in many places. Finisterre got second—the fourth time, we believe, a French mare has run into this position—and Pompadour, with her 14 lbs. penalty, got third. Of course every one said that, but for the extra weight, she must have won; but how, then, account for her being the first beaten in the Free Handicap, carrying only 6st. 12lbs., and running Playfair at even weights on the Thursday? But we have not space to bother our head or those of our readers on the contradictory running during the Houghton. We wish the turf analysts a good deliverance.

One thing is worth noticing, that the progeny of the brood mares belonging

to the new Stud Company have distinguished themselves highly this week at Newmarket, inasmuch as they have carried off four races, viz., the Free Handicap Sweepstakes of 100*l.* each, won by Devotion, by Stockwell, out of Alceatis; the 200*l.* Sweepstakes for two-year-old colts, by Cobham, by Macaroni, out of Reginella; the 50*l.* Sweepstakes for two-year-old colts, by Lord Mayo, by Marsyas, out of Rose of Kent; and the Bretby Nursery Free Handicap, by Merlin, by St. Alban's, out of Swallow.

In taking a cast of the various packs that have opened the present season, the Isle of Thanet Harriers are again to the fore with a new lease. The first rendezvous was at the residence of Captain Tomlin, Dumpton Park, where a strong muster of good men and true put in an appearance, to celebrate the occasion and partake of the sumptuous hospitality of the new master. Although the weather was not so propitious as could have been wished, the scent lay moderately well, and, in spite of the keen north-westerly wind, one or two good runs were scored, the second, especially, terminating in a rattling finish of over twenty minutes. Amongst those who took the field we noticed Captain Cotton, of Quex, Messrs. J. T. Friend, B. Sicklemore, L. Tomlin, G. Maule, Jas. Daley, H. B. Hammond, S. Spencer, H. Lee, T. Wootton, along with several officers from the Canterbury and Walmer depôts. The pack will hunt three days a week, and, with such thorough sportsmen as Captain Tomlin to lead the van, and John White as huntsman, the Thanet Harriers are bound to give a good account of themselves during the coming season.

The Messrs. Leamon—those sporting twins whose prowess in the field was eulogised by Mr. Anstruther Thomson at the last Ivybridge dinner—commenced their season at Pitland Corner, near Tavistock. The large coverts, that generally ensure a gallop over the uplands of Blackdown and Tavy Cleaves, failed to furnish a fox, and a late find in Lidford Woods terminated the weariness of a long and unsuccessful day, only slightly compensated by the beauty of the wild and savage scenery. This was, however, enjoyed and appreciated by one or two strangers, who had lingered amidst the tors and torrents long after their fly-fishing on Dartmoor, which is growing more popular each succeeding season. Not the least of the many attractions is the conveniences of the Bedford Hotel at Tavistock, an old-fashioned inn, replete with those substantial comforts that are not always to be found in the tinsel hosteleries of fast times and gaudy fashion. The Dartmoor mutton and trout, with apple tart and clouted cream, which are here to be had in perfection, are components that afford a soothing consolation at all times and under any kind of disappointment. Should the *Viator* be nocturnally interfered with by the ghost of Betsy Grimbal—murdered by a Roman priest in the adjoining tower of the ancient abbey, close to the south bedroom—an extra tumbler of mulled claret, and another of half-and-half to John, the ostler, an excellent fellow, will allay the spirit of the grieving abigail and the sensuous monk.

On Monday, October 14, the South Devon met at Lindridge, the seat of Mr. James Templer. A large assemblage gathered at that ancient residence, associated with a name for ever affectionated by the sportsmen of the west. It is now in the temporary occupation of Mr. Brown, a zealous promoter of the sports of others, who has brought with him from America, where he has passed a long life not unprofitably, the sporting recollections of his early youth, together with the metallic means of their gratification in concert with his friends. This is worth more than a legion of Geneva arbitrators, and has, in a small degree, reversed their judgment, since, instead of

mulcting bamboozled Albion for Yankee benefit, Mr. Brown generously expends American dollars to subsidize the wherewith for himself and friends to enjoy the pastimes of the old country. An ample collation was served in the old dining-room, where the supporters of Mr. Westlake, in drinking the health of their host, expressed their sense of the obligation conferred on them by his preservation of foxes. The hounds drew the King's Wood coverts without finding, and then came to the favourite locality of Umber Moor, under Haldon. It consists of a large and straggling gorse covert, with patches of rush, lying in the face of the sun, and sloping upwards towards the moor. When found, the fox is almost certain to break away for Newtown, or the farther woods of Luscombe. To-day the lady element in carriages on the hill were doomed to disappointment, and Miss Whidborne, a very clever and able horse-woman, was not destined to occupy her usual place in a fast run. The Luscombe coverts, where three brace of foxes were found last week, were drawn blank, but, on trotting away to Wellwood, a leash were quickly on foot that afforded plenty of ring-hunting in covert with an indifferent scent.

On Tuesday the most popular master in the west of England, Charles Trelawny, Esq., had his opening day at Ivybridge. It constitutes the holiday of the district except for quadrupeds. The gathering is always on a large scale, like the congregation of a favourite preacher, and, be it observed, as in the less convivial assemblage, the doctrine is of the best, although not conforming to that peculiar mode of chasing the evil spirit, where the leading hound alone is wont to open on the line. An old fox was found in Stowford Cleaves, and, being headed in every direction, got away by Lukesland through Rouse's Brake to Hungershall Rocks, the hounds hunting him inch by inch; again he was headed, but with an improved scent; he was forced to Harford Rocks, and, the hounds sending him along merrily by Broomlech to Lukesland Wood, and through to Stowford Cleaves, he went to ground in a rabbit-hole, from whence the hounds drew him, after a run of thirty minutes;—trotted away to Coryndon, where several foxes were immediately on foot, with the usual confusion of holloas;—got one away with an indifferent scent, carrying the line to Howley and Shirley Dales Brake, and by Wrangaton to Lee's Brake—a check—on to Peak Farm to Bittaford, then, doubling back to Peak Brake, leaving Rut Brake to the left, he went over Bulton Hill to the Eastern Beacon, and, being headed, turned down the hill to Wrangaton, on to the wild moor, where fresh foxes were on foot. The hounds, however, carried the line cleverly through the stained ground, running him to ground in Winter's Brake, after an hour and ten minutes' close and steady hunting. A very satisfactory day for the first of the season, and one showing that the hounds under Boxall can hunt, race, and speak well.

'Well, never mind,' said a disappointed Cesarewitch man to us after the race (we think he was heavy on Laburnum), 'I shan't be at this adjective 'game much longer, thank God; shall be sending the chestnut along, old fellow; and we've lots of foxes.' Yes, just at this time of year the delights of racing do begin to pall a bit, particularly after a bad time, and most thorough sportsmen look forward to meeting the noble animal in another place where there are no six-to-fours, no 'tremendous trials' no touts or tipsters to corrupt, nor any 'certainties' to steal. A glorious time for those endowed with the nerve and the needful, two great requisites, and, both combined, what can stop them? If it be true, and we believe it is, for did not a keen sportsman—*facile princeps*—sing in not easily-forgotten strains in 'Baily' this time twelvemonth?—

'I have lived my life ; I am nearly done ;
I have played the game all round ;
But I freely admit that the best of my fun
I owe it to horse and hound ;'—

if it be true, this must be a very good time here coming when the delights of anticipation are mixed with the pleasures of memory. 'Hunting is the soul of a country life ; it gives health to the body, and contentment to the mind,' says old Beckford. So let us away from that 'blasted heath,' where, though we may get the one we fear, we but rarely find the other.

There have, of course, been some chops and changes in our hunting establishments, which our readers may like to have put before them, in so far as we are aware of the said changes. Omissions and errors must be kindly excused, but we think the following are the most important :

No change has been made in the Mastership of the Buck Hounds, the Earl of Cork still carrying the couples, but Frank Goodall has taken the place of Harry King ; he says that he really admires stag-hunting, and we shall be much surprised if he is not as popular in his new situation as he has been wherever we have previously known him. For the sake of convenience, we will notice the changes in foxhounds alphabetically. George Castleman and Sam Hayes have come to the Atherstone as huntsman and first whip to Mr. Oakeley, both with a very good character from their last place, the Rufford.

Richard Roake has gone to the South Berks as huntsman, after thirteen seasons with the Pytchley, taking with him a silver tankard and 300 sovs., and the good wishes of numerous friends in Northamptonshire. Lord Valentia is Master of the Bicester in the place of poor Algy Peyton, whose premature loss everybody who knew him deeply deplores. Mr. Frank Foljambe is the Master of the Burton, with kennels at Reepham, and William Dale as his huntsman. John Bailey left the Atherstone at the end of last season, and is gone to the Cambridgeshire. Sir Reginald Graham is hunting the Cotswold with that energy which proves him to be his father's son all over, assisted by Charles Traviass from the Worcestershire. The Craven has a new Master in Mr. Harcourt Capper and a new huntsman in Bill Bowers, for the last two seasons first whip with the Pytchley—a very useful, active fellow, and a devil to ride ever since he began with the Duke of Buccleuch. The Durham country has been divided into North and South. Mr. Walter Long has gone in for his third innings as Master of the Hambledon, which shows what a great deal of life there is still in him. His huntsman is from Ireland, and his whip, Alfred Mandeville, whom we have known in several different woodland countries. The Hursley, under the very active management of Col. Nicoll, have added a second whip to the establishment. Fred Percival is gone to the West Kent as huntsman, after many years' service with the South Down, taking with him a clock as a testimonial. The Pytchley have a new Master in the person of Mr. Naylor of Kelmarsh Hall, and his new huntsman is John Machin from the Tickham. Tom Firr has left the North Warwickshire, and been promoted to the Quorn, which some call the blue riband of the hunting field. Having been a whip in that country some years ago, he will have the advantage of knowing his way about, and he will do his best to make his hounds keep their heads down, and cast themselves, which at present they don't know how to do more than a lot of pigs. Mr. Franklin has taken the Rufford in the place of Mr. Harvey Bayly. Mr. Tailby will be his own huntsman ; but he had a sad fall at the beginning of this month. James Firr will hunt the Tickham, assisted by James Cockayne and Will Hemmings. The Totnes country, formerly hunted, if we remember rightly, by Mr.

Cubitt and Sir Henry Seale, was taken by Mr. W. F. Brunskill, who retained Robert Pattle as his huntsman; but, sad to say, Mr. Brunskill broke a blood-vessel very early in the season, which has quite incapacitated him, and the hounds and the horses are to be sold. Tom Drayton, late the North Warwickshire left-handed whip, succeeds to the dignity of the horn in the place of Tom Firr—gone to the Quorn—and Macbride, who was with Mr. Coupland last season, is gone to the Meath. Lord Shannon has retained William Wheatley, who was with the Duke of Grafton, as his huntsman. He is an excellent servant, and gave great signs of becoming a first-class huntsman.

Accounts of cub-hunting vary. Lord Portsmouth tells us it has been a moderate time, as far as scent has been concerned; but by dint of hard work his hounds have done well as to blood. Down in Devonshire, as in many other places, the weather had been so stormy that scent had been very variable. His lordship had a clipper, though, on the 14th with an old dog-fox—30 minutes all over the open as hard as hounds could race—and they rolled him over handsomely. Twenty-four and a half brace is not bad, moderate scent considered, and shows that they are well off for foxes in that part of the world. Lord Portsmouth says he never had an entry doing better.

In Hampshire the 'little Hursley,' under the active management of Col. Nicoll, have been having most wonderful sport. On the 27th of September they ran northward to the race-course, all over Mr. Dear's fine open currant-jelly ground to Barton Stacey, across the meadows pointing for Tidbury in the Vine country; and then turned to the right, through Bullington, where they lost him; but he went on to Hunton, and was chased up and down the village by the children. He was last seen going on, dead beat, to Stoke Charity and Micheldever Wood. Had they killed him, it would have brought to mind old Summer's ever-memorable run in 1858 from the same covert through eleven parishes, when they pulled him down in Micheldever Wood. In the run of the 27th they went through five parishes, and at least nine miles from point to point. On the 4th of October the Hursley had a fast thing from Little Somborne Park—30 minutes in the open, running to ground, and afterwards killing a brace of foxes. On Friday, the 18th, they met at No Man's Land; drew up Somborne and found plenty of cubs, but no scent. One miserable little wretch ran from there to Ashley—then from Ashley back to Somborne; 'down the middle and back again,' in regular country dance style, back to Ashley, where he went to ground; and after his first lesson he may some day give them a good run.

Complaint having been made to the Master that forty head of poultry had been taken from Cokeham Farm, near Barton Stacey, a bye-day was called on Tuesday, the 23rd, and a great company went forth to hunt the fox thereat (he must have had two legs, for, as a matter of course, no fox was forthcoming). They drew turnips, and hedgerows, and all the water-meadows, as far as the gorse opposite Longstock, blank, with the exception of a hare and a snipe. Fearfully did the field pound and clatter in a long procession all along the lanes; the gorse was drawn blank, and everything else, until they got to Dumper's Oak; there they found, but could not run in covert. At last a fox was found, but, according to the custom of the country, was halloed too soon, and came back. Ultimately he went away in the direction of Littleton, and they had 46 min. in the open; but it was a ringing run, for they were three times at Crawley Warren, in which he ultimately went to ground with old Abigail close to his brush. The Colonel was much delighted, and the few

who had remained were both pleased and surprised at getting a run at all ; but Major Dowker, Captains Pepys and Croft of the Rifles, Mr. Allee, Mr. Stagg, and Mrs. Bidwell were all who had patience to stay.

With this month the cub hunting ends, and it is to be hoped that, when the regular season begins, the scent will very much improve, for there never has been a worse scenting cub season in Hants than the present one, which has made it most difficult to get hold of a cub, and, in consequence of the great thickness of the coverts, it was almost impossible for hounds to work through. Mr. Deacon, with the H. H., has managed to kill eleven brace and a half, which is below his average. He had a good day's sport on Tuesday the 22nd, finding some cubs in a covert called Blackhouse. After, with a bad scent, running one to ground, found another, and, after a short ring, killed ;—found again in Westwood, and had a capital twenty-five minutes—the pace will not be better this year—and finally killed in one of the Beauworth coverts at the end of an hour and a quarter.

The Hambledon have had their share of sport ; they have killed six brace of cubs, which has not been done for some years past. The hounds are in beautiful condition, and no doubt they will show the Hambledon gentlemen some good sport during the season ; there appears to be a good stock of old foxes in the country.

Cub-hunting has been carried on to some purpose in Gloucestershire, inasmuch as the Duke of Beaufort and Lord Fitzhardinge have both already killed an amount of foxes far exceeding the ambitious total of most provincial counties at the close of an entire season ; but this they can afford to do ; while with the Cotswold Sir Reginald Graham has managed to handle a fox most days, and his whole establishment is looking remarkably like business.

Lord Coventry has also done well, and his numerous friends will be glad to learn that he has entirely shaken off all ill effects of the bad fall he had last spring.

Repeated complaints reach us from old sportsmen of the excessive slaughter of cubs. Not content with a good, fair, honest kill, some bloodthirsty huntsmen, just for the sake of that one more nose, are always spooning them out. Mr. Meynell truly said, 'Murdering foxes is a most absurd prodigality.' We won't mention names this time, but we have heard of one Master who, when a cub goes to ground, becomes almost frantic ; he jumps off his horse, dances about, and calls lustily for the grave-digging implements, which, of course, are never at hand. Digging is very slow work for the field, particularly with a north-east wind. We therefore suggest to those Masters who are given to excessive sapping and mining, that on these occasions they should do as old Leche of Carden always did, namely, light a fire, then send a whip off to the nearest farm-house for a frying-pan and some sausages, or rashers of bacon, and make the gravediggers jolly.

Dan Berkshire has had some pretty good sport with the South Wold, and the country is well off for foxes.

We must conclude with a little story, which rivals one we gave our readers about this time last year, and for the truth of which we vouch. A lady was asking a small boy of five or six, son of an M.F.H. in the South, on a Sunday, 'What God had given to him and his brothers ?' To this he replied, 'Our new hats.' Mamma was rather taken aback, but said, 'No, I don't mean that, but something different, something we can't do without.' 'Oh, I know now—a fox !' Truly a sporting reply, which we commend to the notice of all battue men at this period of the year.

Some useful horses, that have been regularly hunted up to the present time, are to be sold at Northampton. Amongst those from the Atherstone kennels two or three, ridden last season by Will Neverd, are specially worth attention; but should an intending purchaser not be able to suit himself at Northampton, he had better go on to Wansford, where he will have a choice out of one hundred and fifty.

'Jack Mytton'—not the past one, but the 'present—he of whom Nimrod once said, that, 'having another John Mytton, Helston and its echo may yet 'flourish.' The name speaks to many of us feelingly, to Shropshire men perhaps most of all. It bespeaks our sympathy for the man who asks not only his old friends, but those who remembered the generous heart of the former owner of Halston, to enable him to make some provision for his wife and seven children. Mr. John Mytton is powerless himself to do this, and a subscription has been opened at Messrs. Tattersall's for this purpose. The money will be vested in the name of trustees, and Lord Combermere and every well-known name in Shropshire and the adjoining counties will be found among the subscribers. We hope this public appeal will not be made in vain. It is for the wife and children that the trustees desire to plead.

And while on the subject of charity—

'Chief grace below and all in all above,'

we would say something about the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society and the moderate support it has received; not from genuine sportsmen—they have been liberal donors, as was to be expected of them—but from those would-be gentlemen, the illustrious fraternity of swaggerers, the men who hunt regularly and never give sixpence to anything or anybody, tremendous swells, be-buttonholed, be-Pooled, and be-Bartleyed, with their stable full of hunters and their second horse always out; they seem to think the light of their presence is sufficient, and, as they never give anything to the support of the hounds, we suppose it is almost too much to expect them to give anything to the servants. We were told the other day by the master of a celebrated pack that lots of men come regularly to — for hunting, ride hard, kick up a row, find fault and d—n the huntsman, sit up night after night at loo, think a hundred pounds a bagatelle, and go away and never give ten pounds to the hounds. He told us, also, of a family of *five*, who have hunted regularly for three years, and never given a copper. We much fear that the consciences of these men must be made of such very tough materials that they will read these remarks—if, perchance, they meet their eyes—with the greatest equanimity. To appeal to them for a fiver for the families of the men who work hardy and courageously to provide them amusement, would almost seem a hopeless task. This was not wont to be the character of the foxhunter in days of old. The name then was a synonym for a warm heart and an open hand, and, thank God, these characteristics are still to the fore. But a mushroom growth has sprung up alongside the old stock, bred in selfishness and fostered by extravagance, and the man who gives three hundred guineas for a hunter will grumble at being drawn for a sovereign for a subscription. What is to be done with such as these?

But still we are happy to be able to tell those of our readers who take an interest in the proceedings of this excellent society, that it progresses in the favour of all true sportsmen, and that the first quarterly meeting was held on the 18th, when the secretary reported that there were now 472 honorary members (or about one-fourth of the number who turned out on that same day with Major Browne to meet the illustrious patron of the society, whom all were

so glad to see once more in the hunting-field, at Chillingham Castle), and 200 benefit members. Nineteen hundred pounds only has as yet been paid into Messrs. Herries and Farquhar, and up to the present time only two applications for assistance on account of accident—those by Will Freeman, whip to Sir Edward Kennedy, who had broken his collar-bone, and Tom Enever—had been made. It was resolved at the meeting that a list be kept by the secretary of those huntsmen and whippers-in—being benefit members—who are about to leave their situations, in order to afford an easy means of reference for both masters and servants. This will be a very great convenience, and supply a necessary long wanted in the hunting world. But it must be distinctly understood that none but members of the society can avail themselves of the accommodation.

We are sorry to say that Mr. Tailby had a tremendous fall while hunting his hounds near the Laughton Hills the other day, from his horse putting his feet into a rotten drain, which gave him such a severe cropper as to render him insensible for twenty minutes, producing concussion of the brain, and causing his friends great anxiety. He is, however, all right now. It must have been a very bad fall, for, though Mr. Tailby is accustomed to these things, he has the art of knowing how to fall, and is generally in the saddle again before some men would be able to pick themselves together.

Henry Mainprice, the late well-known stud-groom of Mr. Henry Powell, who for many years hunted from Market Harborough, and was quite the leading spirit with Mr. Tailby, and whose splendid stud was sold last May, has succeeded young Carter at Messrs. Tattersall's, Carter having gone back to France to train for M. Fould.

The re-appearance of the Prince of Wales in the hunting-field we have before referred to, and the pleasure such re-appearance caused; but that 'potting' of the king bull at Chillingham must have been the event of the visit, and one we should like to have seen. To single out the leader of the herd, and kill him so neatly at seventy yards, was no mean feat, and one of which the Prince may be proud. It must have been a splendid animal, for the carcase weighed over sixty stone, and the head will be a worthy trophy for the hall at Sandringham. It is pleasant to think that the Prince of Wales has been showing lately his keen zest for every manly sport, with all his former strength and powers of endurance, and no trace of the grievous sickness from which this time twelve-month he was slowly recovering. We do not know anything that has given greater satisfaction than this, and we only echo the public voice when we warmly congratulate His Royal Highness thereon, and wish him all the good runs and warm corners (he is sure to get the latter, by the way) he can possibly desire.

The want of a Plant Exchange, where amateur botanists and those connected with the craft could meet to compare and exchange their various productions, has long been felt, and, to meet this requirement, Mr. H. Kettelwell, the eminent botanist, has established the Horticultural Subscription Rooms at 22, King Street, Covent Garden, which is now open to members at the nominal annual subscription of one guinea, without further liability. From its central position and proximity to the chief floral market, it offers many advantages to members, who can here meet their friends and brother horticulturists to discuss matters appertaining to their favourite pursuit. All the gardening journals and periodicals, as well as the daily papers, are provided in a commodious reading-room, and advice and assistance will be accorded to members, as to laying out grounds, planting, and the erection and heating of

forcing-houses and conservatories, &c. A book is kept to register the wants and requirements of members, so that they can exchange their surplus plants with each other, and keep up their conservatories at little expense and trouble. The idea is a good one, the site chosen convenient for the purpose, and the arrangements have been most efficiently carried out by the projector of the enterprise.

To hark back to racing and racing matters for a brief space. We purposely abstained in our remarks on the Nonius affair from commenting on the fact that the horse was the joint property of the members of the Jockey Club, though entered in an assumed name, thinking there might be some explanation of so curious a circumstance; but none has been vouchsafed. William Day's letter merely stated that Nonius had been beaten in his trial, and that he was ignorant of his being struck out until he arrived with him at Newmarket. Of course it was known in racing circles who 'Mr. Good' was, or, rather, who that name represented, but the Nonius scandal has proclaimed it to the outer world, and called public attention to the fact of the joint ownership. The questions that naturally arise are—why all this attempt at mystery, what is the meaning of it, what is it intended to do, and, most pertinent of all, is it a good example? It does seem strange that the members of the Jockey Club should assume a name which, as far as we can discover, has not even the poor excuse of being a registered one; and when just now we used the word 'mystery,' the greatest 'mystery' is their reason for so doing. We do not believe that Sir Frederick Johnstone or Mr. Gerard Sturt are violating any rule of racing, nor do we imagine for an instant that they have acted otherwise than becomes English gentlemen in this matter. But is it not a bad example to the hundred and one bearers of these assumed names, to the 'little' men who make the metropolitan circuit their field of operations, to the scoundrels who use them but as cloaks for every rascality of which racing (and it is capable of a good deal) is capable? The evil of assumed names—and we hold them to be a great evil—is largely on the increase; scarcely a Calendar appears without its list, and now the evil has received a special *imprimatur* from the Jockey Club. True, there is law and license for their adoption, and we sincerely wish there was not, and that the twenty-second rule of racing was expunged from our Turf statutes. He would be a true reformer, and one really zealous for the good order and well-being of our national sport, who would make an onslaught on such a pernicious custom. So regarding it—and sure we are that we do not stand alone in so doing—we cannot but regret the encouragement and countenance it has received at the hands of the prominent members of our Turf legislature.

HUNTING.

LIST OF HOUNDS—THEIR MASTERS, HUNTSMEN, WHIPS, KENNELS, &c.

Those marked with an asterisk [*] have not replied to our application.

STAGHOUNDS (ENGLAND).

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
HER MAJESTY'S (Windsor, Slough)	Tues. & Fri.	Earl of Cork . . .	Frank Goodall . .	Richard Edrupt . . 1 H. Hewson . . . 2 William Bartlett . . 3	Royal Kennels, Ascot, Berks.
BERKHAMPTSTEAD (Berkhamstead)	Wed. . . .	Mr. R. Rawle . . .	Master	Mr. H. Browne . . . Mr. W. Rawle . . . G. Fewings	Berkhamstead Common, Herts
DEVON AND SOMERSET (Dulverton, Minehead, Dunster, Winsford, Ex- ford, Porlock)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. M. Fenwick Bis- sett	A. Heal		Rhyll, near Dulverton, So- merset
EASINGWOLD (Easingwold)	Wed. & Fri.	Mr. John Batty . .	Mr. Dixon Batty . .	Thomas Cass George Lickiss . . . James Hillyer . . .	The Lund, Easingwold
NEVILLE & MR. T. . . . (Winchester)	Wed. . . .	Mr. T. Neville . . .	Thos. Lock	W. Hindler John Collier	Chilland House, near Win- chester
PETRE & HON. H. . . . (Ingatstone)	Tues. & alter- nate Sat.	Hon. H. Petre . . .	Master		Westlands, Ingatstone, Essex
ROTH-CHILD'S, BARON (Leighton Buzzard)	Mon. & Thur.	Baron Rothschild . .	Frederick Cox . . .	Mark Howcott. . . .	Mentmore, near Leighton Buzzard

IRELAND.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
WARD UNION (Dublin, Dunboyne, Ra- toath)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	A Committee . . .	Charles Brindley . .	James Brindley . . .	Ashbourne, co. Meath
ALBRIGHTON (Newport, Shifnal, Wol- verhampton)	Mon. Tu. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. T. F. Boughey . .	John Todd	J. Scott W. Jones	Whiston Cross, near Shifnal
ALNWICK AND COQUETDALE (Alnwick)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Major Browne . . .	Richard Lyon . . .	Charles Brindley . . . E. Haynes	Green Bigg, Bilton, Aln- wick
ATHERSTONE (Atherstone)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. W. E. Oakeley . .	Geo. Castleman . . .	S. Hayes W. Shephard . . .	Witherley, near Atherstone
BADWORTH (Pontefract)	Mon. Tu. & Thur. & Sat.	Mr. J. H. Barton . .	Tom Morgan	R. Hepworth . . . D. Dalby	Badaworth, near Pontefract

FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND).

BARTON-PANTON'S, Mr. (Holyhead, Llangefni)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. W. Barton-Panton	Mr. W. Barton-Panton	Richard Roberts	Garreglyld, near Holyhead
BEAUFORT, DUKE OF (Malmebury, Tetbury, Chippenham, Sodbury)	Mon. Tu. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Duke of Beaufort	Marquis of Worcester	Heber Long Robert Pickard	Badminton, Chippenham
B. C. C. H. (Denbigh, St. Asaph)	Tues. & Fri.	Colonel Wynne	Masters	E. Jones L. Jones	Cood Coch, near Abergelo
BEDALE (Bedale, Thirsk, Northallerton)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Captain Conway Mr. J. B. Booth	Alfred Thatchner	Robert Walter	The Leases, near Bedale
BELVOIR HUNT (Grantham, Melton Mowbray)	Mon. Tues. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Duke of Rutland	Frank Gillard	William Goodall Alfred Orbell	Belvoir, Grantham
BERKELEY (Cheltenham, Gloucester)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Lord Fitzhardinge	W. Backhouse	Tom Chambers Henry Grant	Berkeley Castle, Gloucester
BERKELEY, OLD (Richmansworth)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. L. Hibbert Mr. O. Blount	John Conins	William Brice William Dent	Chorleywood, Rickmansworth
BERSHIRE, OLD (Abingdon, Faringdon)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Lord Craven Mr. T. Duffield	John Treadwell	James Hewgill Eli Skinner	New House, Abingdon
BERKS (SOUTH) (Reading)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Mr. J. Hargraves	Richard Roake	T. Cook	World's End, Reading
BUCSTER (Bicester)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Viscount Valentia	William Claydon	John Louch Richard Russell	Stratton Andley, near Bicester, Oxon
BLACKMOOR VALE (Sherborne, Henstridge Ash)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Sir Richard Glyn, Bart.	John Press	Thomas Jordan G. Morgan Joseph Overton	Charlton Horthorne, near Sherborne, Dorset
BLANKNEY (Lincoln, Seafood)	Mon. Wed. Thur. & Sat.	Colonel Chaplin	Charles Hawtin	H. Dawkins W. Hawtin	Blankney, near Lincoln
BLESCATHRA (Kewick)	Three days a week	Mr. John Crosier	John Porter		The Riddings, Kewick
BRAS OF DERWENT (Sholley Bridge)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. W. Cowen	Siddle Dixon, Jun.	E. Brown	Coal Burns, Blaydon-on-Tyne
BRAMHAM MOOR (Boston Spa, Tadcaster)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. G. Lane Fox	G. Kingsbury	H. White John Hollidge	Bramham Park, near Tadcaster
BROCKLESBY (Drigg, Cairtor, Great Grimsby, Market Rasen)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Earl of Yarborough	Nimrod Long	G. Gilson T. Brightwell	Brocklesby Park, Ulceby, Lincolnshire
CAMBRIDGESHIRE (St. Neot's, Cambridge)	Mon. Tues. & Fri.	Mr. C. S. Lindsell	John Bailey	Jan Bartlett Frank Turton	Caxton, Cambridgeshire
CATTISTOCK (Dorchester)	Twice a week	Mr. J. Codrington	F. Walker	J. Sorrell T. Samson	Evershot, Dorchester

FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND)—continued.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
CHESHIRE (<i>Northwich</i>)	Mon. Tues. Thur. Fri. & Sat. Five days a fortnight	Mr. H. R. Corbett .	John Jones . . .	Charles Maiden . Joseph Terretta .	Forest Kennels, near North- wich
CHICHESTER'S, SIR B. . . . (<i>Barnstaple, Lynton</i>)	Mon. & Thur. Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Sir Bruce Chichester Mr. J. T. Wharton .	Master Benjamin Shute .	J. Whitmore, K. H. . J. Mason . Richard Sherwood .	Arlington Court, Barnstaple
CLEVELAND (<i>Saltburn, Redcar, Gisboree</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Sir Reginald Graham, Bart.	Master	Charles Travass . William Shepherd Joseph Titecomb .	Skelton, near Maiske-by- the-Sea, Yorkshire Waddon Lane, Cheltenham
CORSWOLD, NORTH (<i>Broadway</i>)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Earl of Coventry .	Master	R. Price, K.H. . Will Jones .	Broadway, Worcestershire
CORTESMORE (<i>Oakham, Rutland</i>)	Mon. Tues. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Earl of Lonsdale .	John West . . .	William Neil . . . E. Woodcock .	Barleythorpe, Oakham
CRADOCK'S, MR. (<i>Croft Spa, and Darlington</i>)	Mon. Wed. Fri. Mon. & Thur.	Mr. C. Cradock . .	Tom Champion .	C. Atkinson . . . Tom Harrison .	Hartforth Hall, Richmond, Yorkshire
GRAVEN (<i>Hungerford, Newbury</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. R. H. Capper .	W. Bowers . . .	R. Thompson . . . F. Skerington .	Walcot, Hungerford, Berks
CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM . . (<i>Cuckfield, Horsham, Crawley</i>)	Seven days a fortnight	Lieut.-Colonel A. M. Calvert	George Loader . .	James Budd . . .	Staplefield, Crawley, Sussex
CUMBERLAND (<i>Carlisle</i>)	Mon. & Fri.	Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bart.	Major Wybergh .	J. Watson	Roehill, Dalston, Carlisle
DEVON, SOUTH (<i>Newton Abbot, Torquay, Teignmouth</i>)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Thos. Westlake	Master	W. Derges	Oakford, Kingssteignton
DORSET, EAST (<i>Blandford</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Hon. W. H. B. Port- man, M.P.	John Smith . . .	Thomas Dyer . . . J. Shepherd .	Bryanstone, Blandford
DORSET, SOUTH (<i>Dorchester, Blandford</i>)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. C. J. Radclyffe.	Tom Davis . . .	Levi Sheppard . . Jem Davis .	Hyde, Wareham, Dorset
DURHAM, SOUTH (<i>Sedgefield</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. J. Henderson, M.P., and Mr. J. Harvey	Tom Dowdeswell .	T. Marlow	Hardwick, Sedgefield, Ferry Hill
DURHAM, NORTH	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. Anthony May- nard	H. Haverson . .	T. Nallo W. Hanawell .	Newton Hall, Durham

ESSEX (Chipping Ongar, Harlow)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. Loftus W. Arkwright	Stephen Dobson	Robert Allen Robert Mastorman	Harlow, Essex
ESSEX, EAST (Halestead, Braintree, Witham)	Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Capt. W. H. White	Master	Joe Sorrel W. Grayson	Black Notley, Braintree
ESSEX AND SUFFOLK (Colchester)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. H. D. Dovo	Ben Morgan	W. Witen	Stratford St. Mary, Colchester
F. B. H. (Truro, Helston)	Five days a fortnight.	Mr. George Williams	James Babbage	C. Stevens	Truro
ETZEWILLIAN'S, EARL (Rotherham)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Earl Fitzwilliam	Master Joseph Orbell, K.H.	James Roffy G. Murphun	Wentworth, Rotherham
ETZEWILLIAN'S, HON. G. (Milton, Peterborough, Stamford, Oundle, Huntingdon)	Mon. Wed. Thur. & Sat.	Hon. G. W. Fitzwilliam	George Carter	J. Hills W. Goodall	Milton, near Peterborough
FOLJAMBE'S, MR. F. S.		Mr. F. S. Foljambe	W. Channing	W. Dale J. Peake	Reepham, Lincoln
GARTU'S, MR. (Reading, Wokingham)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. T. C. Garth	Charles Brackley	Thomas Austen Henry Povey	Haines Hill, Twyford, Borks
GRAFTON'S, DUKE OF (Toucester, Buckingham)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Duke of Grafton	Frank Beers	T. Smith W. Smith	Wakefield Lawn, near Stoney Stratford
GROVE (Relford, Bawtry, Doncaster)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Viscount Galway, M.P.	John Morgan	Charles Howard Robert Vincent	Grove, near Relford, Notts
H. H. (Alton, Alresford, Winchester, Basingstoke)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. H. W. Deacon	Master	Richard Turner R. Collington	Ropley, Alresford, Hants
HAMBLEDON (Bishop's Waltham)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. Walter J. Long	T. Phillips	Alfred Mandeville. W. Newman	Droxford, Bishop's Waltham
HAYDON (Haydon Bridge)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. William Lambert	Robert Bruce	J. Primrose	Haydon Bridge
HEREFORDSHIRE, N. (Leominster, Hereford)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. J. H. Arkwright	Master William Cross, K.H.	J. Atkinson	Hampton Court, Leominster
HEREFORDSHIRE, S. (Hereford, Ross)	Tues. & Fri.	Captain B. Helme	Master	Walter Bell C. Woolford	White Cross, Hereford
HEYTHORP (Chipping Norton)	Four days a week.	Mr. A. W. Hall	Stephen Goodall	John Heaton J. Tompkins	Common Hill, Chipping Norton
HOLDERNES (Beverley)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Mr. James Hall	John Hollins	George Ash Ben Barlow W. Gray	Etton, near Beverley, Yorks

FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND)—continued.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
HURSLEY (Winchester, Southampton)	Mon. & Fri.	A Committee	Alfred Summers	John Rowe	Pitt, near Winchester
HURWORTH	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. James Cookson	George Dodds	Charles Atkins Alfred Smith	Hurworth, near Darlington
INGRAM'S, MR. METRELL (Croft Spa, Darlington)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Lord Waterpark. Mr. S. W. Clowes, M.P.	Charles Leedham	Richard Summers. G. Jones	Hoar Cross, Burton-on-Trent
ISLE OF WIGHT	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. John Grimes Harvey	George Jones	Richard Smith. George Cade	Marvell, near Newport
(Newport, Ventnor, Ryde)	Five days a fortnight	Sir Harcourt John- stone	Mr. T. Hill	Robert Parker	Snainton, Yorkshire
JORNSTONE'S, SIR H. (Scarborough, Pickering)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	The Earl of Guild- ford	Charles Barwick, K.H. Ben Painting	G. Cox. N. Smith	Walderslade Park, Dover
KENT, EAST (Dover, Canterbury)				E. Abel John Pitts	Wrotham Heath, near Sevenoaks
KENT, WEST (Farningham, Sevenoaks, Timbridge Wells)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Hon. Ralph Nevill	Fred. Percival	J. Bacon	
KERRISON'S, SIR E.	Mon. & Fri.	Sir E. Kerrison	Master	Richard Fridlington	Onkley Park, Eye
LEAMON'S, MR. (Tortoise)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. W. Leamon	Master	A. Wheateley Mr. T. M. Leamon	Willestre Park, Lamerton, Tutvick
LEONFIELD'S, LORD. (Pebworth)	Mon. Tu. Th. Fri. & Sat.	Lord Leonfield	Charles Sheppard	Philip Bishop. E. Coal	Petworth Park
LEDGERY (Ledbury, Midteern)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. C. Morrell	Master	W. Nevard, K.H. John Moore	Leobury
LEIGH'S, MR. GRAID (Luton, St. Alban's, Har- penden)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. John Gerard Leigh	Charles Ward	C. Harris J. Beet	Kencsbourne Green, Luton
LLANGIBBY & CHEPSTOW (Newport, Chepstow, Usk)	Tues. & Fri. & Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. John Lawrence, Mr. Chas. E. Lewis	Evan Williams	John Hollings	Llangibby and Crick, near Chepstow
LEDLOW (Ludlow, Tenbury, Knighton)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. C. W. Wicksted	The Master	William Locke G. Cotterell	Onibury, Craven Arms, Shropshire
MIDDLETON'S, LORD (Malton)	Six days a week to Christmas	Lord Middleton	George Orvis	Robert Wright. F. Goodall	Birdsall, near Malton

MONMOUTHSHIRE (Abergavenny)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. F. C. L. Williams	The Master	Samuel Roberts, K.H. S. Herbert	The Spitty, Abergavenny
MORGAN'S, HON. G. (Newport, Mon.)	Mon. & Thur.	Hon. G. Morgan	Master	Charles Barrett	Tredegar Park, Newport, Mon.
MORPETH (Morpeth)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. John Cookson	Mark Robinson	John Rance	Newminster, Morpeth
NEW FOREST (Southampton, Lympington, Isle of Wight, Salisbury)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. W. C. Standish	Master W. Summers, K.H.	Joe Ford James Fasten	New Forest, Lyndhurst, Hants
NORFOLK, WEST (Masingham, Swaffham, Dereham, Lynn)	Three days a week	Mr. A. Hamond	R. Clayden	S. Smith H. Brown	Gt. Masingham, Rougham
NORTS, SOUTH (Nottingham, Southwell)	Mon. Wed. & Frid.	Mr. John Chaworth Musters	The Master John Goddard, K.H.	John Kelsall George Shepherd Tom Ridley D. Sheppard Tom Whitmore	Annesley Park, Notts
OAKLEY, THE (Bedford)	Mon. Thur. & Sat., occasionally Tues.	Mr. Robert Arkwright	Master George Day, K.H.		Milton Earnst, Bedford
OFFIN'S, MR. (Billericay, Chelmsford, Brentwood)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. John Offin	Henry Rees	Joe Bailey C. Hagger	Great Burstead, Billericay
OXFORDSHIRE, SOUTH (Thame)	Mon. & Fri.	Earl of Macclesfield	Master	Fred Goeden, K.H. Charles Shepherd	Shirburn Castle, Teisworth
PENBROKESHIRE (Haverfordwest)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. C. H. Allen	Master	Cornelius Williams	Haverfordwest and Friskilly Forest
PENBROKESHIRE, SOUTH (Pembroke, Tenby, Narbeth)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. Henry Leach	George Griffiths	Thomas Palmer	Lawrenny, near Pembroke
PORTSMOUTH'S, EARL OF (Eggesford)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Earl of Portsmouth	C. Littleworth	Sam Morgan	Eggesford, N. Devon
POWELL'S, MR. (Llanboisly)	Tues. & Fri. and bye days	Mr. W. R. H. Powell	John Rees	George Shepard George Rees George George Edward Bently T. Beason	Maesgwynne, S. Wales
PUCKERIDGE (Bishop Stortford, Buntingford)	Mon. Wed. & Sat. & bye days	Mr. N. Parry	Alfred Hedges		Albury, near Ware, Herts
PYCHLEY (Northampton, Market Harboro', Kettering)	Mon. Tues. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. R. C. Naylor	John Machin	T. Ridley W. Goddard	Brixworth, Northampton, & Brigstock, near Thrapston

FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND)—continued.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
QUORN (<i>Letcher, Loughboro', Melton Mowbray</i>)	Mon. Tues. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. J. Coupland .	Tom Firr . . .	T. Wiggins. R. Smithers B. Strike	Quornden, Loughboro'
RADNOR'S, EARL OF (<i>Salisbury</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Earl of Radnor . .	J. Dale . . .	John Dale, Jun. Charles Burlitt	Longford Castle, Salisbury
RADBORGH & W. HERFORD (<i>Kington</i>)	Mon. & Fri.	Colonel Price . . .	Rice Jones . . .	William Price . . .	Castle Weir, Lyons Hall
ROLLE'S, HON. MARK (<i>Torrington, Bideford, Barnstaple</i>)	Four days a week	Hon. Mark Rolle . .	Charles Norris . .	W. Brice . . . T. Dawson	Stevenstone, Torrington
RUFFORD (<i>Newark, Southwell, Mans- field</i>)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. J. L. Francklin	George Orbell, Jun.	J. Cummins . . . S. Hayes	Rufford, Ollerton, Notts
SHREWSBURY (<i>Church Stretton, Wem.</i>)	Mon. & Thur. Tues. & Fri.	Mr. R. L. Burton .	George Kennett .	J. Simmons . . . G. Rose	Preston Boats, Shrewsbury
*SHROPSHIRE, NORTH . . . (<i>Shrewsbury, Whitechurch, Market Drayton</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Frid.	Hon. R. C. Hill . .	Master . . .	H. Judd, K.H.. Fred Payne	Lee Bridge, Preston, Brock- hurst, Salop
SINNINGTON (<i>Pickering, Helmsley, Kisby Moorside</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. T. M. Kendall .	John Parker . . .	Thomas Horsman . .	How Green House, Kisby Moorside
SOMERSET, WEST (<i>Dunder, Williton</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. G. F. Luttrell .	Henry Sebright . .	James Woodley . . . J. Sebright	Dowerhayes, Carhampton, Dunster, Taunton
SOUTHDOWN (<i>Brighton, Lewes, East- bourne</i>)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. R. J. Streatfield	George Champion .	Harry Saunders . . . Henry Parker	Ringmer, near Lewes
SOUTHWOLD (<i>Hornsea, Louth, Spilsby</i>)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Committee . . .	Dan Berkshire . .	Henry Pitts . . . W. Povey	Belchford, Hornsea
STAFFORDSHIRE, NORTH . . . (<i>Stoke-upon-Trent</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Capt. Nugent . . .	Stephen Dickens .	H. Jennings . . . J. Atkinson	Trentham
STAFFORDSHIRE, SOUTH . . . (<i>Lichfield</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Lord Henry Paget .	Edward Owen . .	O. Carter . . . William Webster	Mont Bank, Lichfield
SUFFOLK (<i>Bury St. Edmund's</i>)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. F. Greene, M.P. Mr. E. W. Greene	Mr. F. W. Greene. George Frost, K.H.	Thomas Enver . . . H. Simmons	Bury St. Edmund's

SURREY, OLD (Croydon, Godstone, West- terham)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. W. Mortimer Mr. J. Young	Samuel Hills	Thomas Hodges T. Johnson	Garston Hall, Kenley, Caterham Valley
SURREY UNION (Guildford)	Mon. Wed. Thur. & Sat. Tues. & Fri.	Hon. Francis Scott Mr. C. Egerton	George Summers Thomas Hastings	W. Cooper Harry Pacey	West Clandon, Guildford Battle, Sussex
SUSSEX, EAST (Hastings, Battle, St. Leonards)	Mon. Thur. & alternate Sat.	Mr. W. Ward Tailby	Master	Richard Christian John Grant	Skeffington, Leicester
TAILBY'S, MR. (Leicester, Oatham, Up- pingham, Marbet Harboro')	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat. Five days a fortnight Mon. & Thur.	A Committee Mr. W. Hall Mr. W. C. Rayer Mr. J. R. Howell	John Fricker Mr. W. P. Collier Master	J. Goddard W. Holdaway J. Cockayne W. Hemmings G. Merriman Thomas Lewis K.H.	Tedworth, Marlboro' Tickham, Sittingbourne Holcombe Court, Welling- ton, Somerset Noyadd Trefawr, Llandys- sil, S. Wales
TEDWORTH, THE (Andover, Marlboro')	Tues. & Sat. & a bye day Mon. Wed. & Frid.	Mr. C. Trelawney Mr. G. Fenwick	William Boxall N. Cornish	William Spiller P. Beck J. Melrose W. Ambler	Woodlands, Ivybridge, Devon Stagshawe, near Hexham
TICKHAM, S. (Faerham, Sittingbourne)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. F. M. Beddoes	J. Harris	Sam Francis	Cheney, Longville, Salop
TIVERTON, W. (Tiverton, Wellington)	Three days a week Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Sir William Throck- morton, Bart. Mr. W. W. B. Beach, M.P.	Robert Worrall James Stracy	John Bevans W. Wells Henry Strike	Oakley Park, Cirencester Overton, Hants
TIVY SIDE (Cardigan, Newcastle Emlyn, Llandysil)	Tuesday	Mr. H. Spencer Lucy	Charles Orvis	G. Bollen T. Perry	Kineton, Warwickshire
TRELAWNEY'S, MR. (Ivybridge, Plymouth)	Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Mr. Richard Lant	Tom Drayton	J. Press J. Baily	Milverton, near Leaming- ton
TYNEDALE (Hexham and Stamford- ham, Beley)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. J. B. Bolitho Mr. T. R. Bolitho Mr. R. F. Bolitho	J. W. Thompson	W. Nute	Madron, Penzance
UNITED PACK (Bishop's Castle)					
VALE OF WHITE HORSE (Cirencester)					
VINE, THE (Basingstoke, Overton, Kingscote, Whit- church)					
WARWICKSHIRE (Warwick, Leamington)					
WARWICKSHIRE, NORTH (Leamington)					
WESTERN (Penzance)					

FOXHOUNDS (SCOTLAND).

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
WHADDON CHASE (<i>Blethley, Winsley, Stoney Stratford</i>)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. W. Selby Lowndes	Master J. Smith, K.H.	W. Turrell W. Pendar	Whaddon, near Stoney Stratford
WHEATLAND (<i>Bridgnorth</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	A Committee	Jas. Alexander	John Kyle	Little Moor, Ridden, Oldbury, Bridgnorth
WILTS, WEST and SOUTH (<i>Warminster</i>)	Mon. & Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Lieut.-Col. Everett	George Southwell	C. Woodley William Hayward	Greenhill, Warminster
WORCESTERSHIRE (<i>Worcester, Malvern</i>)	Mon. & Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Mr. H. Allsop	Thomas Carr	G. Hoby	Fearnhall Heath, Worcester
WYNNE'S, SIR W. (<i>Onestry, Wrexham, Ellesmere, Whitchurch, Chester</i>)	Four days a week	Sir W. W. Wynne, Bart.	Charles Payne	G. Jones T. Smith Matthew Cook	Wynnastay, Ruabon
YORK AND AINSLEY (<i>York</i>)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Hon. Egremont W. Lascelles	Tom Squires	Trueman Tufts James Trevick	Acomb, near York

SCOTLAND.

BERWICKSHIRE, NORTH (<i>Dunse</i>)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Robert Calder	Charles Jones	John Frost	Kelloesmain, Edrom, Berwickshire.
BERWICKSHIRE (<i>Coldstream</i>)	Mon. Tues. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. Watson Askew	Goddard Morgan	Jacob Martin P. Whitecross	Lees, Coldstream, Berwickshire
BUCLEUCH, DUKE OF (<i>Malrose and Kalso</i>)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Duke of Buccleuch	William Shore	E. Cowley Thomas Cranstone	St. Boswell's, Roxburghshire
DUMFRIESHIRE (<i>Lockerbie</i>)	Five days a fortnight	Mr. J. Johnstone	Joseph Graham	Josh. Moss John Roberts	Leafield, by Lockerbie
EGLINTON'S, EARL OF (<i>Irvine, Ayr, Kilmarnock</i>)	Five days a week	Earl of Eglinton	George Cox	W. Buck W. Blakeborough	Eglinton Castle, Irvine, Ayr
FIFE (<i>Cupar</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Lieut.-Col. Greenhill Gardyne	Master	G. Palmer J. Shepherd, K.H.	New Inn, Markinch, Fife
FORTHSHIRE (<i>Forfar</i>)	Mon. & Thur.	Captain Carnegie	Master	H. Good G. Rae, K.H.	Lour, Forfar
LANARK and RENFREWSHIRE (<i>Glasgow</i>)	Tues. & Sat.	Col. Carrick Buchanan	John Squires	T. Cameron J. Flemington	Drumpellier, Lanarkshire & Houston, Renfrewshire
LOTHIANS (<i>Edinburgh</i>)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. James Hope Capt. Wauchopo	John Atkinson	E. F. Brooker Henry Wells	Golf Hall, Corstonphine Edinburgh

BALDWIN'S, MR. GODFREY . (Bandon, co. Cork)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. G. Baldwin	John Murphy	James Sullivan	Brookfield, Bandon
CARLOW AND ISLAND . (Carlow, Qullon, Nen- tonbarry)	Seven days a fortnight.	Mr. Robert Watson	Master	M. Connors B. Bryan	Ballydarton, Bagnalstown
CURRAGHMORE . (Currick-on-Suir, Waterford)	Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Marquis of Waterford	John Duke	D. Ryan W. Quin M. Herphy	Curraghmore, Portlaur, Wa- terford
DONALLOW . (Mallow)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. G. S. Ware	John Walsh	J. Connor	Doneraile, co. Cork
FERMOY'S, LORD . (Fermoy, co. Cork)	Tues. Fri. bye day	Lord Fermoy	John Smith	H. Cornelius	Killsnagig, Rathcormac, co. Cork
GALWAY COUNTY . (Athenry)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. Burton R. P. Persee	Master	P. Nolan P. Barry Joseph Turpin, K.H.	Moyode, near Athenry
KILDARE . (Naas)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Sir Edward Kennedy, Bart.	Richard Scarth	John Dwyer Will Freeman	Johnstown, Keenedy, Rath- coole, co. Dublin
KILKENNY . (Kilkenny)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. H. W. Briscoe	John Tidd	T. McAllister J. Heffernan T. Gilleran P. Tooney	Castle Blunden, Kilkenny Carras, near Croom
LIMERICK . (Limerick)	Five days a fortnight.	Sir David V. Roche, Bart.	Master John Kennedy, K.H.	Henry Harly, K.H.	Lisrenny, Ardee
LOUTH . (Dunluer)	Two or three days a week	Mr. W. de Salis Fil- gate	Master	John Corrin	Newgenstown, Kells.
MEATH . (Navan, Kells, Athbay)	Mon. Tues. Thurs. & Sat.	Mr. W. N. Waller	J. McBride Will Cox, K.H.	T. Novard John Bishop	Raplagh, Nenagh, co. Tipperary
ORMOND . (Nenagh, Borrisokane)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. G. Jackson	Master	M. Kennedy M. Wallace J. Mason, K.H.	Stradbally Hall, Queen's County
QUEEN'S COUNTY . (Stradbally, Maryborough)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. R. G. Cosby	Master	W. Bacon	Oatlands, Kinsale
SOUTH UNION . (Kinsale)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. T. W. Knolles	Master	John Aherne	Fethard, co. Tipperary
TIPPERARY . (Fethard, Clonmel, Cashel)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. John Goings	James Maiden	Patrick Conesidine Dennis Slattery	Castle Martyr, co. Cork
UNITED HUNT . (Cork)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Earl of Shannon	William Wheatley	Patrick Niel W. Morgan	
WESTMEATH .	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Captain Coote. Mr. D. V. Beatly	Master	Philip Morissy. John Morissy	Borodale, Enniscorthy
WEXFORD . (Enniscorthy)					

HARRIERS (ENGLAND).

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
ADAMS'S, CAPTAIN . . . (Carno)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Captain Adams . .	Thomas Owen . .	E. Humphreys. . .	Carno, Montgomeryshire
AIRDALE	Wed. & Sat.	Lieut.-Col. Fairfax.	Stephen Shepherd .	W. Shephard . . .	Eldwick, Bingley, Yorkshire
ASPULL	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. Gerard . . .	James Rigby	Aspull House, Wigan
B. V. H.	Tues. & Fri. .	Mr. C. Dundas Everett	Master	Charles Fynstone, K.H.	Besselsleigh, Abingdon
BIGGLESWADE (Biggleswade)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. George Race .	Master	G. Barrett	The Road Farm, Biggleswade
BOUGHLEY & SIR THOMAS, Bart.	No fixed days	Sir T. Boughley, Bt.	Master	J. Watkinson . . .	Aqualate, Newport, Shropshire
BRADFORD AND AIRDALE* . (Bradford)	Five days a fortnight	Mr. E. Salt . . .	James Tilley, K.H. Stephen Sheppard .	S. Sheppard, Jun. .	Eldwick, near Bingley
BRIGHTON	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. W. T. Dewe .	Master	P. Thorpe	Brighton
BROOKSIDE (Brighton, Lewes)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. John Saxby .	John Funnell . . .	J. Lowry	Iford, near Lewes
BRUYER'S, MR. (Middleham, Leyburn, Bedale, Richmond)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. S. Beard Mr. W. S. Bruere .	Master	W. Hodgkinson . .	Middleham, Bedale
BURNHAM (Weston-super-Mare)	Tues. Fri. & bye day	A Committee . . .	J. Binning	Burnham, Somerset
BUXTON AND PEAK FOREST (Buxton and Chapel-en-le-Frith)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. R. Bennet . .	J. Shaw	R. Green	Chapel-en-le-Frith
CARNARVON (Carnarvon)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Will Hayward .	Owen Jones	Pen Beyn, Carnarvon
COLCHESTER (Colchester)	Various	Mr. W. F. Luger .	Master	Roger Chapman . .	Colchester
CORBETT'S, SIR V. M. . . . (Shrewsbury)	Tues. & Fri.	Sir V. M. Corbett .	Master	W. Woodley	Acton, Reynald, Shrewsbury
CORYTON'S, Mr. (Nullich)	Mon. & Fri. .	Mr. Coryton . . .	Master	J. Higman	Bittleford, Landulph, Cornwall

COTLEY (Chard)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. T. P. Farnes	Master	Mr. W. D. Eames	Cotley, near Chard, Dorset
COWBRIDGE (Cowbridge)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. F. Stacy	Edwin Usher	J. Pridels	Llandough, Cowbridge
CRAYEN (Gargrave)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. J. Coulthurst	John Tobin	Joe Tankard	Holme Bridge, Gargrave
DART VALE (Totnes, Ashburton)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. Charles Bowden	Jeffery Pearce		Staverton, Totnes, Devon
DOVE VALLEY	Tues. & Fri.	Capt. Hyde Smith	John Golloway, K.H.		Rooster, Staffordshire
EASTBOURNE (Eastbourne, Lewes, Hailsham)	Mon. & Thur.	A Committee	James Hume	James Delves	Old Town, Eastbourne
EXMOOR (Porlock, Linton)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Abraham Phelps	Nicholas Snow	Daniel North	Porlock and Oare
FOWEY	Mon. & Thur.	A Committee	J. Collings	J. Steer	Lantyan, St. Sampson's, Par Station, Cornwall
FULFORD	Three days a week	Mr. E. S. Clarke	Master	C. Carnell, K.H.	Fulford, near Exeter
HARVEY'S, SIR ROBERT B.	Tues. & Fri.	Sir Robert B. Harvey	G. Farr	W. Young	Langley Park, Slough
HIGH PEAK (Bakewell, Wirksworth, Burton)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. R. Nesfield	Master	T. Thurlby	Oastle Hill, Bakewell, Derbyshire
HOLCOMBE (Ramsbottom)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. E. D. Wilson	John Jackson		Holcombe, Manchester
IBDIS SIDE (Dolgelly)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. E. Walker	Lewis Rowlands		Dolgunes, Dolgelly
JONES'S, CAPT. D.	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Capt. D. Jones	Master	W. Harris	Danyralit, Llandovery
KERRISON'S, SIR E.	Wed. . . .	Sir E. Kerrison	Richd. Fridlington	E. W. Jones	Oakley Park, Eye
LOWDALE (Hornby, near Lancaster)	Five days a fortnight	Mr. T. G. Edmondson	G. Sharp, K.H.	A. Wheatley	Low Benthams, near Lancaster
LYME	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. W. C. Brocklehurst, M.P.	Mr. T. H. Yalverton	John Marshall	Disley, Cheshire
MARSHALL'S, MR. C.* (Liskeard, Bodmin)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. Connock Marshall	Master	Mr. L. C. Marshall	Hendergrove, St. Clear, Liskeard, Cornwall
MATTOCKS, MR. (Taunton & Wellington)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. Robert Mattock	Master	T. A. Pratt	Lowton, Wellington
				James Rice	

HARRIERS (ENGLAND)—continued.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
MONTGOMERY, NORTH (<i>Llanfyllin</i>)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. W. A. Pugh	John Jones	William Evans	Bwlchyllan, near Llanfyllin
NANT EOS	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. R. H. Starkey Colonel Powell	E. Baker	H. Molyneux	Nant Eos, Aberystwith
NEWCASTLE & GATESHEAD (<i>Aberystwith</i>)	Mon. & Thur.	A Committee	Henry Sinclair	J. Burns	Cowgate, near Newcastle-on-Tyne
NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK (<i>Yarmouth</i>)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Edward Garrett	Master	Fredk. Encver	Clippesby, South House, Norwich
NORTHMOOR	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. J. A. Locke	Master	H. Harris, K.H.	Northmoor, Dulverton, Somerset
NORTH WALSHAM (<i>Dulverton</i>)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. William Smith	Master		Witton, North Walsham
OLDHAM	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. T. Mayall	S. Olloson	R. Hilton	Foxdenton, Chadderton, Manchester
OXENHOLME	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. C. W. Wilson	R. Jackson		High Peak, Oxenholme, Kendal
PEMBROKE'S, LORD (<i>Salisbury, Wilton</i>)	Variable	Lord Pembroke	Master	S. Herbert W. Flower	Wilton
PENDLE FOREST (<i>Burnley</i>)	Five days a fortnight & bye day	Major Starkie	W. Walmsley	John Horton	Huntroyde, Burnley
PENISTONE	Five days a fortnight	Mr. Hugh Thomasson	Master	W. Bramall J. Mitchell	Plumpton Thurlstone, near Penistone
PRYSE'S, MR. (<i>Llandysil</i>)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. Vaughan Pryse	Master	Thomas Jones	Bwlchlychan, Llanybyther
RADNORSHIRE (<i>Llandysil</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. S. C. Evans Williams	Master	Wm. Jones	Llandindod and Rhayader, Radnorshire
ROMNEY MARSH (<i>New Romney</i>)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. W. Dering Walker	Master	Thos. Bartlett	Honeychild Manor, New Romney
SADDLEWORTH	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. J. Broadbent	Master	J. Mellor	
SHRUBB'S, MR.	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. C. Peyto Shrubb	Master	W. Dowden	Vicar's Hill Lodge, Lynton, Hants

SILVERTON (Exeter, Tiverton)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. T. Webber	Master	John Pitts	Greenishmen, near Droom
SOUTHPOOL (Kingsbridge, Devon)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. F. A. Hildesworth	E. Arundel		Southpool, Kingsbridge, South Devon
ST. COLYNS (St. Columb, Newquay)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. John Searle	J. Flaminck	R. Solomon	Tregusick, St. Columb, Cornwall
TAUNTON VALE (Taunton)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. L. Patton	Master	Samuel Potter	Blackbrook, Taunton, Somerset
THANET (Margate, Ramsgate, Broadstairs)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Capt. Banks Tomlin	Mr. John White	H. Dewe	Dumpton Park, near Ramsgate
TORQUAY (Torquay)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. R. Gee	A. Gregory		Shipway, Collaton, Devon
TRAFFORD (Manchester)	Tues. & Fri.	Sir H. de Trafford	Robert Roberts G. Hill	— Gale	Trafford Park, Manchester
TUGWELL'S, M.R. W. E. (Derizes)	Five days a fortnight	Mr. W. E. Tugwell	Master	J. Rose J. King	Derizes
V. C. H. (Denbigh, Rhyl, Holyhead)	Five days a fortnight	Mr. R. F. Birch	Charles Pierce	T. Roberts	Maes Elwy, St. Asaph
WELLS	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. R. Lax	Mr. G. Evans, M.R.C.V.S.	John Cox	Coxley
WEST STREET (Sandwich)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. Michael Nether-sole	W. Stockwell		West Street, near Sandwich
WHITBY	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. E. W. Chapman	Joseph Trowsdale	John Stonehouse	Poplar Row, Whitby
WHITEHAVEN (Whitby)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. H. Jefferson	Henry Cass		Minelouse, near Whitehaven
WINDERMERE (Egremont, Culteridge)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. T. Ullock	T. Chapman		Bowness, Windermere
WIRRAL (Birkenhead, Bebington, Hooton)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. J. R. Court	G. Turner	H. Sheppard	Hooton, Cheshire
WORTHING (Worthing, Arundel)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Sir H. Fletcher Bart.	Master	H. Miller	Ham Manor, Arundel
YSTRAD MYNACH	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. George Thomas	Peter Symonds	Edward Purnell	Ystrad Mynach, Newport, Mon.

HARRIERS (SCOTLAND).

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
AYRSHIRE (Ayr)	Wed. & Sat..	Mr. Robert Ewen .	Master	Michael Marna . .	Ewenfield, Ayr
FIFE AND KINROSS (Dunfermline)	Mon. & Thur.	Colonel Jelf Sharpe	Master	John Scall	Hill of Beath, Croesgates
IRELAND.					
ALLENSTOWN	Tues. & Fri..	Mr. J. N. Waller .	Master	E. Kinnan	Allenstown, Navan.
AUBURN (Athlone)	Tues. & Fri..	Mr. G. A. D. Adam- son	Master	J. Brogan	Auburn Glason, Athlone, Westmeath
BOOTH'S, SIR R. G. (Lissadell, Sligo)	Mon. & Thur.	Sir R. Gore Booth, Bart., M.P.	Richard Holmden .	Andrew Pray . . .	Lissadell, co. Sligo
BELLINTER (Navan)	Three days a week	Mr. J. J. Preston .	Master	James Horan . . .	Bellinter, Navan
CASTLE CONNELL (Castle Connell)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. C. J. Finch. .	Master	Patrick Bradley	Castle Connell, Limerick
CASTLEFREKE (Clonakilty)	Mon. & Thur.	Lord Carbery . . .	W. Stourds	Maurice Doyle . .	Castlefreke, Clonakilty, co. Cork
CHADWICK'S, MR. (Arva Vale)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. W. Chadwick .	Master	D. Horan	Aravale, Tipperary.
CLONMEL (Carrick, Caher, Felhard)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. T. G. Phillips .	The Master	John Scott	Morton Street, Clonmel
CORK (Cork)	Tues. & Fri..	Mr. Richard Martin	W. Burns	Pat Allagher Patrick Moloney . .	Blackpool, Cork
DERRY (Londonderry)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. D. Hall	J. Donocco	Glendermott Hill
DROUGHT'S, CAPTAIN (Castlereagh, Roscommon)	Mon. & Thur.	Capt. G. W. Drought	Master	John Connor Joseph Smith . . .	Carquis, Tulsk
DUFFEIN (Comber)	Wed. & Sat..	Mr. J. B. Houston .	Daniel Murphy . .	J. Munn	Comber, co. Down

FERMANAGH (Enniskillen)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. N. M. Archdale	Master	Peter Murphy	Dunbar, near Enniskillen.
HENDRICK'S, MR.* (Naas)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. T. Hendrick	Master	John Roe Michael Boyle	Kerdistown, Naas, co. Kildare
IVEAGH (Banbridge)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. J. J. Whyte	Martin Quirk		Kilpike, Banbridge, co. Down
KILCREENE (Kilkenny)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. E. Smithwick	Master	W. Connor	Kilcreene, Kilkenny
KILDARE (Kildare)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. T. G. Waters	Master	John Kelly	Kilpatrick, Monasterevan
KILLULTAGH (Lisburn, Antrim)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. T. R. Stanners	W. Cunningham	A. King	Lisburn, co. Antrim
KING'S COUNTY (Parsonstown)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. J. F. Hutchinson	Hugh Day		Fortal, Parsonstown
KINSALE	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Richard Gillman	Master	C. Rity	Sandy Cove, Kinsale
LECALE (Downpatrick)	Mon. & Thur.	Colonel Forde, M.P.	T. Rudwick	R. Mitchell	Seaford, co. Down
MCCLEINTOCK'S, MAJOR. (Omagh)	Mon. & Thur. & Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Major Perry McCleintock	Master	P. McHugh H. Dennis	Seakinore, Omagh, Tyrone
MANSERGH'S, MR. (Thurles and Cashel)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. O. L. Mansergh	Master	John Ryan	Springfield, Holycross
MAYO, SOUTH (Claremorris & Ballinadee)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. B. Jennings	Master	John Brennan	Mount Jennings, Hollymount, co. Mayo
MEATH UNION*	Two days a week	Mr. Philip Blako	Master		Ladyrath, Navan, co. Meath
MONAGHAN, THE (Monaghan)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Lord Rosemore	H. McElroy	Paul Duff J. Richardson	Camla, near Monaghan
NEWRY (Newry)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. T. Darcy Hoey	Master	John Pigott	Drumcashlone
NEWBRIDGE (Newbridge)	Tues. & Fri.	A Committee			Newbridge
ROCKENHAM (Cork City)	Variable	Mr. Noble Johnson	David Barry	None	Rockenham, co. Cork

HARRIERS (IRELAND)—continued.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
ROUTE (Coleraine, Ballymoney) ROYAL CORK YACHT CLUB (Queenstown)	Thur. & Fri. Tues. & Fri..	Mr. Hugh Lecky . Mr. H. Duggan . .	G. Hackett . . . John Mulcahy Capt. Holmes . . . Luke Egan	Ballyangry, Coleraine Ballynoe, co. Cork
SALT *	Mon. & Fri. .	Mr. T. Conolly, M.P.	T. Burke	Cashelown, Celbridge, co. Kildare
STACCOOLE'S, MR. (Jimerick)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Richard Stac- coole	Master	P. Cunningham . .	Edenhall, Ennis
STRONGE'S, SIR J. (Tynan, Caledon, Ar- magh)	Mon. & Thur.	Sir Jas. M. Stronge, M.P.	Joseph Gardner .	G. M'Arce	Fellows Hall, Tynan, co. Armagh
WARBURTON'S, MR. (Portarlinton, Geashill)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. R. Warburton .	G. Milhall . . .	G. Kenny	The Cops, Garrylinch, Port- arlinton
WEST CORK (Skibbereen)	Tues. & Fri..	Mr. Stephen Sweet- man	John Leahy . . .	P. Williams F. Bailey	Garrylinch, Portarlinton, Queen's co.
WICKLOW* (Rathdrum)	Tues. & Fri. .	Mr. W. Comerford .	G. Clair	J. Agg's	Comelard, Rathdrum, Wicklow



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Antyphandings

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BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

LORD FITZHARDINGE.

FRANCIS WILLIAM FITZHARDINGE, second Baron of that name, of the historic blood of the Berkeleys, possessor of their old castle, and lord of the broad acres thereto pertaining, was destined from his birth by the force of circumstances to be a sportsman. The Berkeleys have been mighty hunters from time well nigh immemorial; and whether in that 'Old Berkeley country' which was once said to extend from Hyde Park Corner to the castle, over the Cotswold Hills, or in the deep vale of Gloucestershire, there might some of their name be found going straight and well.

The subject of our present sketch, the son of Sir Maurice Berkeley, the first Baron, was born in 1826, and was entered at Rugby in 1842, the last year of Dr. Arnold's mastership. While there he saved the life of a schoolfellow of the name of Sandford, who had got out of his depth bathing in the Avon, for which plucky action the Sixth Form agreed to award him the privileges of the Fifth Form, a compliment which Rugbeans will understand and appreciate. On leaving Rugby he obtained a commission in the Blues, where he remained till 1857, when he married the daughter of Colonel William Holme Sumner, of Hatchlands, Surrey, and left the service. Many are the anecdotes told of this period of his life, and of his 'going' with his brother-in-law, Lord Gifford, who about that time was Master in succession of the Ludlow, the H. H., and the Vale of White Horse. He was early entered, of course, at Berkeley Castle, but he spent a good deal of his leave with Lord Gifford. He rode a race or two in those days also, and he was occasionally seen at Newmarket and other racecourses. But hunting was, and is, we fancy, his grand passion, and no one could beat him with his light weight across the Berkeley Vale in the time of his best horses, The Pope and Citizen. He was always in front in the deep ground and over the big 'Renes' (Gloucestershire for wide, open ditches) which intersect the Berkeley country. Exceedingly popular in the Blues both with officers and men, full of fun and humour, he has been the subject of many a good story and jest that kept the table in a roar.

Lord Fitzhardinge is very fond of shooting, and is, we believe, a fair shot, and has had particularly good sport this season at Berkeley. He succeeded his father in the title and mastership of the hounds in 1867, is Lieutenant-colonel of the Gloucestershire Hussars, and Lieutenant-colonel commandant of the South Gloucestershire Militia, and before his accession to the title represented Cheltenham in Parliament for eight or nine years.

In the current number of 'Baily,' the able pen that tells our readers of 'Country Quarters' has the Berkeley Hounds for its theme. To those pages we refer for further information on that celebrated pack, its country, and its noble Master.

TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR 'BAILY,' now that winter's hand
In icy fetters holds the land
From glimpses of the sun ;
And Sport and Pastime doomed to range
Adown 'the ringing grooves of change,'
In narrowing cycles run ;

What though no more the sheeted string
To echoing downs takes early wing,
Doomed to the silent straw,
And, all its silken banners furled,
No longer weighs the sporting world
Some point of racing law.

Though sail and pennon folded by,
No longer flout the wintry sky,
And pulseless hangs the oar ;
And yew unbent, unarmoured sleeps,
And willow in retirement weeps
The 'days that are no more.'

Still, like a laurel ever green,
Unfolds its leaves your Magazine ;
Its fruit some well-known face
Bids to our sight resemblance start
Of some high master of his art,
On Turf, or Road, or Chase.

Still realms of sport, remote and wild,
Lie open to Adventure's child
In Breton forests free ;
Where roams the wolf in search of ruth,
Or whets the foaming boar his tooth
Against some ancient tree.

And oft, on distant echoes borne,
We hear Kergoorlas wind his horn
To rouse the hunter clan;
And ringing deep through startled glade,
In pæans for his gory blade,
The shout of Keryfan!

Shall classic 'S.' no more indite,
For lagging hours of winter's night,
Some tale of racing lore?
In 'Druid's' garb his form enfold,
And charm its secret from the wold,
Its legend from the moor?

And who that turns his eager sight
To find what burden of delight
Your faithful pages carry,
But treads in fancy some far land,
With Sport and Science hand-in-hand,
And hails the 'Old Shekarry'?

In 'Country Quarters' snugly pent,
The 'winter of your discontent'
Shall pass serenely by;
And talk of horse and hunt and hound,
Beguile the hapless weather-bound
Beneath a frosty sky.

Whilom some Nestor of the chase
With moving anecdote may grace
Your winter-hunting numbers;
The men who rode at Waterloo,
Or saw the day from Greatwood thro',
Arousing from their slumbers.

And he, perchance, whose mighty lyre
Has cast a glamour wreath of fire
His best-loved sport around,
From recollection of 'the Vale,'
Shall weave some tributary tale
Of high poetic sound.

High tried in many a well-fought Field,
The driver of 'Our Van' shall wield
His deftly varied pen;
With touches negligently bold
Depict each trait of Sport, and hold
The mirror up to men.

Drive on—when Folly rears too high,
 Flick lightly off the offending fly
 That might forbearance crave;
 Lash down Deceit, and Shame, and Wrong,
 The terrors of thy double thong
 Reserving for the knave.

So, 'Bailly,' may a future age
 The wealth of your recording page
 Delighted linger o'er;
 Like those on desert stones who trace
 The annals of a by-gone race
 In characters of yore.

For me, as long as this poor rhyme,
 'The frail result of leisure time,
 Finds favour in your sight,
 My pains shall rise with your regard,
 And your approval well reward
 A labour of delight!

AMPHION.

COUNTRY QUARTERS.

GLoucestershire.—LORD FITZHARDINGE'S HOUNDS.

COMMENCING the history of the Berkeley country, our friend said:
 'It would, perhaps, be difficult to say when hounds were first kept
 'at Berkeley Castle, but we know that a celebrated pack has existed
 'there for a very great number of years; and in the old days, when
 'there were no boundaries, the fifth Earl hunted all the way, it is
 'said, from Bristol to London, with a kennel at their seat at
 'Cranford, in Middlesex, another at Gerard's Cross, and a third at
 'Nettlebed, and a kennel at Berkeley, thus making their country
 'fully 120 miles long.'

'I suppose, then, what is now called the Old Berkeley country
 'formed a part of it?'

'No! You must not confound the country round Berkeley
 'Castle, in hunting history, with that known as the old Berkeley
 'with which Mr. Harvey Combe (from the year 1810) was so long
 'associated; for although his country was a very extensive one, he
 'did not draw any coverts in the vicinity of Berkeley Castle, for
 'about the same time Lord Dursley, afterwards Earl of Berkeley,
 'established a pack of foxhounds, and hunted the Gloucestershire
 'part.

'Also, about this time or a little earlier (1808), Colonel Berkeley,
 'afterwards Lord Segrave and Earl Fitzhardinge, at first hunted for
 'a few seasons the neighbourhood of Cheltenham from Frogmill.
 'Then he came to Cheltenham with a few friends, and might be

' said to have had three countries, for he had also the Berkeley and
' the Broadway, and at first drew the Newent Woods and some
' country between Gloucester and Ledbury, but this part was soon
' abandoned; but for many years he hunted what is now the
' Cotswold country and the Berkeley Vale in alternate months,
' beginning at Berkeley on October 15th, and removing to Chel-
' tenham in November, for the original Fitzhardinge country ran
' nearly to Evesham, what is now the Broadway, was hunted regu-
' larly once a week (on Saturdays), when the members used to dine
' and sleep at the Lygon Arms at Broadway on the Friday, returning
' home to dine at the Plough Hotel. At Broadway they always had
' lampreys for dinner, and excellent claret. Afterwards Lord Segrave
' hunted the country at his own expense, and had kennels at
' Berkeley, Cheltenham, and Broadway, and he hunted the
' Berkeley and the Cotswold country in alternate months. The
' country is composed chiefly of grass, and generally holds a good
' scent. The hill part of the original Berkeley country was fenced
' with stone walls, and was not so very difficult to cross, but there
' were some rasping fences in the vale, and many sluices or water-
' courses, often as wide as an ordinary brook, easy to get into and
' bad to get out of, so that you required a good water-jumper to cross
' it. These water-courses are called Renes, and cover all the
' country between Berkeley and King's Weston (which is situate at
' the mouth of the Avon), a distance of about twenty miles. It is
' bounded by the Severn on one side, and the Duke of Beaufort's
' country on the other. The district between Thornbury and
' Berkeley in a dry season is the home of the hunt. There are
' plenty of foxes, and the farmers are all supporters of hunting. This
' country has the advantage that, when the Vale is too wet, the hill
' is dry. It has a good bit of woodland, although none of the woods
' are very large. The biggest are on the hills between Dursley and
' Wotton-under-Edge, towards Stinchcomb and Kingscote. In the
' Cheltenham country are the Chedworth and Star Woods and the
' Guiting Woods. St. Michael's Wood in the Vale is a good
' covert, so is Tortworth Copse; Tiley and Nibley Woods are
' good, and the hills separating the Badminton country are full
' of foxes. The whole carries a good scent, and over the Rene
' country there is the certainty for a gallop from Fishing House
' Withy Bed—a stiff piece of country which the old Earl used to say
' was only fit for a man of twenty-five—or New Passage Gorse;
' still the foxes are sometimes of a ringing bad sort, and they think
' nothing of killing two or three brace a day. But this was not
' always so, for they have had some very straight runs; for instance,
' a notable one about the year 1859, when they ran from St.
' Michael's Wood up to Hardwicke Court, and all the nags were
' beaten; when Mr. John Bayley, on a horse called New Zealander,
' Lord Royston, and Mr. Robert Chapman were to the front in this
' run. Then once after a bucketing day in Hill's Wood they found a
' fox, which they killed very late in the evening at Cambridge (which

‘ it is almost needless to add is not the seat of the University), when
‘ Lord Fitzhardinge, old Harry Ayris, and a son of Mr. Baker, of
‘ Hardwicke Court, who was out hunting for the first time, got to the
‘ end. However, probably the best day with the Berkeley hounds
‘ was a fast thing in the morning from Thornbury Park to Church
‘ Wood, and a very fine run in the afternoon from Hill’s Wood to
‘ the hills above Wotton-under-Edge, in the Badminton country,
‘ with a kill.

‘ With regard to the Meets, few draw larger fields than Morton
‘ Maypole or Hill Court, which is a sure find ; but about from forty
‘ to fifty is their usual field, few proprietors, but lots of farmers—jolly
‘ fellows—most of them being heavy weights.

‘ About 1827 we find the well-known Johnny Bushe then lived at
‘ Cheltenham, and was a great man there, kept a pack of harriers,
‘ and hunted on the hills, and was a first-rate hand over the walls,
‘ and at the same time Major Hamilton was going. Then there
‘ were great parties at Berkeley Castle, amongst whom were the late
‘ Sir George Wombwell, Mr. Colmore (father of the late master of
‘ the Cotswold), who always rode a good horse ; the Doyne of
‘ Ireland, one of whom—a big man—went to Melton ; Doctor
‘ Townsend of Cleere, and Mr. Barnard of Whitefield, were both
‘ good sportsmen, and kept harriers, and, perhaps, were of a little
‘ earlier date than the others mentioned.

‘ Colonel Berkeley’s huntsman was Will Lepper, who had been
‘ first whip to Sir Thomas Mostyn, assisted by Will Price, who went
‘ to Lord Darlington.

‘ Lord Fitzhardinge was very keen in all things appertaining to
‘ fox-hunting, and regularly kept a diary, which has, unfortunately,
‘ disappeared ; but he was full of strange prejudices. One was, he
‘ said he hated dividing the sexes, and he always ran dogs and bitches
‘ together. As regards hounds, he thought more of nose than beauty,
‘ in which he was quite right, although it is not the fashion of the
‘ present day. About 1844 he hunted the hounds himself. He had
‘ a fine voice in covert, and blew his horn wonderfully ; but Harry
‘ Ayris took hold of them in the open if the Earl was not up. Ayris
‘ was engaged as whip in 1826. He was one of the best hunts-
‘ men ever seen, a very bold rider over all kinds of fences, never lost
‘ his hounds, and thoroughly knew his business either in kennel or
‘ field. Sir Richard Sutton, who came occasionally to stay at Berkeley,
‘ said his only fault was that he was too much on the back of his
‘ hounds. His great points were his keenness and quickness in
‘ getting at a fox, and his extreme coolness and nerve when he had
‘ got one beaten before him. Running hard one day from the Vale
‘ up towards Hill’s Wood, the hounds suddenly threw up close to
‘ the covert, and on being cast back could make nothing of it.
‘ Most huntsmen would have gone into covert with the chance of
‘ hitting the line, and have probably moved a fresh fox. Not so,
‘ Harry. A few hundred yards back they had passed a large wood,
‘ surrounded with brambles and osiers. The hounds were still at

' fault; but old Harry jumped off his horse, waded into the pond, and after poking about the brambles discovered his fox curled up between wind and water.

' Harry Ayris was the cheeriest man as a companion across country ever seen, an excellent servant, and very popular with all grades of society. He bred one of the most celebrated hounds of modern times in Cromwell, a somewhat plain grey and white dog, whose fame as a stallion has spread through most of the kennels of England. The last season or two Ayris had a wonderful pony that he preferred to the bigger horses, and which could carry him like a bird through the Vale. He resigned in 1866, in consequence of an accident, breaking his leg over a rotten little fence, when he said to some who stopped to help him, "Go on! don't you see they are running into him?" In 1836 Henry Skinner and Ben Morgan were his whips, and in 1839 John Duncombe from the Warwickshire, and Kit Atkinson, son of Lord Portman's huntsman, a very clever fellow, who went to the V.W.H., turned them to him; and by Jack Hickman, who was born at Gloucester, and who was afterwards with the H.H., Oakley, and Mr. Tailby, and is now hunting staghounds in Norfolk. I have been told that a tenant of Lord Fitzhardinge once said to Ayris, "Pray, Mr. Ayris, let me have the little bitch back again. Why, when I had her, there wasn't a hare on the farm, and now they are eating me up."

' Lord Fitzhardinge was very liberal in paying for poultry said to be destroyed, and paid bill after bill without any demur, until one day a claim was made for a calf; when he said, "No, Ayris, no; they will send in for a sow and pigs next!" But I have heard of an old farmer, who lived near Andoversford, who had lost a lot of poultry by a fox, till at last he was tempted to set a trap for him, and offered a reward for him, dead or alive. One morning a fox was brought into his yard in a bag, and the old boy sallied out into his yard to deal vengeance, but the sight of the captive was too much for him. "Damn thee," he said, "I cannot kill thee," and he had him put into the bag again and turned out in a field, the jolly old fellow view-hallooing him clear away. When the old Peer heard of it, he sent him the biggest salmon that could be found in the Severn, with his kind regards. A horse-dealer, who, for the sake of euphony, I will call Sanguinary Richard, once came up to Lord Fitzhardinge, then advanced in years, and said, "I have a horse, my Lord, which will just suit you; he is a famous gal-loper and a first-rate fencer." "Ah," said the old Peer, "can he stand still?"

' Amongst other of the old Earl's peculiarities, he would always have black puddings and toasted cheese for dinner at Berkeley Castle—though not touched, they were bound to be there. The black puddings were made by his French cook, and the toasted cheese, on which the Earl particularly prided himself, was made from a peculiar kind of cheese which came from one of his farms.

‘ When travelling, or if at an hotel, and he wanted only a single glass of sherry, he always had a whole bottle for the good of the house, and he was always very liberal to servants. He constantly had a man with him to tell what the hounds were doing when in covert; and on one occasion, sending him to see what was going forward in a large covert, he returned, and said, “ I think, my Lord, they are running down there.” “ Think !” answered the Earl, giving him a thundering whack over the shoulders, “ I don’t keep you to think. Go, and bring me word what they are doing.” As may be expected, the man returned next time with more precise information, when he said, “ Very well; remember, for the future, to tell me facts, and not to think.” He was well supported both by the gentlemen and farmers, and always had a good show of foxes, especially in the coverts of General Lygon, Sir Charles Cockerell at Seizincote, at Rendcomb in those of Sir William Guise, and both Mr. Wynniatt at Nainton, and Mr. Brown of Hazleton, always had a fox ready for him.

‘ It was a pretty sight to see the old Peer arrive at a Meet, when he was received by all assembled with almost regal honours. The hounds used to sit down and watch for him, and you knew he was coming by a general movement of their sterns. The old Earl would get off his horse, and allow them to jump up and put their paws on his shoulders, no matter how dirty the weather, while he bent down to let some of his favourites lick his face. But the Earl used sometimes to blow up in wonderful language, and was no respecter of persons when out of temper.

‘ In 1840 there were large fields with Lord Segrave, consisting chiefly of regular visitors; and for about the next fifteen years Cheltenham was at its gayest, and there were jolly days and jolly nights also. The leading men at this period were the Hon. Craven Berkeley, his brother, and Member for Cheltenham, who went well from Berkeley; Lord Redesdale of Batsford Park, a capital judge of hunting, many years Master of the Heythrop; Sir Charles Cockerell, who took the name of Rushout, also a good workman, and a fine old sportsman; Colonel or General Charritie, who lived at Cheltenham, was an extraordinary character, owner of Napoleon, who ran the celebrated steeplechase in 1832 for 1000 sovereigns, with Moonraker against the Squire’s Grimaldi. He was a wonderfully plucky old fellow, and clever at everything; a good rider, shot, and amateur actor. He once made a wager that he won a steeplechase, a pigeon-match, and acted Richard III. in the evening, and he brought them all three off. In those days they used to get up steeplechase lotteries at Cheltenham, and let Colonel Charritie win. Ainslie Robinson on one occasion couldn’t hold his horse, and the old Colonel sung out, “ For God’s sake hold hard, Robinson, or you’ll win !” When in London he always paid little Bartley a daily visit, to have a chat with him. About thirty years ago he made a snuff-mixture, of which he was very proud, in order that his friends might know

‘ what a good judge he was. This mixture, a monument, raised to his memory, is still to be seen at Fribourg and Treyer’s, in the Haymarket. He died in 1866. Colonel Hardinge, a very fine old man, and quiet good horseman, one of the old Tenth ; Mr. Stuart, one of the oldest members of the Berkeley Hunt, who wore a very stiff neckcloth, was constantly out, and a great favourite ; Mr. Price Lewes of Cheltenham, who was always a bruiser, and made his mark in Northamptonshire in the days of Mr. Osbaldeston, was one of the last of the old Berkeley set, and liked by all who knew him. Arthur Edwin Way, formerly of Trinity College, Oxford, and Ashton Lodge, Bristol, was a capital fellow, liked a good dinner, and told a capital story, was Master of the Cheltenham stag-hounds ; Mr. Wilkins de Winton, a Brecknockshire man, who had a good stud, and staying with him at the Plough, also Colonel Edward Wood of the Glamorganshire Militia, formerly of the 12th Lancers, who had some good horses ; Mr. Place, a jolly heavy weight ; Mr. Frank Holland of Crophorn, a first-rate preserver ; Captain John Probyn, well-known in Gloucestershire, was difficult to beat ; Mr. Francis Woodward of Overbury, a very hard rider, to whom the Earl said he would willingly give 300*l.* a year if he would stay at home and not override his hounds ; Mr. Cridland, a friend of old General Charritie, and Mr. Whitehead, who hunted from Cheltenham. One of the most amusing men and greatest characters who used to come to Cheltenham (about 1847) was Nick Throckmorton, an uncle of the present baronet ; he was very witty and full of quaint sayings and anecdotes. It was a treat to be in the coffee-room of an evening with him and Dillon Browne, an Irishman, who gave great dinners at the Plough, also a most amusing fellow, but a curious character—their stories would keep all the rest in a roar. Sir Maxwell Steele, who took the name of Graves, and died recently, was a good deal at Cheltenham, and hunted occasionally ; and Sir William Russell, of Charlton Park, used to hunt when not with his regiment. He latterly commanded the 14th Hussars. Isaac Day of Northleach, went well to hounds anywhere, and was noted for his clever hackneys ; Mr. William Kimber, a yeoman, would ride at fences nobody else would, a well-known judge at Coursing Meetings, is now living at Leamington ; Mr. Crowther of Somerville Ashton, a farmer who came into a large fortune just before he died, kept very good horses, and rode hard ; Mr. Fulwer Craven of Brockhampton Park, who stopped at the Plough, was a great character—quite one of the old school—and wore in his shirt large studs of his horses. He had a great horror of anybody wearing slippers in the coffee-room. Once a stranger came in and rang the bell, and said, “ Waiter, get me a pair of slippers.” “ Yes, sir.” “ Waiter,” said Mr. Craven, “ when you have served that gentleman, bring me a ———.” Colonel de Lancy, a Jersey man, who also lived at the Plough, always had a bowl of porridge—a regular bran mash—for breakfast ; and Messrs.

‘ Rimel and Roberts, in the Broadway country, were good men to hounds about this period.

‘ About 1844 Sir James Musgrave, of Leicestershire renown, hunted in this country, and I must not omit Mr. Fortescue, and his niece, Miss Northey, a pretty woman, who was about the best lady rider, if not the only one, had some tremendous croppers, but was never hurt. Mr. Ainslie Robinson, the Master of the Cheltenham stag-hounds, was a very jolly fellow and very popular; Mr. Charles Biss, a nice weight with good hands, owned some celebrated steeplechase horses; Mr. Stoughton of Owlpen Uley is still going; Mr. Ernle Warriner, of the Carbineers, hunted a good deal from Cheltenham, and his brother also; Mr. Jemmy Dyson hunted occasionally from Cheltenham, but did not consider himself a regular hunting man; Mr. Bennett of Cheltenham, a brother-in-law of Mr. Colmore, Mr. Saunders, Mr. Wallace Hall; and Mr. Peach of Tockington used to hunt a great deal before he became a great invalid; Mr. Penrose, a very powerful man on a horse, and a most determined man to hounds, died recently; Mr. Croome of Cirencester; Colonel Foley, on the Cheltenham side from Seizincote, well known with the Heythrop, a brother-in-law of Sir Charles Cockerell, with whom he lived; Mr. Galton, a gentleman farmer; Mr. Watkins; Mr. Benyon Barton, Master of the Cheltenham stag-hounds; Mr. Edward Griffiths of Marl Hill, a very hard man to hounds, who always came up to London for the Agricultural Show; Mr. Dorington of Lypiatt Park; Squire Browne of Salperton Park was a mighty hunter, and George Fletcher, a Cotswold farmer, was one of the best known and hardest men in the hunt.

‘ Then there was a regular Cheltenham troop who used to meet at Mr. Robert Chapman’s, Saddle-room, which was a grand rendezvous; Charley Lindow, who used to ride races, and was rather fond of fighting; Mr. Hogg, Mr. Chapman’s father-in-law; John Homfray of Cowbridge, familiarly called Gimlet, than whom nobody could tell a story better; Edward Armytage, and Sumner Smith, who afterwards migrated to Brighton.

‘ Amongst others of that period were George Reeves, now of Maiden Erleigh, who then kept a riding-school and let out horses, and Mr. Toynbee, now of the Pavilion in Sloane Street.

‘ In 1857 Sir Maurice Berkeley, afterwards Lord Fitzhardinge, who, as a young man, had been a first-rate rider, and one of the hardest of the hard in his day in Leicestershire, in the time of Sir Bellingham Graham, whom he considered the best horseman he had ever seen, in 1861 gave up a portion of the country to the Cotswold. Even up to the very last you could not offend him more than by jumping a fence in front of him. He had a wonderful old grey horse, named Sam, whom he rode for many seasons, and his old mare Lily was going with the Berkeley hounds up to the last season or two. Harry Ayris was his huntsman, Charles Turner, his son-in-law, first whip, and his son Harry second. On the

‘ veteran’s retiring, Charles Hamblin, who had been sixteen years with the Rufford, came as huntsman, and was soon succeeded by James McBride, who went to the Quorn in 1870, and William Backhouse, son of the old Holderness huntsman, who had whipped in some years to the Southwold under Dan Berkshire, took the horn. He is a very keen and somewhat old-fashioned sportsman, a capital rider and famous huntsman in the field.

‘ In 1868 Lord Fitzhardinge, late Captain Francis Berkeley, of the Blues, became Master. He is wonderfully popular with the farmers, and they never let him go by their houses if they can help it. He rode races a good deal when in the Blues, and was thought very good on the flat as well as over a country, and now it takes a good one to beat him when in the humour. During his Mastership the following have hunted with him:—Mr. T. Barrick Baker of Hardwicke Court, Mr. L. Darell and Mr. H. Darell, sons of Sir Lionel of Fretherne Court, Mr. T. Phelps of Chestal, Captain Knipe, related to Mr. Colmore, Captain Powell, Mr. T. Stanton, Mr. Richards of Dursley, Mr. Olive, Mr. Percy Barker of Fairford Park, Doctor Evans of Gloucester, who was very fond of hunting, Mr. Granville E. Lloyd Baker of Hardwicke Court, Mr. Whitehead, who died about two years ago, Mr. Buchan of Shepperdine House, who is very hospitable, Mr. T. Bush of Eastcote Alveston, Captain Arthur Sumner, a brother-in-law of Lord Fitzhardinge, whose father kept the Surrey Union, Major Robertson of Wotton, Captain W. E. Price, M.P. for Gloucester, of Tibberton Court, Messrs. John, Philip, and Cruger Miles of Pen Pole, and Mr. W. H. Miles of Ham Green, Mr. George Long, Lord Fitzhardinge’s agent, Wotton-under-Edge, Mr. H. Clifford of Frampton, for whom no fence is too big, Colonel W. C., Master of Almondsbury, Knowle, and the Rev. Augustus Master, a first-rate man to hounds, Mr. W. O. Maclaine of King-ton House, Thornbury, the Rev. C. Heyworth of Henbury, Rev. G. J. Charlton of Elberton, a fine old sportsman, and his son Mr. George Charlton, Mr. Albany B. Saville late of the 7th Hussars, Major Peach of Tockington, Mr. Wm. Hobbs of Wickwar, Mr. L. Young of Hertham, Mr. and Mrs. Allen of Fern Park, Sir Charles Cuyler of Oakleaze, Tockington, Mr. Kington Oliphant of Clifton, and his brother Captain Kington, and from the same place Mr. Charles Cave, Mr. Canning, and Mr. Adams; the Messrs. Grace, so well known as cricketers; Miss Williams, a fine horsewoman—now Lady Aylesford; and Mr. Clifford, who is a regular man.

‘ The horses come mostly from Mr. Chapman, and are a good, sound, useful stud of the old-fashioned stamp; but some of the best horses in the Berkeley stable have been bred there. From one mare they have had eight or ten first-rate hunters, including High Sheriff and Recorder. In fact, everything about the place is Berkeley simply—it is unlike every other place. Their first uniform was yellow-plush coats, then the last Earl Fitzhardinge

‘ changed it into scarlet, with black collar and a large silver fox
 ‘ with a gold brush. Sir Maurice, afterwards created a peer, dropped
 ‘ back to the yellow ; while the present Lord has followed his uncle,
 ‘ and gone once more to the red with black collar. The hounds
 ‘ are compact, with good size and bone, and noted for their fine
 ‘ nose and tongues. For hunting with these hounds a man should
 ‘ keep his horses at Alveston Ship, a good hostelry. At Chipping
 ‘ Sodbury, where there is good accommodation at the Portcullis, or
 ‘ at Barnard’s Stables, at the White Lion at Yate, whence he can
 ‘ reach the Badminton hounds also. At Gloucester the inns are the
 ‘ Spread Eagle and the Bell, quite an old-fashioned looking but now
 ‘ modernized hotel, celebrated in Fielding’s “Tom Jones.” ’

FAREWELL TO TARPORLEY.

To comrades of the hunting field, tho’ sad to say farewell,
 ’Tis pleasant still on olden days at Tarporley to dwell :
 On friends for whom, alive or dead, our love is unimpair’d,
 The mirth and the adventure and the sport that we have shar’d.

The feelings of good fellowship which Tarporley unite,
 The honour’d names recorded which have made its annals bright,
 Old Charley Cholmondeley’s portrait and the fashion of our clothes,
 In the days of padded neckcloths, breeches green and silken hose.

The upright form of Delamere, Sir Richard’s graceful seat,
 The brothers three from Dorfold sprung whom none of us could beat ;
 The fun with which Bob Grosvenor enliven’d every speech,
 The laugh of Charley Wicksted lengthen’d out into a screech.

The classical Quæsitum and the President’s hard chair,
 Each year’s succeeding patroness whose charms were toasted there ;
 The inevitable wrangle which the farmer’s cup provokes,
 Sir Watkin cracking biscuits, and Sir Harry cracking jokes.

The match in which, though Adelaide but held a second place,
 No judge was there to certify that Go-by won the race,
 The stakes withheld—the winner told jocosely by the Hunt,
 With nothing else to pocket he must pocket the affront.

The foxes which from Huxley Gorse have led us many a dance,
 Joe Maiden best of huntsmen, best of whips old Tommy Rance ;
 That good old soul, John Dixon, and his lengthy draught of ale,
 That mirthful day when ‘ Little Dogs ’ came home without a tail.

The glory of that gallop which old Oulton Low supplied,
The front-rank men of Cheshire charging onward side by side ;
The Baron with his spurs at work in rear of the advance,
When Britain, in the field for once, ran clean away from France.

The find at Brindley cover and at Dorfold Hall the kill,
The Breeches left behind us but the brush before us still ;
The fox that skimm'd the Tilston cream—forget we never shall
The score of hunting breeches that were wash'd in that canal.

And that ill-starr'd disaster when, unconscious of the leap,
I dropp'd into the water of a marl-pit six feet deep ;
Enough to damp the keenest—but conceive the fearful sight,
When I found that underneath me lay the body of Jack White.

The harmony infus'd into the rhymes which I had strung,
When first I heard the ' Columbine ' by James Smith Barry sung ;
While canvas the remembrance of Sir Peter shall prolong,
May the name of his successor be endear'd to you in song.

The carving of the venison when it smok'd upon the board,
The twinkling eye of Johnny Glegg, the chaff of Charley Ford ;
The opening of the oysters, and the closing of the eyes
In slumber deep—that balmy sleep which midnight cup supplies.

Sir Humphrey and Geof. Shakerley whose friendship never fails,
Tho' long of two opinions which was heaviest in the scales ;
In love of sport as in their weight an even race they run,
So here's a health to both of them, and years of future fun.

Old Time, who keeps his own account, however well we wear,
Time whispers ' to the old ones you must add another pair,'
May Lascelles in his chosen home long, long a dweller be,
To Philo Gorse a bumper, to Sir Philip three times three.

Young inheritors of hunting, ye who would the sport should last,
Think not the chase a hustling race, fit only for the fast ;
If sport in modern phrase must be synonymous with speed,
The good old English animal will sink into a weed.

Accept the wish your Laureate leaves behind him ere we part,
That wish shall find an echo in each Cheshire sportsman's heart ;
May Time still spare one favour'd pair, tho' other creatures fail,
The swan that floats above us, and the fox that skims the vale.

The snobs who haunt the hunting-field, and rouse the master's ire,
The fence of fair appearance masking lines of hidden wire ;
A straight fox mobb'd and headed by the laggards in the lane,
A good one dug and murder'd, I have seen such sights with pain.

I never kill'd save once a hound, I saw him on his back
With deep remorse—he was of course the best one in the pack ;
The thought ofttime has griev'd me with a wild fox well away,
That friends right worthy of it should have miss'd the lucky day.

If e'er my favourite cover unexpectedly was blank,
Then silent and dispirited my heart within me sank ;
But never till this moment has a tear bedimm'd mine eye,
With sorrow such as now I feel in wishing you Good-bye.

LETTERS TO TYRO.

NO. II.

St. Ann's Hotel, Buxton,
November 16th, 1872.

DEAR YOUNG ONE,

We must all buy our experience, and it was not to be expected that you should get yours at a cheaper rate than other people. The great thing is to profit by it. I hope, therefore, that you have learned a lesson, always to go to the advertised meet. By going to the covert to be drawn, you may save your horse a mile or two, but you run the risk of disturbing a wild fox before the arrival of the hounds, and thereby losing yourself and others the chance of a run. Then again, there are many reasons which may compel a master of hounds to change his original plans, besides that of a farmer having an outlying fox on the way. When arrived at the meet, at once pay your respects to the master ; for you are not to trouble him later in the day, when he has plenty of other things to think about. But you must be careful how you approach the hounds. Your young horses, not from any vice, but from nervousness and excitement, will not be unlikely to lash out at them. How you would hate yourself if your horse kicked a hound and broke its leg. You must guard against such a mishap by carefully keeping your horse's head, and not his heels, towards the hounds. How often have I heard a man whose horse has kicked a hound merely say, in an off-hand way, 'I am very sorry,' and then go his way as if nothing had happened, and not give the matter another thought. Such a person must surely consider hounds as things of little value. Perhaps he thinks that they are to be got at Wilton's the dog dealers, just as he himself orders pairs of gloves at Holbrook and Walker's by the dozen. He would be very indignant if he was told that the hound that he had kicked was worth more than the horse that he was riding ; and yet this might be much nearer the truth than he would imagine. Nor would he be more flattered if he heard the remark of the huntsman, upon his next appearance in the field, 'Have a care, Jack ; here comes that there gent as lamed

‘Bonnylass.’ You will have time to discuss the news in the papers and have your laugh out at the last new joke, before you get to the covert to be drawn; but as soon as hounds are thrown in, you must eschew the coffee-house, even if you have a Lord Alvanley in the field, and must give your undivided attention to the hounds. Whilst they are drawing, you should keep as much as possible on the down-wind side of them, so as to hear what they are about. The chattering of a jay will oftentimes give you notice of the approach of the fox. Nothing is so difficult to head, and yet nothing is so easy to head as a fox. If he is making for some earth or covert, all the riding and halloing at him in the world will not stop him from making his point; but when he is going away the sight of a man at work in the fields, or any untimely noise, will cause him to turn back in an instant. You must, therefore, keep your tongue between your teeth until he is well across the first field, and through the fence. Even then it would be as well not to halloo if you can communicate with the huntsman by holding up your hat, or by any other means. Your halloo will inevitably bring the field galloping down to the spot, all eager for a start; and they will not be unlikely to ride over the scent, and foil the ground before the hounds can get there. In this way many a good run has been spoiled. If, in spite of all your precautions the fox should turn back to the covert, you are bound immediately to shout, ‘Tally-ho, baik,’ although I need hardly tell you you will get the credit of having headed him. However, let us suppose that things have turned out right, that the hounds have got well away with their fox, and that the whipper-in says that they are all there—sixteen couple of them—when you may shout, ‘Farrard, away, away,’ as much as you like without fear of doing any harm. It will be your own fault if you do not get a good start; but you must be quick, for there is no time for hesitation. The crowd will make for the first gate or weak place in a fence, huddling together like a flock of sheep, each man riding to the back of somebody else’s coat, which he is pleased to call riding to hounds. Do not be led away by them, but take a line of your own. You will thus avoid being crossed and jostled, and having to check and disappoint your horse at his fences. It is even worth your while to jump a big place at starting, and get clear of the crowd, rather than be interfered with. The line that you select must be to the right or left of hounds, and not on their line, or you will run the risk of driving them off the scent. If the side that you have chosen happens, either by good luck or by good looking to, to be inside of hounds, and they keep turning towards you, your task will be comparatively an easy one, and you will have to take care that you do not get too forward. On the contrary, if you are on the outside of hounds, and every turn is against you, as sometimes is the case, you may be riding hard all day, and yet always riding a stern chase. When hounds turn suddenly, it is not advisable to turn as sharply as they do, but to edge towards them; for, if you make every turn that the hounds do, you will cause your horse to go over a great deal

of unnecessary ground. The quickest way to hounds is not always the shortest. You will frequently do better to take your horse a considerable way round by the headland, if by so doing you can get sound going, rather than cross deep, sticky ground, or stiff ridge and furrow. You must not, however, try to be too clever: making for points instead of following the hounds, or skirting, as it is usually termed, is a fault of which older sportsmen are guilty when their nerves are beginning to fail. The quality most required in riding to hounds is decision. Directly you get into a field make up your mind where you mean to get out of it; and when you arrive at that spot put your horse quite straight at the fence, and sit back. Do not rush him at it, but collect him, so that he may measure it, and jump well from his hind legs. If you have reason to suppose that there is an unusually large ditch on the other side, you may put on a little extra steam; but, as a general rule, ride slow at your fences. An exception to this rule is in riding at a brook. When you get within three strides of the bank, you should take your horse by the head, and give him to understand that, if he does not go over, he must go in. And recollect that when a fox goes down to water he means crossing it sooner or later, although, perhaps, not at the exact spot where he came down to it. The quicker, therefore, that you get to the other side the better. Jumping fences, however, will not enable you to live with hounds unless you can gallop. There are plenty of men who will jump fences, but who, from not being able to gallop, lose ground in every field. You will doubtless think that anybody can gallop; but the faculty of being able to do so means the possession of good nerves, fine hands, and a quick eye to hounds. Without the first of these requisites, the other two will never enable a man to see a run as I should desire you to see it. Good hands are not quite so indispensable (for many a heavy-fisted one has gone well, and will do so again); but they are much needed to humour a horse's mouth, and let him go striding along over the light ground, instead of fighting with his bit, or to hold him together, and prevent him beating himself in the deep. Very few men have a good eye to hounds, which can only be acquired by closely watching them. By so doing a sportsman will be able to distinguish what hounds have the scent, and to anticipate a turn before it happens. This gives him a great advantage over the majority of the field, who, unless there is such a scent that hounds put up their hackles and straighten their sterns, do not know whether hounds are on a scent or not. He will also be able to give a pretty good guess how far hounds brought the scent, when, just as you thought you were in for a run, they suddenly threw up. When a check occurs, it is not usually the forward riders that cause its continuance; it is not Capt. C—, or Mr. F—, or Lord G—, or Sir F. J— that do the mischief. Those gentlemen have had sufficient experience of riding to hounds not wantonly to spoil their own sport. They check their horses a sufficient distance behind hounds, and quietly wait for them to make their own cast. But the harm is

done by those who follow after the first flight, and who unfairly try to push before the leaders at the check. Up come all the would-be-thought hard riders, each, at the top of his voice, proclaiming the feats of himself and his horse, determined to let people know that he was there; and then every one moves forward, fearful of being shut out at the next gap. In this way the hounds are pressed on fields beyond the scent, and the steam of the horses destroys whatever scent is left. What can poor Mr. C—— do but order his huntsman to go and find a fresh fox, to have the same farce acted over again upon the next occasion? You will, perhaps, think that he might try to recover his hunted fox; but, with a field of two or three hundred men solely intent upon riding, hunting is rendered impossible. There is one chance, however, left. Gentlemen who hunt after this fashion get easily bored; and, after having larked over a certain number of fences, often get upon their second horses, and turn their heads homewards. Then is the time for sport for those who remain with hounds; but the best part of the day has been wasted, the keen edge has been taken off the hounds, and the fox, having had time to digest his food, if he is but half a good one, will be sure to save his brush in the dark. Too little consideration is given to the harm that is done to a pack of hounds by unfair treatment. Hounds are by nature fond of hunting, and even the most scratch lot, if allowed to hunt, will do so, as naturally as ducks take to the water. But their whole nature may be changed by the way in which they are treated. When they are persistently overridden, and driven for long distances without a scent, constantly lifted (which a huntsman is almost forced to do, to get them out of the heels of the horses), and hallooed here and there they will become as wild and impatient; and (it will out) as great fools as those who ride after them, they will get their heads up, and stare about for a halloo, and will not attempt to hunt at all. Is it to be wondered at that masters of hounds should lose their tempers, and use strong language, when all their efforts to show sport are frustrated? Or, worse still, when favourite hounds are ridden over, and maimed by jealous riders? When a bold captain, who shall be nameless, jumped upon and killed the best hound in the Oakley pack, what could compensate Lord Tavistock for the loss? All the wealth of the Bedford family could not replace that hound. I could not help sympathising with a noble Master of Hounds, now no more, who, when one of these customers, riding in dangerous proximity to his pack, went head over heels, exclaimed in my hearing, ‘Thank God! I hope he has broken his neck!’

Yours very sincerely,

SYLVANUS.

MR. STANLEY AND HIS BOOK.

THE 'New York Herald' made a big hit when its spirited proprietor, Mr. James Gordon Bennett, sent its Special Correspondent, amply provided with the sinews of war, in search of Dr. Livingstone; and the selection of the man showed shrewd discrimination, for not only did Mr. Stanley carry out the enterprize right well, but he also gave a very graphic account of his doings, and a most interesting description of the country he travelled over, in a series of letters that appeared from time to time in the columns of that journal. The goodly and substantial-looking book now before us, entitled 'How 'I Found Livingstone,' which consists of over seven hundred pages of closely, but clearly printed matter, contains, in a collected form, his contributions to the press, and much that we have already heard by fragments in his numerous after-dinner speeches and lectures; and although it is, to all intents, a *réchauffé*, of what has been already published, the literary material has been re-cast so as to imbue the work with as much freshness as possible: an excellent map has been added by Messrs. Stanford, containing Speke's, Burton's, and Livingstone's discoveries, and Mr. Stanley's route.

Although, from his Brighton speeches, it was anticipated that he would answer Mr. Galton's somewhat pertinent question as to his nationality in his book, for reasons best known to himself, but which are not difficult to conjecture, he makes no reference to his birth-place,* and the introductory chapter opens with the oft-told story of

* From the most unquestionable evidence that has lately been published by Cadwalder Rowlands, it is evident that the name of Stanley is an assumed one. The real name of the discoverer of Livingstone is John Rowlands. He was born in Denbigh, North Wales; baptised at Tremerchion Church, Mr. Robert Parry, of the Swan Inn, Denbigh, and Mr. J. Williams, mason, acting as sponsors. He was educated at the St. Asaph's National School (Mr. John Williams, master), which, by the records, he appears to have left on the 16th May, 1856, and worked his passage over from Liverpool to New Orleans, where he found employment in the office of a merchant of the name of Stanley, whose name he took. Upon his employer's death he found himself without resources, and enlisted in the Confederate army, and was taken prisoner on the 6th April, 1862, the second day of the battle of Pittsburgh Landing. but afterwards made his escape and returned to Liverpool. After visiting his mother, then staying at Bodel-wyd-dan, he remained for some time as a clerk in his uncle's office at Liverpool; but, quarrelling with his cousin, he again shipped for America, working his passage a second time across the Atlantic. Landing at New York, finding himself liable to arrest, he entered the Federal navy as a common seaman, but soon afterwards was promoted to be clerk of the ship Ticonderoga, and secretary to the admiral. At the close of the war he retired from the service, having the rank of ensign, and acted as correspondent to the 'New York Sun,' 'The Missouri Democrat,' the 'New York Tribune,' and finally the 'New York Herald,' accompanying the Abyssinian Expedition as special correspondent to the last-named paper. 'In passing through London 'on his way to Abyssinia he met several of his family by appointment, in London, and informed them that for the future he wished to be known only 'as Henry M. Stanley.' When in America and Abyssinia he maintained a

his midnight interview with Mr. Bennett at the Grand Hotel, Paris, where, strange to say, the calculations of the probable expense of the expedition were computed in pounds sterling instead of dollars almighty, the usual mode of reckoning amongst *native-born* Americans.

The narrative, itself, commences with a description of Zanzibar, which Richard Burton tells us, in Arabic, signifies Black-land, from 'Zang,' a negro, and 'bar,' a region, a name that, in old days, was indiscriminately applied to the whole coast washed by the Indian Ocean. Mr. Stanley thus begins—'One of the fruitfulest islands of the Indian Ocean is Zanzibar,' and he then goes on to give the following very accurate description of an Arab town :—

'I strolled through the city. My general impressions are of crooked, narrow lanes, whitewashed houses, mortar-plastered streets, in the clean quarter; of seeing alcoves on each side, with deep recesses, with a foreground of red-turbaned Banyans, and a background of flimsy cottons, prints, calicoes, domestics, and what-not; or of floors crowded with ivory tusks, or of dark corners, with a pile of unginned and loose cotton, or of stores of crockery, nails, cheap Brummagem ware, tools, &c., in what I call the Banyan quarter; of streets smelling very strong—in fact, exceedingly malodorous, with steaming yellow and black bodies and woolly heads, sitting at the doors of miserable huts, chatting, bargaining, laughing, scolding, with a compound smell of hides, tar, filth, vegetable refuse, excrement, &c., in the negro quarter; of streets lined with tall, solid-looking houses, flat-roofed, of great carved doors, with large brass knockers, with baabs sitting cross-legged watching the dark entrance to their masters' houses; of a shallow sea-inlet, with some dhows, canoes, boats, an odd steam-tug or two, leaning over on their sides in a sea of mud, which the tide has just left behind it; of a place called "Nazi-Moya," "One Cocoa-tree," whither Europeans wend on evenings with most languid, moribund steps, to inhale the sweet air that glides over the sea, while the day is dying, and the red sun is sinking westward; of a few graves of dead sailors, who paid the forfeit of their lives upon arrival in this land.'

He then indulges in a series of unmerited, personal invectives against different officials, that not only mar his book, but would also lead to the supposition that he, himself, is naturally of a suspicious, contentious, and ungrateful temperament; for the only three people mentioned in his book, whom he does not speak of in disparaging terms, are, his employer, Mr. Bennett, Dr. Livingstone, and the American Consul, Mr. Webb, with all of whom it was manifestly his interest to keep on friendly terms. From the very first he appears to have taken an unaccountable dislike to the British Consul, Dr. Kirk, from whom, even by his own account, he never received anything but courtesy and hospitality, and their first meeting is best described in his own words :—

'On the second morning after my arrival at Zanzibar, according to the demands of Zanzibar etiquette, the American Consul and myself sallied out into the street, and in a few moments I was in the presence of this much-befamed man. To a man of rather slim figure, dressed plainly, slightly round-shouldered, hair black,

constant correspondence with his relations and friends in Denbigh, who have kept his letters, photographs taken from time to time, and several Abyssinian trophies he gave them.

face thin, cheeks rather sunk and bearded, Captain Webb said, "Dr. Kirk, permit me to introduce Mr. Stanley, of the 'New York Herald.'"

'I fancied at the moment that he lifted his eyelids perceptibly, disclosing the full circle of the eyes. If I were to define such a look, I would call it a broad stare. During the conversation, which ranged over several subjects, though watching his face intently, I never saw it kindle or become animated but once, and that was while relating some of his hunting feats to us. As the subject nearest my heart was not entered upon, I promised myself I would ask him about Dr. Livingstone the next time I called upon him.'

A day or two after this meeting, Mr. Stanley again visited the Consulate, Dr. and Mrs. Kirk keeping 'open house' for the civilized Zanzibar community on Tuesday evenings, and, on this occasion, he tried to pump his host as to the whereabouts of Dr. Livingstone; but as his questions were asked in an apparently careless and off-hand manner, so as to throw dust in the Consul's eyes as to his future intentions; he did not get a very satisfactory answer. Unquestionably he wished to conceal the object of the expedition from all 'outsiders,' consequently he cannot grumble at not having received outside help. For the subsequent misunderstanding that arose, Dr. Kirk was certainly not to blame, for Mr. Stanley thus continues :

'Dr. Kirk very kindly promised to give all the assistance in his power, and whatever experience he possessed he was willing, he said, to give me its full benefit. But I cannot recollect, neither do I find a trace of it in my journal, that he assisted me in any way. Of course he was not aware that my instructions were to hunt up Livingstone, otherwise Dr. Kirk, I have no doubt, would have made good his word. He believed that I was about to ascend the Kufiji river to its source.'

The head of the church does not fare better at his hands than the head official, for he thus describes him :

'This High Church prelate in his crimson robe of office and in the queerest of all head dresses, seen stalking through the streets of Zanzibar, or haggling over the price of a tin pot at a tinker's stall, is the most ridiculous sight I have seen anywhere outside a clown show.'

Our author also informs us that

'Bishop Tozer is said to have fought an insolent rowdy on his way to church; and after having punished him at a boxing-match, offered to punish his companions, one after another, in the same way, which offer was refused. This feat of pugilism by Bishop Tozer converted these wolves into lambs, and won for him the title of Bishop, and the happy sinecure he holds.'

After this specimen of Mr. Stanley's romancing, is it wonderful that some sensible people declined to believe all his yarns, unless they were in some way corroborated? however, for the good of his health, it were well if our author, in his future rambles, steers clear of another meeting with that muscular Christian of Zanzibar, else the chances are that he might come to grief.

In the following pages a detailed account is given of the organization of the party, and the goods that were purchased for barter. Money appears to have been no object, consequently there were

few opposing difficulties; and on the 21st of March, 1871, the party set out from Bagamoyo, on the coast, loaded with a sufficiency of African currency in the shape of cloth, wire, and beads, to make their way across the entire continent :

‘ The expedition numbers on the day of departure three white men, twenty-three soldiers, four supernumeraries, four chiefs, and one hundred and fifty-three pagazis, twenty-seven donkeys, and one cart, conveying cloth, beads, and wire, boat fixings, tents, cooking utensils, and dishes, medicine, powder, small shot, musket balls, and metallic cartridges, instruments and small necessities, such as soap, sugar, tea, coffee, Liebig’s extract of meat, pemmican, candles, &c., which make a total of 152 loads.’

The distance as the crow flies from Bagamoyo, a village on the main land opposite Zanzibar, to Ujiji on the Tanganyika lake, where Livingstone was found, is about 540 miles; and the caravan routes to that place, *vid* Unyanyembe, were carefully mapped both by Speke and Burton, who made their way to Ujiji some fourteen years ago.† The roads are well marked, so that there is no trouble in finding the way, and there are no great natural obstacles to surmount, except during the heavy rains, when the rivers are full and the low grounds are under water. The whole line of route is more or less populated all the way, and good, wholesome food is everywhere procurable for barter—a well-armed and lightly-equipped caravan commonly travels from Zanzibar to Ujiji in from forty-five to sixty days, according to the time of the year. The great danger of this part of the country is the pestilential malaria which hangs over the swamps and low ground, and engenders those deadly intermittent fevers which are so common in the same latitude on the west coast. Again, there are times when the roads leading into the interior are stopped for months together by the constant internal wars and blood-feuds, and to this cause may be attributed the chief reason why Livingstone was unable to communicate with the authorities at Zanzibar for so long a period. Mr. Stanley’s narrative of his march from the coast, is a strange chronicle of a series of divers troubles, vexatious trials of patience, and interruptions by severe attacks of fever. Sometimes his white men were mutinous, at others they indulged in riotous living, and wasted his substance; then again his porters deserted with their loads, his two horses died of some mysterious disease, his donkeys followed suit, he was plundered on all sides, and had to pay black mail or ‘Honga’ to different chiefs through whose territory he passed, and to add to the misery of himself and followers the weather was unfavourable for marching, the ground being swampy, and disease played sad havoc in the camp. Still, in spite of these drawbacks and difficulties, he persevered and forced

† Speke, the first explorer of this route, thus writes (p. 357, ‘What led to the discovery of the Nile’), ‘The Zanzibar route to Ujiji is now so constantly travelled over by Arabs and Wasuahili that the people, seeing the caravans approach, erect temporary markets, or come hawking things for sale, and the prices are adapted to the abilities of the purchasers; and at such markets our Sheikh bought for us, and transacted our business.’

his way westward, and having made fourteen marches, and got over 119 miles on the twenty-ninth day after leaving the coast, he entered Simbamweni, 'The Lion City,' the capital of Useguhha—a quadrangular-walled town, with well-built towers of stone guarding the four angles and four gates, each one facing a cardinal point. He estimates the town to contain 1000 houses and a population of about 5000. This town is at the western foot of a range of mountains which Burton calls the East African ghauts,* in the fertile valley of the Unyerengeri. Shortly after leaving this place, Farquhar, one of his white men, sickened, and was left behind in one of the villages on the fertile Mpwapwa hills, where he died a few days after. He passes through Ugogo, a land 'rich with milk and honey,' rich in flour, beans, and almost every eatable thing, and on the 23rd of June, 1871, ninety days after leaving the coast, entered Unyanyembe 'in 'review order,' amid horns blowing, guns firing, and with new breech clouts.

Here Mr. Stanley met with courteous hospitality from the Arab merchants, and was induced by them to assist in a skirmish against one Mirambo of Uyweweh, who for some reason had blocked the Ujiji road and would allow no caravans to pass. At first they met with success, for a palisaded village was burnt, and some twenty of the hostile force killed; but afterwards pressing their advantage too far, they fell into an ambuscade somewhat skilfully planned by the crafty Mirambo, and suffered a disastrous defeat, which ended in a general skedaddle; Stanley and his Arab allies making a discretionary strategic movement to the rear, reaching Mfuto at midnight, and returning shortly afterwards to Unyanyembe, which was afterwards attacked and partially burnt by Mirambo and his followers. On the 20th of September, nearly three months after his first arrival at Unyanyembe, with a retinue reduced to fifty-four followers, and weak from repeated attacks of fever, he again resumed his march towards Ujiji, making a considerable detour towards the south to avoid falling in with the victorious Mirambo. After the party had been *en route* a week, Shaw again fell ill, and was sent back to Unyanyembe, where he died, and Stanley and his followers, after many tedious marches, some of which were made by night to avoid the levy of black mail, arrived on the 3rd of November at the Malagarazi river, where the first authentic intelligence of Livingstone was received.

'About 10 A.M. appeared from the direction of Ujiji a caravan of eighty Waguhha. We asked the news, and were told a white man had just arrived at Ujiji from Manyuema. This news startled us all. "A white man?" we asked. "Yes, a white man," they replied. "How is he dressed?" "Like the master," they answered, referring to me. "Is he young or old?" "He is old, and has white hair on his face, and is sick." "Where has he come from?" "From a very far country away beyond Uguhha, called Manyuema." "Indeed; and is

* Stanley calls these ghauts the Uruguru mountains; Burton, the Usagara; and Speke, the Zungemero: but they are only different names for the same chain, which runs nearly north and south.

he stopping at Ujiji now?" "Yes, we saw him about eight days ago." "Do you think he will stop there until we see him?" "*Sigue*" (don't know). "Was he ever at Ujiji before?" "Yes, he went away a long time ago." Hurrah! This is Livingstone! He must be Livingstone! He can be no other; but still;—he may be some one else—some one from the west coast—or perhaps he is Baker. No; Baker has no white hairs on his face—but we must now march quick, lest he hears we are coming, and runs away.'

There was no delay now, the party pushed on, and on the 10th of November, 1871, fifty-one days after leaving Unyanyembe, and two hundred and thirty-six days from the coast, with the American colours flying, and guns firing, Stanley entered Ujiji, where he found Livingstone.

'I pushed back the crowds, and, passing from the rear, walked down a living avenue of people, until I came in front of the semicircle of Arabs, in the front of which stood the white man with the grey beard. As I advanced slowly towards him I noticed he was pale, had a grey beard, wore a bluish cap with a faded gold band round it, had on a red-sleeved waistcoat, and a pair of grey tweed trousers. I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob—would have embraced him, only, he being an Englishman, I did not know how he would receive me; so I did what cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing—walked deliberately to him, took off my hat, and said, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" "Yes," said he, with a kind smile, lifting his cap slightly. I replace my hat on my head, and he puts on his cap, and we both grasp hands, and I then say aloud, "I thank God, Doctor, I have been permitted to see you." He answered, "I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you."

The object of the expedition, which was simply undertaken as a commercial enterprise, was now attained; for, as Mr. Stanley says, 'he had come to Africa not to explore the country, or to shoot game, but to find Livingstone;' and this he had accomplished, notwithstanding the trying difficulties of the road, which required a man of more than ordinary determination to surmount. Mr. Stanley's account of his sojourn at Ujiji, and his enjoyable cruise on the Tanganyika lake with the great explorer, is extremely interesting, and perhaps the most pleasant reading in the book; and it was on this expedition that Livingstone found out that the Rusizi, which was accurately laid down by Speke and Burton, flows into instead of out of the lake. Livingstone gave Mr. Stanley a general idea of his explorations south and west of the Tanganyika lake, of which the latter has given so vague an account, that our home geographers think that Livingstone is upon the sources, not of the Nile, but the Congo; and the problem is not likely to be solved until the great traveller's return from his present explorations.

On the 27th December, Mr. Stanley and Livingstone left Ujiji by boat, and, travelling southward on the lake to Urimba, on the 7th January commenced their march westward. Unyanyembe was reached on the 18th February, and there they fell in with Dr. Livingstone's stores that ought to have been at Ujiji months before. Here Mr. Stanley bade adieu to the great traveller, and left for the coast, which he reached in fifty-three days, with Livingstone's letters,

sealed diary, &c.; but he somewhat staggers our credulity, when he who before had said, 'That it is as true as Gospel' that his intention was 'to march back' when he had seen Livingstone, now affirms that 'this was a death blow to my project of going down the Nile, and getting news of Sir S. Baker.' It is these incongruities and inconsistent statements, with which the book abounds, that raise doubts as to our author's credibility, and gives an unpleasant tone to the narrative.

At Bagamoyo Mr. Stanley found the Royal Geographical Society's expedition, fully equipped and ready to start, but the report he gave of Dr. Livingstone's wishes that all parties should be turned back, &c., induced the leaders to withdraw from the enterprize, and 'this lamentable error in judgment' brought the undertaking to grief.

The view Mr. Stanley took of this expedition and its leaders is best described in his own words:—

'The great fault of the organisation was the attempt to assimilate so many un congenial characters into one harmonious unity. Not one member had the least affinity of character with the other. One was ambitious, positive, hasty, and inclined to be aggressive; another was mercurial, impulsive, inconsistent by nature; another was nervous, energetic, religious, and too candid; the other was reticent, earnest, and determined. New and Livingstone would have succeeded admirably. Dawson, by himself, would have been better than with anybody else. Henn, charged with the sole command, would have honourably performed his duty, for pluck and honour were the two principal ingredients of his character. As a body, uniform and harmonious, the elements of cohesion were wanting in three of them; while one would have joined neither party, but remained a neutral witness to factions. Had they gone the party must have quarrelled, and it would have been a worse disgrace than not going at all. It was, therefore, fortunate for the credit of Englishmen that my arrival saved their expedition from collapsing and being wrecked in the interior.'

His general condemnation of the leaders of the proposed expedition is simply ungenerous towards good and true men; but it is in accordance with his usual bad taste when describing other men or their doings, and it is laughable to read the amusing way he had of slighting the discoveries of other travellers and magnifying his own; thus he speaks sneeringly of Sir S. Baker having 'discovered a corner 'of the Albert Nyanza,' whilst he indulges in rhetorics when he tumbles across a little lake three miles long by three broad, a description of which occupies four pages of his book.

Of that famous sportsman and explorer, the late Henry Faulkner, of the 17th Lancers, the companion of Mr. Young, whose graphic accounts of Indian and African sport are well known to all the readers of 'Baily,' who was afterwards killed in Central Africa whilst exploring in search of Livingstone, he speaks most disparagingly, although there is not a line in his book that can be questioned, and he was well known as one of the most daring of our Indian sportsmen, and a famous shot, whilst Mr. Stanley, as those who were in Abyssinia knew, could not hit a bird flying.

In fact, throughout the whole book,

'What he wrote is history;
'What others did is mystery.'

Although he gives no credit whatever to his two white lieutenants, and loses no opportunity of speaking disparagingly of them—which is extremely bad taste, to say the least of it, as the poor fellows are both of them dead, and cannot tell their own tale—from his own narrative incidents eke out which prove that at times, in spite of their infirmities, they did him good service. ‘Farquhar, late the first ‘mate of an English ship, was a capital navigator and excellent mathematician—strong, energetic, and clever;’ whilst Shaw, formerly a third mate, ‘was an experienced hand with the palm and needle, ‘could cut canvas to fit anything, and was a pretty good navigator.’ Such material, if properly handled and utilized, would have been of incalculable service to Stanley if he had gone off the well-known plainly-marked caravan route that had been previously accurately mapped and described by both Speke and Burton, as he himself had no knowledge of taking astronomical observations, and, in a *terra incognita*, would have been entirely dependent upon his subordinates for guidance. Again, they made that capacious water and damp-proof No. 5 hemp canvas tent, to the possession of which he attributes his having returned uninjured in health. They also constructed the canvas boats ‘that fitted their frames admirably,’ and those most necessary adjuncts, the pack-saddles, which ‘were excellent, surpassing expectation; the strong hemp canvas bore its ‘one hundred and fifty pounds burden with the strength of bull-hide, and the loading and unloading of miscellaneous baggage was performed ‘with systematic despatch.’ It would have been far handsomer had he spoken of his dead companions in a more kindly spirit. Although he says, ‘I had met in the United States black men whom I was ‘proud to call friends, and I was thus prepared to admit any black ‘man possessing the attributes of true manhood, or any good qualities, ‘to my friendship, even to a brotherhood with myself,’ he does not seem to have carried out his theory in practice, for he rarely has a good word to say for the inhabitants of Africa proper, and only managed to gain their respect by recourse to the dog-whip and slave-chain. Yet he had several of Speke’s ‘braves’ and Burton’s best men, who were highly spoken of by both travellers, and who were well acquainted with the road.

There has been a good deal of trenchant and acrimonious criticism upon the tardy recognition of Mr. Stanley’s services by the Royal Geographical Society, and the worthy President, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Mr. Galton, and others, have been severely blamed for their apparent want of faith in his success; but this is easily accounted for, nor can their incredulity be wondered at, when it is remembered that the extraordinary sensational telegrams and exaggerated reports that, from time to time, appeared in the ‘New York Herald,’ and were copied in the English journals, were sent from Abyssinia by this same correspondent. No one was better informed of the real state of things in Abyssinia than the Geographical Society, as their Secretary, Mr. Clements Markham, acted as geographer to the expedition, consequently, they were the first to detect the absurdity

of these *totally unfounded* reports. However, when they received incontestible proof that Livingstone had been found and relieved, they made ample amends for their apparent apathy by conferring upon Mr. Stanley their gold medal, as no one had contributed more to the advancement of geographical science in the year 1872 than Mr. Stanley 'in succouring Dr. Livingstone, and bringing home the 'invaluable geographical records which Livingstone had collected.' His own contributions to geographical science are not worthy of mention. *Ex nihilo nihil fit.*

After giving Mr. Stanley every credit for his indomitable perseverance and pluck in overcoming the difficulties of the route to Ujiji, which, *according to his own account*, appear to have been almost insurmountable, we can only wonder the more at the previous achievements of those great travellers, Speke, Burton, and Livingstone, who all three accomplished the same journey, and made so little of their exploits; although, being the first explorers, their task must have been infinitely more difficult than that of Mr. Stanley, who had the advantage of their written experience, and carefully-executed maps of the route. Again, Mr. Stanley had unlimited means at his disposal, and Mr. Bennett's long pocket to dip in; whilst the early explorers were throughout their journey cramped for want of a sufficiency of 'the needful,' in the shape of goods for barter. Yet, notwithstanding this great impediment to getting over the ground, Speke,* the first explorer, not only found his way to Ujiji, and made accurate maps of that part of the country, including the Tanganyika Lake and its two rivers—the Rusizi and the Marunga—but, on his return route, leaving Burton at Unyan-yembe or Zazé, he struck off to the northward; and, after a march of 226 miles—which he accomplished in sixteen days—he discovered the Victoria N'yanza. In a second journey, made in 1862, he again visited this lake, and from thence making his way to Gondokoro, where he met Sir S. Baker, proved its connection with the Nile.

To sum up, although 'The New York Herald' expedition may be pronounced to be thoroughly successful in its results, both as a commercial speculation on the part of the spirited newspaper proprietor, and an extraordinary feat of journalistic enterprise, that has ended in giving aid and assistance to our illustrious traveller, we regret the very bad taste of the Author endeavouring to make out that it was an act of pure philanthropy and generosity on the part of either. We read that

* Captain Burton, on receiving his gold medal at the hands of Sir Roderick Murchison, said, 'You have alluded, sir, to the success of the last expedition. Justice compels me to state the circumstances under which it attained that success. To Captain Speke are due those geographical results to which you have alluded in such flattering terms. Whilst I undertook the history and ethnography, the languages and peculiarities of the people, to Captain Speke fell the arduous task of delineating an exact topography and of laying down our positions by astronomical observations—a labour to which at times even the undaunted Livingstone found himself unequal.'

Mr. Bennett, who originated and sustained the enterprise, now crowned it by one of the most generous acts that could be conceived. I had promised Dr. Livingstone that twenty-four hours after I saw his letters published in the London journals I would post his letters to his family and friends in England. In order to permit me to keep my plighted word his agent telegraphed the two letters I received from him at an expense of nearly 2000*l*.

This simply means that Mr. Bennett telegraphed the contents of Livingstone's two letters to him, to be published in his paper, 'The New York Herald,' to make capital of them; which he must have done, as Mr. Stanley himself estimates that the total profit made on the expedition to be 50,000 dollars. He—Mr. Stanley—has been a very lucky man; first, in meeting with such an enterprising speculator, who would advance so large a sum of money; and secondly, in falling in with Livingstone at Ujiji, five hundred and forty miles from the coast, on a well-known caravan route. What he did he did well, and he has been well rewarded; so let him rest content with the laurels he has gained, without disparaging the doings of other men, or detracting from their character by ambiguous and ungenerous statements.

THE VAYNOL FIELD-TRIALS.

PERHAPS there is no more fashionable amusement amongst a certain class of sporting gentlemen than field-trials for pointers, setters, and retrievers. It has been attempted in various localities, but at none with such success as at Vaynol, the noble property of Mr. Assheton Smith.

At Bala, some years ago, on the ground of Mr. Price, it was a failure. In the first place, there were not birds enough: and in the second, the country is too close, the enclosures too small, and the walking too hard. This is not the case at Vaynol, where trials have now been held three successive years; the game is abundant, the country easy and open—to say nothing of the views, which are magnificent. With old Snowdon in the distance, and fine weather, it is very enjoyable. Unhappily, this year the weather was very indifferent, wind and rain being in constant attendance; so greatcoats and waterproofs were the order of the day. The long Ulsters did not entirely cover the gay legs of some of the gentlemen, whose stockings were of a most marvellous colour: one gentleman in particular 'outed heroded Herod,' for he had on such a pair as mortal eyes never yet looked on.

There is lots of fun, too, going on at the hotel at Bangor, especially when an old acquaintance of ours puts in an appearance. I remember last year seeing him fly down one of the passages of the hotel, very lightly clad, with an avalanche of boots after him, thrown by an irate and sleepy gentleman whom he had endeavoured to arouse, to be in

time, which is not always the case ; for this year, again, the field was kept some time waiting for the judges.

The Shrewsbury trials I do not think much of, because they are spring trials ; dogs want game *killed to them, not fired at*. Again, some fearful mistakes were made in the judging this year, and the meeting gave general dissatisfaction. The Cornwall and Hampshire trials are not favourites with me ; I do not like the country, and there is not game enough. Vaynol is the place *par excellence*.

The young Squire is most liberal, for he not only places his extensive manor at the disposal of the Committee, but keeps open house and provides a good sit-down luncheon at one of the farm-houses for all hands. The only fault I find with field-trials is, that the time allowed for each brace of dogs (half an hour) is not long enough. A dog may be a brilliant ranger, a good finder, and immensely fast for a short time, and then collapse ; this was exemplified in Mr. Price's Belle. She is supposed to be as fast and equal in goodness to Mr. Garth's celebrated Drake—she is neither one or the other, and far too leggy, weedy, and narrow an animal to last. On the Thursday she was worked for three hours, but she lost pace and pointed falsely, clearly showing she wanted heart, strength, and endurance. *No narrow-chested dog can last*. This is the great and fatal mistake of many of our dog authorities : they like to see a *slaty* narrow animal ; in such, though they may go for a short time, they have no endurance ; there is no room for the play of the heart or lungs ; they gradually drop away to a slow gallop, then to a trot, then potter about a bit, and finally come 'to heel,' dead beat. Many breeders seem to forget, and ignore, this all-important point, *endurance* ! It is here where the Laverack setters excel : for they are not only beautifully bred, carry splendid fine and silky coats, go the pace, but can *last*—they are bred for it. At every trial where they have run they outpaced all other dogs, and beat them in nose. The most important and interesting stake at the Vaynol Meeting was, in my opinion, the Champion Plate, given for the best dog—pointer or setter. For this the judges selected Mr. Price's Belle, and Mr. Whitehouse's Priam (pointers) ; Mr. Purcell Llewellyn's Countess and Nellie did battle for the setters. Countess—a pure Laverack—polished off the lot ; and I know she can *stay*, which Belle *cannot*.

It may-surprise a few of my readers to learn that some of these dogs were sold, when puppies, or rather when only partly broken, for 150*l.* each. I am not certain it was not guineas. No man has given such long prices as Mr. Purcell Llewellyn. Dan and Dick, Mr. Statter sold him for 300*l.*, also Ruby for 150*l.*, Plunket 150*l.* from the Rev. Cuming Macdona, and several more he bought from others at equally long prices. Mr. Llewellyn has a magnificent team—I may say the very best in England—and spares no expense, either in breeding, rearing, or breaking. Amongst his cracks, I may enumerate Countess, Nellie, Dan, Dick, Plunket, Marvel, Ruby, and many others.

As to retriever trials, they are a farce—a ‘screaming one’ last year’s was—what with the trap, the string, &c., it was ludicrous in the extreme. No one can judge a retriever in a day, or even two: it would require a week at least to pronounce on them. The shooting last year over the dogs was not ‘good form;’ and this season it was worse. A known, good steady shot, at all game and in all weathers, should be chosen: not those who, though they may shoot brilliantly for one day, are very indifferent the next. I like dog-trials, although, as yet, they have not done much good—still they have done no harm: and they bring a lot of men together who exchange their ideas. That pointers and setters will come to their old form again some day I hope, but at present they are not so good as they were in years gone by. I know many will say this is not the case; but I, as a sportsman of some thirty-odd years’ standing, have certainly found it to be the case. Of course, I am speaking *generally*.

Dogs, to compete at trials, are supposed to be as well-broken as it is possible to be. Now—looking at them all-in-all—save a few brilliant exceptions, those engaged at Vaynol were only of average merit.

Soon after ten o’clock the trials commenced with the Bangor Stakes: the first prize a cup and two-thirds of the entrance-money; the second, of one-third less—with a trifling deduction in each case for expenses.

BANGOR STAKES of 5*l.* 5*s.* each, with 10*l.* plate added by Mr. Thos. Smith.

Mr. Whitehouse’s Priam and Blanche	{	beat Mr. Thos. Statter’s Viscount and Belle.
Mr. Ll. Price’s Belle and Judy		Mr. Macdona’s Squire and Doll.
Mr. Hemming’s Brevet and Appleby (a bye).		

II.

Mr. Ll. Price’s Belle and Judy, 1st; Mr. Whitehouse’s Priam and Blanche, 2nd

The first brace who put in an appearance were Viscount and Belle; both were unsteady on ‘fur,’ particularly the dog. Belle and Judy were the next to show up; Judy had but little chance with her kennel companion, whose pace was far superior; they are both well-broken, yet during the trial each made a false point. Priam and Blanche came next, but it was some time before they could get on game, which they did at last on the edge of some swedes; both behaved well and steadily during the time they were down. The next who followed were Squire and Doll; they have the makings of a good brace of dogs; they hunted very independently, but neither were ‘steady behind,’ particularly the bitch, for she broke on the dog’s point again and again; but, taking them altogether, I liked this brace better than any of the others, and with care, and in good hands, they will be right good dogs. Brevet and Appleby were nice animals, but very unsteady on ‘fur,’ which knocked their chance out.

The next important stake was ‘Luncheon,’ at which all did well. I do not know who carried off the first prize, but it must have been a close run. After this came the

VAYNOL STAKES of 3*l.* 3*s.* each, with 10*l.* plate added by Mr. Ll. Purcell Llewellyn.

Mr. Whitehouse's lem. w. Priam . . . beat Mr. Statter's liv. w. Viscount.
Mr. Hemming's liv. w. Brevet (a bye).

II.

Mr. Whitehouse's Priam, by Bob—Mona, beat Mr. Hemming's Brevet.

The weather now was very bad, blowing great guns. Priam and Viscount in this had a private trial at a hare, which shook off the old dog's stiffness, and he warmed to his work well and finally took the first prize.

The country now beaten was very wild, and the weather so boisterous that little game was found; however, they managed to run off the

COUNTY STAKES of 3*l.* 3*s.* each, with 10*l.* plate added by the Proprietors of Spratt's Patent Meat Fibrine Dog Cakes.

Mr. Whitehouse's liv. w. Blanche . . . beat Mr. Statter's liv. w. Belle.
Mr. Ll. Price's liv. w. Belle . . . „ Mr. Macdona's lem. w. Doll.

II.

Mr. Ll. Price's Belle (pedigree as above given) beat Mr. Whitehouse's Blanche, sister to Priam.

Mr. Statter's bitch again distinguished herself at 'fur,' which knocked her out. Doll and Blanche had not the pace of Belle, who secured the first prize. This wound up the day's proceedings, and all were right glad to cry 'a go.'

Wednesday was another miserable day. There had been a tremendous thunderstorm with heavy rain all night, and the weather was wild and boisterous in the extreme: so bad was it that the birds would not lie, and the consequence was, that neither the All-aged Dog or Bitch Stake or the All-aged Retrievers could be run through.

The first on the card was the

PENTIR STAKES at 3*l.* 3*s.* each, with 5*l.* plate added by Mr. Ellis Nanney.

Mr. Whitehouse's lem. w. Pax . . . beat Mr. Price's liv. w. Judy.
Mr. Statter's lem. w. Musgrave . . . „ Mr. Macdona's lem. w. Squire.
Mr. Hemming's liv. w. Appleby (a bye).

II.

Mr. Statter's Musgrave and Mr. Hemming's Appleby divided.

Pax and Judy opened the proceedings on some seeds, which was blank, but the dog soon flushed some birds in a bit of potatoes. Judy dropped to 'feather' well; the dog is a fine hunter, but, I think, defective in nose, for he repeated the performance. Musgrave and Squire were next put down; the dog chased so badly that his owner wisely drew him, as did the owner of Pax, seeing he had no chance, and was not sufficiently broken. Appleby and Musgrave were alone left in it, and, after a very indifferent performance, they divided. Then came the

BODFEL STAKES of 5*l.* 5*s.* each, with 10*l.* plate added by Mr. J. H. Whitehouse.
Mr. Llewellyn's Marvel and Plunket beat Mr. Statter's Rob Roy and Belton.
Mr. Llewellyn's Countess and Nellie (a bye).

II.

Mr. Llewellyn's Countess and Nellie, both pure Laveracks, being by Dash—Moll, 1st; Mr. Llewellyn's Marvel and Plunket, both pure Irish, 2nd.

It was a treat to see Plunket and Marvel go; both did some beautiful work, but, just as they would have been taken up, Plunket made a point, Marvel drew on him and flushed the birds; Belton would not back Rob Roy, and the Scotchman broke in on a covey 'up wind,' which extinguished their chance. This season all Mr. Statter's dogs are very indifferently broken; and, on 'fur,' Rob Roy seems to be just as bad as he was last year. This left Countess and Nellie alone in their glory; they went in magnificent style, making no mistake of any kind: so they spotted the first prize. Certainly this brace of setters are simply perfection, and their performances must somewhat have astonished the detractors of this truly valuable and beautiful strain. In the

BOROUGH STAKES of 3*l.* 3*s.* each, with 10*l.* plate added by Mr. S. Lang,
Mr. Statter's bk. w. Rob Roy, by Fred. 2nd—Rhebe, beat Mr. Macdona's bk. tan Lang, Mr. Llewellyn's r. Marvel (dr.)

All three dogs were put down. Marvel was soon drawn, and the two others left for Thursday. Rob Roy, to my astonishment, managed to pull through; but the performances of all three were anything but A 1.

The same may be said of those who ran for the

CARNARVON STAKES, 3*l.* 3*s.* each, 10*l.* plate added, presented by Thos. Statter, Esq.

Lord Clarence Paget's liv. w. Bess . . . beat Mr. Llewellyn's bk. tan w. Ruby.
Mr. Llewellyn's bk. w. Nellie . . . „ Mr. Statter's bk. w. Darling.
Mr. Llewellyn's bk. w. Countess (a bye).
Mr. Llewellyn's Nellie (ped. as above), 1st; his Countess, sister to Nellie, 2nd.

Ruby did not hunt at all well; Darling was very unsteady and would not back, and also flushed her birds; Countess, Bess, and Nelly were put down together, but there was not time to see it out; had there, it would have been a moral for Countess, as it proved next day.

On Thursday the Carnarvon Stakes were continued; and eventually, to my astonishment, Nellie was declared to have beaten her kennel companion, having shown—as the judges said—'more nose.' Then came the

DINORWIC STAKES, 3*l.* 3*s.* each, with 5*l.* plate added by the Proprietors of the 'Field' newspaper.

Mr. Bishop's bk. w. b. Judith . . . beat Mr. Llewellyn's r. w. b. Fairy.
Mr. Macdona's r. d. Music . . . „ Mr. Statter's bk. w. b. Bess.
Mr. Llewellyn's r. d. Marvel . . . agst. Mr. Pilkington's (abst.)

Mr. Macdona's Music, by his Plunket, 1st; Mr. Bishop's Judith, 2nd.

Fairy commenced badly, breaking fence and missing birds. Eventually, Music won the first prize, and Judith the second. The most important stake of the Meeting came next, the

CHAMPION PLATE, value 10*l.*, given by Mr. Hemming for the best dog (pointer or setter).

For this the judges selected Belle and Priam (pointers) and Countess and Nellie (setters), which were drawn together as follows:

Belle beat Nellie. | Countess beat Priam.

II.

Countess beat Belle and won.

In this Nellie went in anything but first-class form. No doubt the gentleman who handled her was somewhat timid of her being jealous of a strange dog. So badly did she show with Belle, that she was drawn. Great excitement was manifested when Mr. Purcell Llewellyn's Countess was put down. Many and hot were the arguments as to which was the fastest, Belle, or the Laverack. She opened the ball by polishing off Priam for pace—then Belle, for nose. For myself, I had no doubt of the issue of the trial, which was one of intense interest to me. Though doctors differ, I am perfectly satisfied in my own mind that Countess is not only the fastest but by *far* the better bitch; and were the two to hunt for a few hours, Belle would have no earthly chance: for the longer they went, the worse she would be beaten. The honest truth is, Belle has not a ghost of a chance with Countess—it is a brass farthing to an elephant, on Countess; and I think I may say, without any flattery to her owner, or Mr. Buckell, that Countess is not only one of the best broken, but the best and fastest bitch in England.

Of the retriever trials I have little to say. I do not believe in them: they are nonsense, and cannot be carried out satisfactorily, and are only a waste of time. The performances, too, of all the dogs were very third class.

VAYNOL PARK STAKES, for Retrievers, at 3*l.* 3*s.* each, with 5*l.* plate added, presented by Mr. G. W. D. Assheton Smith.

Mr. Parr's bk. b. Belle, 2 yrs. . . .	agst. Mr. Llewellyn's bk. d. Monarch (dr.)
Mr. Price's bk. d. Sailor	" Capt. Pearson's liv. b. Jess.
Mr. Price's liv. d. Country Rector . . .	" Capt. Tottenham's bk. d. Nep.

Belle and Monarch divided.

GORDDINOG STAKES, for Retriever Puppies, at 3*l.* 3*s.* each, with 5*l.* plate added by Dr. Bond Moor.

Mr. Parr's bk. d. Cato	beat Mr. Hemming's bk. d. Hyder.
Mr. Price's liv. d. Country Rector . . .	" Major Platt's bk. d. Marquis.

Rev. J. C. Macdona's bk. Banker (a bye).

II.

Mr. Parr's Cato, 1st; Rev. J. C. Macdona's Banker, 2nd.

The purse of 5*l.*, given for keepers hunting their employers' dogs the quietest and the best, during the trials, was divided between Austin and Thurtell. The gold whistle, given by Mr. J. A. Handy,

was carried off by Bishop; and the silver-mounted whip, value of two guineas, for the keeper who hunted his retrievers the best, was awarded to Parr.

Thus ended the Vaynol trials for 1872. Barring the weather, everything went smoothly; and the thanks of all concerned are due to Mr. Assheton Smith, for his great liberality and courtesy. The only thing I regretted was, not seeing a dog of any kind of his own entered; but the next time we do meet—which, I fancy, will not be far from Liverpool—I trust I may see one of his leave the slips which will not be second, as last year, but first for the Waterloo Cup of 1873.

WOLF-HUNTING AND WILD SPORT IN LOWER BRITTANY.

NO. XVI.

FROM Concarneau the chasseurs visit the vast assemblage of Druidical monuments at Carnac and Locmariaquer; then return to their hunting-quarters at Gourin.

A few minutes before the clock struck seven M. de la Villemarqué, arriving from his château near Quimperlé, reached the private residence of M. Coste; and the party being augmented by the Colonel-Commandant of the district, we sat down, eight in number, to a bountiful and most appropriate supper. Never shall I forget the astonishment of Shafto at the variety of form and sauce in which so many different kinds of choice sea fish were served; nor was the occasional groan that escaped from his brawny chest, at the prospect of losing a day's hunting 'for the sake of those pagan monuments,' any longer heard, so engrossed was he with the interesting conversation of M. de la Villemarqué and our host on the quality and utility of the various fish set before us.

To describe all the dishes would, as old Homer says, require a hundred tongues, and then the science of a Francatelli would be needed to enter analytically into the subject. I will, however, venture to touch upon two—the oyster soup and the bouillabaisse. This latter was pronounced by all a triumph of art; the fish, saffron, sweet red pepper, and other condiments being so insidiously *mêled* together, that the most sensitive palate would have failed to distinguish a predominance over the rest in any one of its many ingredients. Greenwich is not more celebrated for its white-bait than Marseilles for its bouillabaisse, at the hotels of which city it is, at all seasons, a popular dish. The fish chiefly preferred for it is the dab, but in Paris all kinds of pond-fish are pressed into the service; and so good was it held to be by Thackeray, who was in the habit of feasting on bouillabaisse at Terré's Tavern, Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, that his muse absolutely cantered into rhyme on the merits of 'the rich and savoury stew,' for which, he says,

‘ A Cordelier or Benedictine
Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,
Nor find a fast-day too afflicting,
Which served him up a bouillabaisse.’

‘ When Louis XIV. dined with his cousin the Prince de Condé at Chantilly,’ observed M. Villemarqué, ‘ Vatel, the *chef-de-cuisine*, failing to obtain suitable fish for the banquet, in a fit of desperation fell, like Cato, on his own sword ; but, surely, had the artist served up a dish of bouillabaisse, the fish for which might have been caught at any moment in the reservoir hard by, he might have acquired additional fame, instead of committing self-murder.’

‘ True,’ replied M. Coste ; ‘ but, unfortunately, the dish is of modern invention, and was not known in the days of the Grand Monarque.’

‘ Then a man of such genius as Vatel should have improvised it in the emergency,’ said Villemarqué, whose acquaintance with the history of French dishes was evidently not on a par with his knowledge of dry bones or a Celtic ballad, the data of which he could fix with rare accuracy.

When the present Lord Chief Justice of England was engaged as counsel on a great mining case in South Wales, in addressing the jury it devolved on him to comment on the evidence given by Dr. Buckland, the eminent geologist, and, if possible, to weaken it by ridicule. So, assuming an air of gravity and doubt in his countenance, he said : ‘ You have heard, gentlemen, the evidence of the learned professor, who has told you far more about the bowels of the earth than he knows or cares about his own bowels.’ This was quite enough for the Welsh jury, whose faith in Buckland was shaken from that moment, though subsequent events have proved his geological foresight was quite correct in this matter. The parallel between that fine old Oxford professor and M. de la Villemarqué struck me forcibly at this moment, both being devoted to science, but giving no thought to the body beyond its needful claim.

So much for the bouillabaisse ; and now for a few words on the oyster-soup. Had Horace been present he would have made Catius describe its composition to the last pinch of salt required for its flavour ; another Satire would have been the happy result, and we should have known the bay—aye, the very bed—that furnished the delicious bivalve. But, lacking his good company, the reader must e’en be satisfied with M. Coste’s history of his oyster-soup, in answer, as it were, to the unqualified praise bestowed on it by all present.

‘ I never knew what *oyster-soup* was,’ said he, ‘ till I tasted it in Jersey. My ichthyological duties led me, some time since, to visit that island, seeking information respecting a shell-fish called the Ormer, said to be peculiar to those coasts. My quarters were at Jeune’s Union Hotel, in the Place Royale, which for comfort and good fare justly bore, at that time, the highest character in the island. With a rare stock of old Burgundy in the cellar—so old

‘that no hand but that of the experienced host could decant it without breaking the crust—and an accomplished artist in the kitchen, who understood English and French cookery equally well, no wonder M. Jeune’s hotel was the most popular in Jersey. But the dish of all others, which attracted most attention, was the oyster-soup, the receipt for which was a dead secret, nor would money tempt the *chef* to reveal it. However, what the dollar could not do, the Burgundy did. Pierre loved a bottle of it as much as his master; and catching him one day in a fever heat, after a grand banquet served up for the baillie and judges of the Royal Court, I proposed treating him to a bottle of this choice wine. His delicate palate (it is not every cook that has a palate) watered at the prospect, and before he had finished three parts of the bottle his heart was fairly uncorked, and he would have decanted the innermost secrets of his soul had I cared to know them. “Now, Pierre,” said I, “what is it that makes your oyster-soup the delight of the epicure and the envy of all cooks?”

“Nothing more nor less than conger-eel,” he replied, “from which the stock is always made, and which gives it the rich, delicate flavour so highly esteemed by all good judges.”

“Conger delicate!” I exclaimed, with amazement; “why we bait our crab-pots with that fish, and only cook it when we can get no other fish.”

“That may be,” he replied. “Nevertheless, the fine flavour of a Jersey conger, when used for stock in oyster-soup, is unquestionable, and I strongly commend it to your future notice.”

M. Coste having told us this secret, Keryfan remarked that, while on a visit to me in South Devon, he had often eaten excellent conger cutlets, which the small farmers on the wild coast of the Start Point and Prawle Head kept salted, in lieu of bacon, for winter food. ‘And, Frank,’ said he, ‘you will bear me witness that, after a hard day’s shooting over that rugged land, a conger-cutlet, fried in fresh butter, was no mean dish after all.’

With the nuts and dessert after supper, the song went merrily round, after the usual Breton fashion; but M. de la Villemarqué, the man of all others who was brimful of the old ballads of the country, could not be prevailed on to sing one of them. Either he had no voice, or he considered it undignified to sing the songs which he, with infinite pains, has collected together and published with so much success. However, his recitation of ‘*Kan Maenwynn*,’ a ballad of the sixth century, which he immediately translated into French, indulging freely in the liberties of paraphrase, was a treat never to be forgotten.

The next morning, at break of day, M. de Kergoorlas’s drag appeared at the appointed hour (seven o’clock) at the door of the Lion d’Or; and, although a groom with firm hand stood at the head of each horse, neither the Vampire in front, though still iron-muzzled, nor the off-side wheeler, hampered as he was with a

double trace-rope, showed as yet any symptoms of the vice for which they had acquired so bad a character. After picking up M. de la Villemarqué and M. Coste at the residence of the latter, we trotted along at a brisk rate through Pontaven and Quimperlé on to Henn-bont—that being the Celtic word for old bridge—the granite-laid roads throughout the distance being in tip-top order, and such as Macadam himself would have been delighted to see. Verily, the government roads throughout France, superintended by officers, curtly called, from their office, ‘*ponts et chaussées*,’ and attended to by a staff of cantonniers, each one of whom is responsible for the good condition of so many kilometres, are admirably managed even in the remotest departments of that country. At Henn-bont the team was taken out and stabled for the rest of the day; the return journey to Gourin, *viâ* Plouay and Le Faouet (the last word meaning, in the Celtic language, ‘the land of beeches’), being a long and heavy tug for the poor beasts, and against the collar nearly the whole way.

We had just settled into our *voitures* provided by the Hôtel du Commerce for the purpose of reaching Auray without loss of time, when M. de la Villemarqué, by whose side I sat, pointed to a creek at the mouth of the River Blavet. ‘There,’ said he, ‘landed that gallant knight, Sir Walter de Manny, in the reign of Edward III., when he relieved Jeanne, the heroic Countess de Montfort, shut up in Henn-bont by the armies of Philippe de Valois and Charles de Blois. The countess, who, in the form of a delicate woman, possessed the heart of a lion, had animated the garrison to resist to the last man, fighting herself hand to hand, and assailing the enemy in several desperate sallies, till at length, when eating her last loaf, and preparing for capitulation, the English fleet hove in sight; and Sir Walter de Manny, with a host of knights and archers, hastened to the rescue. Two or three fierce sorties, headed by the countess mounted on a war horse, compelled the besiegers to withdraw, when the English troops, bringing an ample stock of provisions with them from the ships, were received into the town with the utmost joy and gratitude. But you should read “*Froissart*,”’ added Villemarqué, ‘to enjoy the history of Henn-bont and the achievements of this noble dame, the wife of Jean de Montfort.’

With many such tales as this, having reference to the surrounding locality, did our *savants* beguile the time between Henn-bont and Auray. At this latter place, a boat is waiting to convey us down the little estuary to Locmariaker; and, as the wind and tide favour us, we soon arrive at Hellu, a cairn of stones not far from that desolate village. The menhir and dolmen that now meet our eye on every side, some tolerably whole, but most lying in fragments around, the grim and silent witnesses of unknown rites and of a by-gone people, are of such a magnitude, that every one contemplating the scene must wonder that not a scrap of history remains to inform us who were the authors, what was the date, or what the object of such vast and remarkable constructions. But so it

is ; time has obliterated every trace of their origin ; and, if they be graves of the dead, as many conjecture, not a single epitaph remains to tell who or what they were who lie buried here. What a moral on the perpetuity of man's monuments !

Some strange figures, it is true, may be seen on the under-side of the vast slabs of the dolmen, called dol-yr-Marchant ; but they are not believed to be coeval with the construction of the dolmen ; and, if they have a meaning, hitherto all experts have been puzzled to decipher it.

Time would not permit us to visit Gavr Innis, or Goat Island, a granite rock off Locmariaker, although M. Villemarqué's description of its tumulus and mighty cromlech, the latter having no less than ten cover-stones, and fourteen upright props, made us loth to leave so interesting an object unvisited. The great cromlech at Duffryn, near Cardiff, the upper slab being a monolith, which the late Mr. Bruce Pryce was so delighted to show the many *savants* who came to see it, although the largest cromlech in Great Britain, is a child's table compared with this giant's work.

' Carnac is a good two leagues off,' said M. Villemarqué ; ' and, although our *voitures* meet us there, we shall have to walk briskly to that point, or night will be on us ere we reach Auray again.'

So away we went, stepping along at four miles an hour, crossing the ferry of Kerysfeer, and then over the most desolate and rugged road it was ever man's lot to travel, till we at length sighted Carnac ; and what a sight was it—that army, as it has been called, of petrified soldiers all once marshalled in regular array ! Imagine twelve thousand blocks of granite, originally standing at equal distances from each other, averaging from five to twelve feet high apiece, and planted upright in the soil over many a rood of land ! But no description of pen or pencil can convey an adequate picture of the grim scene to the most imaginative reader's eye. He must see it himself to understand the place aright. It is greatly to be regretted that no measures have been taken either by the Government or owners of the soil to prevent the depredations committed on this mysterious assemblage of granite monuments by the peasantry of the district ; for to houses, windmills, and walls in every direction have these stones been appropriated ; and it is now no easy matter to distinguish the ten once regular avenues, with the crescent-shaped row at their head, owing to such spoliation. Verily, if time has wiped out the history of these monuments, man is guilty of a worse destruction by carting away the very monuments themselves.

In the act of closely inspecting a menhir on the outskirts of this ground, our ichthyological *savant*, M. Coste, very nearly met with an awkward accident. He had scrambled up to it, and was standing some three feet above the level ground on a point of the projecting rock, when a covey of red legs sprung up close to him ; and so startled was he by the sudden whirr that he lost his footing, and fell heavily down. But, fortunately, though much shaken, no bones were broken ; and he continued his investigations

apparently without further inconvenience. The appearance of the birds, however, seemed to act like magic on the drooping spirits of Shafto, who, having sacrificed a long day in making this pilgrimage to what he persisted in calling the burying-ground of his Celtic ancestors, was getting thoroughly tired with the monotony of the dreary scene; but so roused was he by the sight of the covey, and by marking them down in a piece of genêt hard by, that, if he could have procured a gun there and then, we should certainly have seen no more of him for the rest of the day. Indeed, without the interesting comments of M. de la Villemarqué, and the perpetual discussion carried on between him and M. Coste respecting the extent of area occupied by the Carnac monuments, and details connected therewith, the dismal spectacle was quite sufficient to damp the ardour of our Gourin party, to all of whom, as we quitted the ground, the sight of a couple of charrettes waiting for us at the village hostelry brought unquestionable relief. The picture gallery was too sombre, too monotonous, and too long for any man who was neither a philosopher nor an enthusiast in such matters.

In concluding this subject, it may be as well to add that between Carnac and Stonehenge no similarity exists in the general aspect of the two places. In the first place, the form of the stone assemblage at Stonehenge is circular, having a flat slab, called the altar stone, in the centre; whereas that of Carnac is a parallelogram formed by eleven ranks, and headed by a single row of rude, upright blocks in the shape of a crescent. These are all of rough granite obtained in the neighbourhood; while those of Stonehenge are a kind of hard sandstone brought, as demonstrated by Mr. Tom Smith, on rollers from the Grey Wethers, about ten miles off; just as the largest pedestal in the world—that which carries the equestrian statue of Peter the Great at St. Petersburg—a granite block, weighing 1,217 tons, was brought from a vast bog to that city. ‘Trunks of oaks bound with iron, and pierced with holes for levers,’ furnished, as Mr. Smith suggests, the rollers on which the stones were conveyed to their destination. At Stonehenge far greater care appears to have been taken in the construction of its monuments than in those of Carnac, the latter being unhewn and single blocks only; whereas the horizontal slabs of the outer circle at Stonehenge are artistically *tied* by mortices to the upright props, each of which has two tenons that fit into the imposts. This is supposed to have been used as a Druidical temple or Pantheon; the other at Carnac as a burying-ground alone. Both, however, being ‘anterior to all written evidence,’ and, therefore, without history, nothing certain is known about either, except, indeed, that they must be considered as among the most ancient monuments of man’s labour.

We did not reach Henn-bont that evening before seven o’clock; the last hour from Auray being passed in a Stygian darkness, illumined only by two wretched dip-candles, borne in a couple of horn lanterns on either side of the *voiturier*. Without some such contrivance the man would have been liable to a fine by the authorities; but the

light, if intended for our safety, could only have contributed to it by preventing other *voitures* from running into us, for it gave no sign whatever of the approximate fences on either side of the road. Luckily, the horses knew it, and so we arrived at Henn-bont without accident.

Here, after some hasty refreshment, we bid adieu to our kind and agreeable companions, M. Coste and M. de la Villemarqué; and the road being a broad and a good one between this and Gourin, *via* Plouay and Le Faouet, we travelled over it at a merry pace with our light load and spanking team, and arrived at the Cheval Blanc soon after midnight.

'Hollo!' cried Shafto, as we entered the *place* of the old town (his mercury had been rising rapidly after quitting Carnac with the prospect of grand sport at Kilvern on the following day)—'Hollo! what on earth mean all these gendarmes in the street, and so many houses alight at this hour, St. Prix?'

'There has been a row, doubtless, of some sort,' responded the latter; 'but I devoutly hope none of our men are implicated in it.'

'So do I,' said Kergoorlas; 'though that drunken piqueur of mine is always getting into scrapes; and it will be a marvel if he has managed during my absence to keep clear of one for two days.'

This was precisely the case, as Kergoorlas soon discovered, on alighting from the drag, three or four gendarmes and a crowd of peasants, the latter all more or less in a state of intoxication, having surrounded it the moment it came to a standstill.

'Your piqueur, Bertrand Gastel,' said the chief officer, 'has, we fear, murdered a man, the *braconnier* Pierre Cantref. He lies insensible at the Gendarmerie, and Gastel is shut up in the prison ward at the same place. He is still very drunk, and more like a raving bull than a human being.'

'Then I hope you'll keep him there till he recovers his reason,' said Kergoorlas, with great excitement.

'That you may be sure we shall do,' replied the gendarme; 'and probably the law may require his detention for a yet longer period.'

A murmur of applause burst from the crowd on hearing these words.

'Pleasant prospect for the hunting to-morrow,' groaned out Shafto aloud.

'Ah, Monsieur,' said the gendarme, 'if you depend on M. Kergoorlas's hounds for your sport, I fear me you'll be greatly disappointed.'

Then came out the whole history of the affair from beginning to end. It appeared that no sooner had Kergoorlas and St. Prix departed on the excursion to Concarneau than Gastel and two or three other piqueurs, birds of a feather, had assembled together in a small auberge on the outskirts of the town; and then, not satisfied with the day's debauch, had prolonged it through the night, finally falling asleep in the chimney-corner of this miserable den. The

next day (Friday) had originally been the one fixed for the hunting at Kilvern; but, in consequence of the visit to Carnac, it was postponed to the following day, and due notice thereof proclaimed aloud in the streets of Gourin.

However, some half a dozen *sabottier* peasants, who had not heard of the change, calling early in the morning at the auberge, and finding the piqueurs fast asleep, and, at the same time, being informed by the aubergiste that the hunting at Kilvern had been deferred to the next day, exhibited the utmost vexation; and vowed they would have their day's sport in the neighbouring covers, come what would of it. But, although bearing a musket or two, not a dog of any kind had accompanied them; and, while perplexed on this point, the *braconnier* Cantref, at whose cottage the piqueur Gastel and several couple of hounds were billeted, entered the auberge, seeking that individual.

'The very man to your hand,' suggested the aubergiste, in a subdued tone, lest he should disturb the sleeping piqueurs; 'the hounds would follow him to the chase, and there is a herd of fine, fat chevreuil now lying in the forest of Conveau. Why not up and at them?'

The suggestion was a tempting one; and, followed as it was by a *goutte* or two of brandy, timely administered to the *braconnier*, he expressed himself quite ready to join the *sabottiers* in this daring adventure. In two minutes from that time the whole party, leaving the piqueurs still snoring on the ground like a lot of swine, were off to Conveau with no less than eight couple of Kergoorlas's hounds; and, as that cover lies within a league of Gourin, they were soon in hot pursuit of the chevreuil roused in its mazes.

Louis Trefarreg, however, St. Prix's ever-steady and experienced piqueur, was speedily informed of the circumstance; and, rushing to the auberge, managed to stir Gastel to his legs, and to make him understand the magnitude of the mischief occasioned by his absence and inebriety. 'Death and hell follow the villain,' said the still half-drunken piqueur. 'If I can only overtake him, he'll never steal a hound of mine more.' So saying, he and the rest of the piqueurs staggered off in pursuit. The hounds' tongues and a few random shots soon brought the two parties together; and before the *braconnier* could defend himself, Gastel, with his iron-shod hunting pole, felled him senseless to the ground. Then were the gendarmes summoned; and all on whom they could lay hands, save Louis Trefarreg, were at once secured, and brought to the Gendarmerie.

The assault had occurred some sixteen hours before our arrival at Gourin, but the poor *braconnier* was still insensible; and the hounds, which Louis Trefarreg had in vain attempted to call off, were supposed to be still running in the forest of Conveau.

SPORT AT GRAYTOWN, NICARAGUA.

ABOUT the most unpleasant part of the world I ever set foot on, Graytown, or St. Juan de Nicaragua, is, or at least some twenty years ago was, about the worst. Let my readers picture to themselves a large, swift, mud-coloured river, with low banks thickly wooded with manchioneel, mangrove, and guava bushes, backed by heavy forests, intersected in all directions with muddy creeks and swamps reeking with miasma of the most fetid nature, and upon the right-hand point a cluster of forty or fifty wattle huts, with one solitary wooden house in the centre, before which an English flag flew, proclaiming it to be the residence of her Majesty's consul; and they may, perhaps, be able in some slight degree to imagine the detestable hole I have endeavoured to describe.

At the time I speak of the Americans were trying to open up a route to the Pacific *via* the River St. Juan, and the brig of war to which I belonged was sent there from Port Royal, Jamaica, by the commodore, 'to protect British interests;' but what interests we could have had heaven and the commodore only knew.

We were not at all well pleased with the prospect of having to spend six months in this horrid hole, but the few who cared for field sports consoled ourselves with the hope that at all events we should get some sport among the snipe and wild-fowl, even if nothing better could be got; but, on our arrival, our hopes were considerably shaken by hearing from Dr. Green, the consul, that shooting in the lagoons was not only dangerous, from the almost certainty of getting fever, but also that the immense numbers of alligators and venomous snakes made the pursuit of game anything but pleasant. For the fever and the saurians we did not care much, but the snakes were enemies not to be despised; and I must confess that having to keep a sharp look-out for them, and the knowledge that a bite from one would be followed by certain death, did not improve our shooting. During our excursions after wild fowl or snipe we came across several of these pests, and on one occasion I got a fright from one that spoilt my shooting for some days. I had gone one afternoon, attended by an Indian boy only, to look for a snipe or two in the swamp at the back of the town; I had flushed and shot one, and was walking to pick it up, when I suddenly felt something twine itself rapidly and tightly round my leg; looking down, I found I had trodden upon the neck of a dark brown snake about thirty inches in length. Its head was just clear of my boot, and the body was twisted twice round my ankle and leg. Keeping my foot firmly pressed upon the brute, I called the Indian boy, who at once pronounced it to be one of the most venomous kind; so, turning my gun down, I placed the muzzle close to its head, and a touch of the trigger blew it to smithereens. As may be supposed, so narrow a shave in a great measure unstrung my nerves, and I

made tracks for the consulate, bearing the headless body of my foe with me. On seeing it Dr. Green confirmed the boy's statement, adding, 'had you not fortunately trodden upon it, so that it could not fasten on your leg, nothing I know of could have saved your life; in twenty minutes you would have been past praying for!' After this, my readers may depend I 'took heed unto my footsteps' when shooting, and must confess that although I had a pair of leggings made of green hide, impervious to snake-bites, yet I never felt quite at ease, or perfectly comfortable in my mind. For the alligators we did not care much, and often and often have I fired at one from only a few yards' distance, but seldom with any effect beyond making them scuttle into deep water. I have never been at any place where so many of these monsters were. I have frequently counted fifteen or twenty of them on one small mud island, a mile or two up the river. They would let our canoe get to about twenty yards from them, and then one, lifting up his ugly long snout, would give a deep grunt, and they would slide off into the river like so many logs, while our balls would rattle against their armour, as if it was a rock.

I remember one day four of us, armed with the old service muskets, firing at one immense fellow asleep on the bank: he stood up for a moment, and then quietly subsided upon his side; whereupon we fancied that his 'goose was cooked,' so jumped ashore to have a look at him: he was about fourteen feet long, and of great girth; and as I wanted to get one of his teeth for a curiosity, I endeavoured to prize his jaws open with my musket; when, to our intense dismay, he suddenly opened his capacious mouth, and, closing it on the barrel, crushed it together as if it had been in a vice, gave an angry flap with his stern, knocking two of our party head over heels, and scuttled into the river, leaving us looking at each other in mute astonishment. He was only stunned; and it was lucky for us he did us no harm. A precious wiggling, I remember, I got from our first lieutenant about the ruined musket, and I rather think I had to pay the value of it.

Finding that we could seldom kill these brutes with our fire-arms, and being anxious to procure some of their teeth, I at last hit upon a plan which succeeded to admiration. It was this: landing one evening, with a coil of old inch rounding and a large shark-hook, we purchased a small pig from one of the Indians, and selecting a spot in the lagoon where a tree well overhung the water, we shortly after sunset set our trap as follows. A block was securely lashed as far out on the tree as a light hand could get, through it was led a kind of outhaul, the end brought in and bent, with the inch-line to the chain of the shark-hook; the entrails of the pig were then secured round the lower part of the hook-chain, and the bait was then hauled out, and permitted to hang just in the water, plumb with the block, a round turn taken with the main line round the stem of a tree, and half hitched, and the outhaul was secured by merely a yarn stop, so that a slight jerk would carry it away. Our trap being ready,

we adjourned to the consulate, and spent a quiet hour or two with pepper-punch and cigars, and then went on board.

Early next morning—in fact, just as day was breaking—we again landed, and reaching our trap, found, to our delight, that the out-haul was unrove, and a considerable strain upon the rounding. Manning this, we walked away cheerily with it, and, after a severe struggle, dragged to land a scaly monster of eleven feet eight inches long, who manifested in every way he could his decided repugnance to making our acquaintance. The way he slashed about him with his tail was 'a caution to sinners,' and the jerking strains he put upon the rounding made us at times fear that it would part; but, fortunately, the hemp, though old, was good, and after some difficulty we got him safely moored to a tree. To secure his caudal extremity was the next job, which, after several abortive attempts, was done by getting a running bowline over it, and in a few moments that end, too, of him was securely lashed to a neighbouring tree. After watching for some time his attempts to get free, I gave him the *coup de grâce* by planting a bullet in his eye; and after decapitating him, we rolled his body into the lagoon. The head was placed in an ant path, and in a few days was beautifully cleaned for us, and it now occupies a place in a friend's museum.

With the exception of snipe and waterfowl, the only other shooting we got at St. Juan was pigeon, and a large blue crane; the former were very plentiful, and are a fine large bird, and excellent eating; the latter, dressed and stuffed like a goose, frequently appeared at our mess-table. We heard that deer were to be obtained, but during the six months we lay there none were ever fallen in with, although the Indians several times brought venison on board for sale; but I believe it was obtained a considerable distance inland.

Taken altogether, I think I can safely aver that St. Juan de Nicaragua is about the worst spot in the world for sport I ever visited.

F. W. B.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—November Notabilia.

THE racing season has dragged its slow length along to a very dirty ending on Warwick Common, and the past November meetings have been as fatal to backers as they generally are, and, we venture to think, will continue to be, as long as our climate continues what it is, and our late autumns see such an out-pouring of the waters as this year has made remarkable. How men venture to gamble in the teeth of such weather, so utterly subversive of all form, and which makes 'the book' a helpless mass of confusion, is a subject of wonder to us. The late meetings, and Newmarket must come under this heading—given such a state of things as has been in existence this season—are regular pitfalls for backers, into which they tumble year after year, gaining no lessons, apparently, from the experience of preceding anniversaries, and bringing about anything but that pleasant 'wintering' of which we hear so much and see so little. On the other hand, what a carnival are not these November gatherings

for bookmakers! How they must hug themselves when they contemplate the rich and varied programmes of Messrs. Topham, Frail, and Merry; seductive productions, dazzling in their flattering hues to the eyes of the poor punters, but seen through with clearer vision by those gentlemen of the book and pencil! How the good time coming must exhilarate the spirits of those whom a bad Leger and an indifferent Cesarewitch have momentarily depressed, and how they must look forward to that Midland Circuit practice which begins amidst the floods of the Severn at Worcester, and ends either in a frost or a quagmire (it is about even betting which) at Warwick; practice in which bookmakers hold the briefs, and backers are the clients who pay! And yet there are people who abuse the Jockey Club for interfering with that privilege of an Englishman to do what he 'darned please,' and go to the devil after his own fashion, by setting a limit to these late affairs and fixing the end of November for their termination! If we might hazard a guess, we should say that these complainers were the layers in disguise, and that the effusions against the tyranny of the Jockey Club, which we meet with in a few of the racing newspapers, proceed from some talented member of the Victoria Club.

But, however, we must accept the state of things as it exists, and be thankful, as we journey down to the second city of the empire amidst the normal state of weather which that city enjoys, that it is no worse. Not a bad place the second city by any means, and where a man may have snug lying, and not be overfleece—with hotels susceptible of improvement, but still comfortable, and where, if the *menu* is not of the best, the drink is generally undeniable. Rather over-given to 'liquoring up' indeed is the second city; and very various, not to say mysterious, are some of the drinks compounded in its bars by hands more or less fair, as we have had occasion before to remark in these pages. Some cities we read of in old time were wholly given to idolatry, but in these days our idols are of a more tangible and earthy description, and if we said that Liverpool worshipped filthy lucre and good wine, we should not be far wrong. No imputation on Liverpool either, for the one in our modern creed represents the *summum bonum*, and the other cult, despite Sir Wilfrid Lawson and our present highly-esteemed and popular Home Secretary, will, we think, long flourish in these islands—at least we are sure it will in Liverpool. There is a curious mixture here of business and drinking, which we read of as an American institution, but which is rather strange to us in this country. Bargains and bitters, cotton and cocktails, prices and pick-me-ups, range freely side by side; and in one branch, at least, things are never dull. If the cotton does not go off it is odds on the cocktail doing so; and the aspect of the Exchange at high business tide, with its numerous restaurants and drinking-bars, is curious and suggestive. You see a group of three or four persons on the flags—men with wealthy and substantial looks—none of your dandy-frippery of the Mr. Wilkin's Flasher type, but in thick hats and broad cloth, and they are conversing together in solemn and subdued tones, probably about some financial scheme, second in importance only to those hatched in Lombard Street and St. Swithin's Lane. Presently the group, as if struck with some sudden idea, proceed with hasty steps to the head of a flight of steps in a corner of the quadrangle, down which they disappear. Are they about to conclude the momentous bargain—some huge transfer—some great sale? No, they are only gone to 'liquor,' which done, they emerge refreshed, we presume, but still with an air of intent business, as if the liquor was only a matter of detail. Probably it is. The number of

these luncheon and drinking-places would almost exceed belief, as indeed would the number of public-houses in the second city. We once, as we rode out to Aintree, tried to count the number of liquor shops, commencing with Dale Street, that we passed *en route*, and were obliged to give it up after we had gone about half a mile; it was too confusing. The Hebes, too, who minister to the wants of thirsty Liverpool are, as a class, to be commended; Lancashire lasses of undoubted mettle, and some of them possessing the witcheries for which the County Palatine was once famous. Not of such gorgeous exteriors as that kind of which Messrs. Spiers and Pond are the sole possessors—not quite up to the mark of Ludgate Hill, Victoria, or the Agricultural Hall—but well placed as they are, where a happy mixture of bright eyes and unlimited chaff finds much favour. The manners of the second city, however, might be better; and, indeed, if we simply described them as atrocious, we should not be far wrong. The cad is an objectionable animal wherever he exists; but he is a howling specimen in Liverpool, and has a spice of the rough in his composition which makes him far from an agreeable companion in a crowd. He is liberal in his opinions, but has no mercy on any one who differs from them; and we witnessed a striking instance of this one night at the Theatre Royal (a temple of the drama which has degenerated into a very fair copy of a music hall), where a gentleman, supposed to be a comic singer, was indulging the audience with a song in the character of a Prussian ex-soldier. It was utterly inane and stupid, and not worth hissing certainly, but some gentlemen in a private box, one or two of whom were foreigners, we believe, did venture to express an opinion on the effusion contrary to that of the audience. Immediately there was a dreadful row. The pit yelled, the gallery groaned, respectably dressed men in the boxes vociferated against the unfortunate men who had ventured to express an opinion hostile to that of the majority; and amidst tumultuous shouts of 'turn them out,' they were ejected with some violence (we saw some official of the theatre pull one out by the collar of his coat), and were considerably knocked about in the process. A grosser instance of mob law we never saw; and if there had been gentlemen in the house in any number it could not have happened. We ventured to express an opinion on such unjustifiable usage to the most decent looking man near us, but gained no sympathy. 'Sir,' said he, 'a Liverpool audience is not to be trifled with.' We meekly bowed and mentally resolved that we would never 'trifle' with such keen susceptibilities as the Liverpudlians of a certain class seem to possess. Can it be true, we wonder, what some people tell us, that we are getting Americanized in some of our institutions, and that republican tyranny is gradually taking the place of constitutional freedom? But this is not time and place for such a question. We have merely given a little sketch of Liverpool manners and customs; and they are not, we think, nice. If, however, anybody thinks otherwise, why they are perfectly welcome to that opinion.

But the racing? Well, the racing was good on the whole; nothing of any great class, but there was plenty of it, that being the great desideratum in all these late fixtures. Why, when the days are shorter we should have more racing than when they are longer, we can't quite make out, but so it is. The feature of the meeting was the determined run of ill-luck which backers experienced—with here and there a few exceptions—from the time the saddling-bell rang for the Trial Stakes to the hour it pealed a requiem for the last favourite's overthrow in the Hurdle Handicap. 'Never was such a time,' as Punter Brown said to Punter Jones; but that was incorrect, begging these gallant gamblers' pardon. There have been such times over and over

again; it is their damnable iteration which makes us forgetful, in the magnitude of the present crisis, of the disasters of the past. Liverpool was 'hot' certainly, but that it has been before, and when Ambassador beat Sunny in the Trial he was but the forerunner of doom. No one can say that Mr. George Angell has a plethora of luck on the Turf, and directly he purchases a horse, so surely does that horse run a perfect wretch. He had only just bought Sunny, and after his defeat he gladly let him go to Mr. Lincoln for 205 gs. Glowworm, who could not act at Newmarket, where we fear the stable had good reason for suspecting foul play, won the Knowsley Nursery very easily, carrying top weight too; and Lord Aylesford went on with his cross country good fortune by winning the Hunters' Steeplechase with The Burglar, a good, useful horse, who can jump, which was what Worcester, the favourite, could not, and at last he ran into a ditch before Valentine's brook. If they had landed together on the flat Worcester would probably have won, but he wants a deal of schooling before he is developed into a chaser. Arlessienne, after winning the Welton Handicap, found her way, if we mistake not, into Lord Poulett's stable, and she certainly looks like jumping. We hope it may be so, for a good steeplechaser would be a refreshing sight nowadays. Shall we ever see a Chamade, a L'Africain, a Colonel, or a Lamb again, we wonder? Mr. Nicholl's Barnard Castle won the Aintree Handicap, but only, we are inclined to think, through the unfortunate falling of Bridgewater, who was forced on the rails by Barnard Castle; and Cannon had a severe shaking that, for a moment or two, looked something worse, and there were reports of a broken arm, but they happily turned out incorrect. Barnard Castle's win was an unlucky circumstance in one way, for it set people thinking about Raby Castle and his chance for the Cup; and it was argued that if the latter had beaten the former in his trial, therefore he would about win. Whether it was ascertained for a certainty that this had happened we know not, but as 'Billy' was very sanguine in the billiard-room at the Washington that night, indulged in some strong adjectives, and told every one of his pals, gentle and simple—and 'Billy' has both—to back him, there was great talk about Raby Castle. The confidence of his owner was imparted to his friends, and therein lay the unfortunate circumstance, but we are anticipating. One thing in connection with Liverpool Races we must note here, and that is, the total change that has come over the meeting in respect to the 'midnight betting,' as it used to be called, when that dreadful den, the Albion, was the sole resort of the fraternity; and in a room which, by twelve o'clock, bore a striking resemblance to that Black Hole so famous in history (only they did not use bad language at Calcutta), transactions in thousands took place. It was an awful place that Albion, and well we remember the impression it made on us on the occasion, some few years since, of our first and only visit. What the Turf reporters call 'a leading bookmaker' in a high state of intoxication in the doorway, others of inferior degree playing the game of follow their leader with every prospect of success; indescribable ruffians of the lowest order of Turf followers blocking up the passage leading to an apartment which the combined circumstances of gas, beer, bad tobacco, and equally bad language, made a perfect little pandemonium; this was what greeted us at the Liverpool head-quarters of business. How the den was tolerated as long as it was has always appeared a wonderful thing to us, but we are a conservative people at heart, and so the racing men stood the Albion until the Washington opened its marble halls, and yellow-haired barmaids and other gorgeous belongings awed the roughs into good behaviour, and made 'leading' bookmakers consider their ways. Oddly enough with the fall of the Albion, and when they had

ample room and verge enough for business, betting dwindled down to nothing, and the stable mind said with Charmian (or Cleopatra, which was it?), 'Let us to billiards.' And they went in for billiards with a will, and many have been the matches played in the Washington saloon with much profit to the players. Whether the lookers on, the *jeunesse dorée*, who, fresh from a cocktail compounded by the Hebe No. 1, laid 'six to four on the striker,' much profited, is another question. Our opinion is that they did not,—but we have wandered from Billy Nicholl, Raby Castle, and the Liverpool Cup, and have only got to the end of the first day's racing. Well, the second was like unto it in one respect at least, in that the favourites with, we think, two exceptions, got bowled over. The race of the day was the Sefton Steeplechase, for which came to the post some good horses, old Scots Grey looking well, though his party were far from sweet upon him, Redivivus apparently very fresh, but still not fancied either by his stable or the public though he opened favourite, Disturbance, Mr. Barber's old horse, now the property of Captain Machell, and a very promising chaser if we mistake not, Badminton, a good honest horse, that a man ought to have a medal for if he threw down, and last, but not least, Fitzwilliam, belonging to Col. Peyton, with Mr. Thomas in the saddle, a very good-looking horse, but too much of a puller to stay. He went so well for the first mile that we thought he had outpaced them, but 'Tom,' although a member of the Strong-in-th'-arm family, could not hold him, and he came to grief at a fence after Becher's brook. Two miles or two miles and a half will, we suspect, suit him best, but the 7th D. G. would have stood on their heads if their Colonel had won, and there would have been a tremendous glorification. Redivivus tumbled into Becher's brook, and it was seen after this obstacle was past that King of the Roses (own brother to Primrose, to whom we make our apologies for not having mentioned him before) was left with the lead, and he made very plain sailing for the rest of the way, and won very easily from Badminton and Scots Grey. Disturbance fell early in the race, or else he would have taken his part, and did the next day with much effect. The rest of Wednesday's racing was a melancholy list of casualties from the backer's point of view. The only chance they got was when St. Pancras made a successful *début* over hurdles; and another horse of the promising order has Lord Aylesford got in addition to his stud. Everybody seems to have spotted Lord Aylesford, indeed, as the coming steeplechaser of the period, and as he is fond of the sport we trust so it will turn out, but his lordship must prepare himself for the burdens and responsibilities of success. In the first place—that is to say, if he wins a steeplechase or two—he will inevitably be called 'The Lord of Packington.' We see it looming in the future from the pens of those ready writers who, when the blue and the black belt was in the ascendant, had The Lord of Enville perpetually in the ink-pot. Then the changes will be rung on the violet and yellow, but we will back The Lord of Packington against the field. If he can stand this, and win, more power to him.

The Cup Day at Liverpool, be it spring, summer, or autumn (falsely so called), is a great day entirely for all sorts and degrees of men; but chiefly for those who make the journey to Aintree fourteen in a cart, and enjoy themselves very much both on the road and in the drinking-booths on the course. For that class the Cup day is unalloyed Elysium, which even Mr. Bruce's enactments fail to rob them of; and it ought to be the same for *nous autres*, only somehow we miss the trick of it, and don't always succeed in finding that pea which is so essential to happiness. There was a capital entry for the event and a good acceptance, and Musket being left in kept

down the weights. At the first onset Indian Ocean had been made favourite, but there were many chops and changes before the day, until at length Mr. Brayley showed his hand, and then Mornington leapt into the premiership at a bound. It was genuine business, but still many people fought shy of a horse of whom this year they knew so little good, and who was, moreover, given to breaking blood-vessels. Mr. Brayley, however, had tried him to be better than Soucar, who ran very fairly in the Cesarewitch, and he told all his friends that the horse was never better than he was now. Enfield was one of the first spotted, from his position in the Cesarewitch, when the weights appeared, and he looked on paper *nulli secundus*, while the performance of Vanderdecken the week previous, at Lincoln, had called attention to the great chance he possessed, although he had plenty of weight for a three-year old. Kingcraft, too, if ever he was to redeem his name had the chance given him with the mild impost for a Derby winner of 7 st. 10 lbs. The mysterious animal in the race (there is generally something mysterious in Liverpool Cup), and for whom it was darkly whispered the Lessee himself was 'going,' was South Durham, a horse who last year was only a five furlongs gentleman, but had been now transformed, so it was said, by the talent of Elliot into a stayer. He was to be the Whinyard No. 2, and there were some confident people who maintained he would start first favourite. He very nearly attained this elevation on the morning of the race, but fell from his high estate before the flag fell. A genuine article, there is no doubt, for he ran very fast for a little over a mile, but failed at that point. Then Mr. Nicholl had tried Raby Castle to be better than Barnard Castle, at least so it was said, though we are not aware that Mr. Nicholl said it. He told his friends to back it, however, and was evidently rather fond of his chance. The betting shifted about a little at the close, and Mornington, who had not done work enough, so said the touts, though Mr. Brayley and his trainer might have thought otherwise, went badly in the market, and at one time 10 to 1 was offered against him, but he left off equal favourite with Kingcraft, who was reported looking as Kingcraft had never looked yet, big and full of muscle. It was no idle saying, for when he appeared every one rated him a stone heavier than when he had last run in public, and he was undoubtedly the handsomest specimen of a race-horse in the field. Neither was there any fault to be found with Mornington, for if he was short of work he did not look so, and perhaps the two favourites and Enfield were the pick of the lot for condition and good looks. We are aware that many people thought Vanderdecken a very good-looking horse, but we can hardly agree with them there, nor were we much impressed with Raby Castle, who had that look about him expressed by the term 'peacocky.' South Durham had grown into a very powerful-looking muscular horse, but seemed a trifle big; and Lord Hawke would not do at any price, though they took a short one about him in the ring. It was a good start, and the race was run at what is termed 'a cracker' throughout, Black Gown making the running with Enfield, and South Durham lying close up, Vanderdecken in the middle of his horses, and Kingcraft, who would not begin, well in the rear. Maidment had to ride him to get into a place, but after the first quarter of a mile he was all right, and no horse could run gamer than he did. It was a splendid finish between him and Vanderdecken at the last—a grand fight from within the distance, as they contested the ground inch by inch, but Lord Aylesford's horse managed to get a little the best of it near home, and won by a head. The annals of many Liverpool Cups would never show a finer race, and it was a very good performance of Vanderdecken's. But if it was good on his part, what shall we say (gamely

as he struggled) of Kingcraft, a Derby winner five years old, running a three-year old at 2 lbs., and being beaten by him? How came he ever to win the Derby, and what must have been the quality of those behind him? Mornington ran very fast for a mile, and then retired; and the same may be said of South Durham. Enfield got interfered with while going well in front, and, his temper ruffled, retired. We believe his trainer thought his getting a place almost a certainty. The pace was too hot for Indian Ocean, and the performances of the others we need not comment on. Mr. Topham may well be congratulated on his handicap; and the race was a brilliant wind-up to a successful meeting.

And Shropshire's capital had gathered then, *not* her beauty and her chivalry, but merely a small contingent of racing men on the Monday afternoon following—the precursors of the main body, who had spent a rather grievous Sunday in Liverpool, and now journeyed on to Mr. Frail's gathering. Shrewsbury is not a particularly festive place, though the chimes have been heard there at midnight within our recollection.

Famous for its 'cakes,' but of a middling quality as to its 'ale,' we believe it owes a good deal, if not all, of its renown to its races. 'Proud Salopia' does not do much for it, and if it was not that Mr. Frail rouses the sleepy echoes once in the year, it would lead rather a stagnant existence. He certainly is a wonderful man, the Shrewsbury C. C., wonderful in the way he manages his meeting, in the care and forethought bestowed upon it, in the attention to the minutest trifle, and last, but not least, in the extraordinary lot of subscribers he gets to his various stakes, and the extraordinary lot of horses that are brought to run for them. Highly favoured was he, too, this time in the way of weather, for whilst all the rest of England was in downpour, and dismal stories were told of snow on the Black Mountains, the Wrekin smiled on us day by day, and slight frosts at night and bright sunshine in the morning made the time pass delightfully. Somewhat in the result of a pitched battle, as far as Shrewsbury was concerned, was that fight which backers and layers wage from the early morn of Lincoln to the dewy eve of—we can't at this time exactly remember when the racing season *does* terminate. We heard something at Shrewsbury about a 'Bromley Winter,' which horrified us very much, and also made us fearful that the metropolitan circuit was going to head a rebellion against the Jockey Club. But this by the way. The first two days the luck was pretty evenly balanced, but on the third, when Oxonian was beaten in the Shobden Cup, and Moonraker came to the front in the Column Handicap, when the Eugenie filly upset Coronet in the Caldecot Nursery, and the odds on Young Philippe were not landed in the County Members' Plate, then indeed was there wailing and sorrow. We are anticipating, however, and must look back to the first two days, when the sport was excellent, especially on the Wednesday, the Great Shropshire Handicap, a piece of work of which Mr. Frail, jun., may well be proud, resulting as it did in a close finish and a dead-heat. On the Tuesday Countryman showed himself in his old form in the Wynnstay Welter, when, ridden by Mr. Crawshaw, he led Solon, Miss Ellis, and Addison very easily; and in the Autumn Steeplechase Beaumenoir showed us a taste of his quality, and won for himself a distinguished position in the Great Metropolitan in consequence. He is a very compactly-formed horse and a good fencer, but whether he will carry a heavy weight over a country remains to be proved. There was a wretched entry for the Queen's Plate, four 'duffers,' of whom Dunois was the best, and that concluded the first day. It was, as we have above remarked, wonderfully good racing on the second, good fields and

finishes, and the grand prize of the day an exciting race. Mornington having run very fast for a mile in the Liverpool Cup of course had a great chance here, though both Struan and Lucy Sutton were better favourites, the former well in on his public running with 6 st. 10 lbs., but where Lucy Sutton's pretensions were, with 5 lbs. more, we could not quite see. There was Hamlet, Jack Spigot, Bothwell (whose day seems really done), Ringwood, Lady Atholstone, Napolitain, &c., all good horses, and more or less backed, Pitchfork at the last being supported for a good deal of money. It was a pretty start, and as the twenty-two runners streamed up the new mile, they had a sort of Royal Hunt Cup appearance. Mornington, who was always in front, took up the running at the distance, followed by Hamlet, and it looked as if the race would be left to these two, when opposite the Stand, Highland Fling, to the astonishment of every one, shot out from the ruck, and after a brilliant struggle between the three, the result of which, till Mr. Clark hoisted the numbers, was in doubt to nearly every one, Highland Fling and Mornington made a dead-heat of it, with Hamlet half a length behind them. Mr. Merry's mare had been shut in below the distance, so she literally dropped from the clouds on the other two, and snatched the prize from Mornington's grasp, who else would have won cleverly. In the dividing heat, as might have been expected, Highland Fling won easily. She had come with such a rush in the first heat, and was so manifestly catching her horses at every stride, that it looked the certainty it proved. Mr. Merry must have had a good win with her, for 100 to 6 was her price at one time, though she started at a point or two under these odds. There had been a very fine race, too, just before this, between Strasburg, from the same stable, and Huntley, equal favourites; Strasburg challenging Huntley at the enclosure, and after a game struggle winning by a head. Then Queen's Proctor won the Tankerville Nursery by a neck from the Sandal colt, the favourites nowhere, and Merry and Wise landed the Onslow Stakes by a short head from Freshman, so there was plenty of exciting racing, and to the calm philosopher who was simply 'looking on'—only we are afraid there were but few philosophers to be found within hearing of Shrewsbury clock. The Cup was in a certain sense a surprise, judged by the Liverpool running, where Indian Ocean could not get a place; and yet he won here, after a good race, it is true, but still we think with a bit to spare. Our reading of the two races is this, that in the Liverpool Cup, which was run from start to finish at 'a cracker,' Indian Ocean was outpaced; at Shrewsbury the pace was not severe, and the distance suited him better. It may be that if Mozart and Freeman had not raced against each other as they did, the former might have won. Certain it is, that their jockeys pursued a very suicidal policy, on which the hon. member for Falkirk would, if he had been present, expressed we think a very strong opinion. As Indian Ocean won the same race two years ago, of course the fondness of horses for certain courses was quoted by everybody. We have our own ideas on that point, which we will not now inflict on our readers, but merely remark that 'The Ocean,' as of course he is called, is a very fortunate horse, and Lord Berkeley Paget a fortunate man. For the rest it was a grand success; better racing was never seen, and he must have been a clever man who could pick a hole in a handicap. We trust Mr. Frail's success (and of course there is a business side to the question, which has to be considered) was co-equal with that of the meeting.

Warwick came off after a fashion, and that fashion a successful one also, judging from the number of horses that ran during the week, and the crowds of people that came to see them. But looked upon as racing—legitimate racing—

it must be regarded rather from a farcical point of view, and that for the simple reason that the course was half under water, and the sight of horses struggling through it at the best pace they could command was half ridiculous and half disgusting. There is some clause somewhere in the acts of our Turf Legislature about 'weather permitting,' but the 'weather' must have been intended by the framers of the enactment to mean frost and snow, for no other is taken notice of. And yet the aspect of Warwick Common, with its small lakes here and there, and about a foot of mud where there wasn't water, was enough to show that there could be very little true racing, properly so called, during the four days. When jockeys could scarcely see each other's faces for mud, and colours—except in the case of a horse who made all the running—were undistinguishable, the scene may be well imagined. But we are a wonderful people, particularly the racing portion of this great nation, and our private opinion is that nothing but a second deluge would stop a race meeting. No one seems to be struck with the absurdity of paddling through water, and the Stand at Warwick was never fuller, nor ever did that county of blue blood and pretty faces send a better contingent to assist at the sport. Leamington also came out strong, as it always does, with that rather peculiar Leamington type which is patent to the place. 'Awful swells,' no doubt, the feminines, with the neatest of ankles and the most irreproachable of costumes, but still with a mixture of Bayswater-cum-Upper Clapton-cum-Bloomsbury about them which was painful. Pretty girls, there could be no question, and one could only deplore that the style was what it was. But we must not dwell on the Stand and its occupants, for our *résumé* of the racing will be brief. It was notable, like all the late gatherings, for the number of horses that ran at it, and for the good sport it gave. Why in the teeth of such weather we have such sport, when at Newmarket and elsewhere in the early months of the year, with all appliances and means to boot, we have such bad, we are totally unable to explain. We can but record the fact. Space warns us that we must not dwell on Mr. Merry's gathering beyond noting that the Great Midland was the good thing for the Fyfield stable which some of the prophets foretold, and that Merivale made the best use of her light impost, and led Vanderdecken by a length. We need hardly allude to the latter's great performance in carrying 8 st. 2 lbs. where he did on such heavy ground. He seems to promise to be the Cup hero of next year. The Grand Annual was a very pretty race from the way the four runners, after Chivalry was disposed of, kept together along the Juan Meadows, taking the water-jump the second time almost in stride, and the gallant fight made between the two stable companions, Snowstorm and Ryshworth, the former only winning by a head. It was, in fact, such a close thing, that Snowstorm's backers were unhappy till the numbers were hoisted; and whether Boxell, who rode Ryshworth, knew that he was racing against Mr. Crawshaw, we could not quite make out. It struck us that as both were well plastered with mud, Boxell could not see the rose jacket alongside him. Be that as it may, the finish was an exciting one, and a worthy wind-up to Warwick and the flat season.

Our hunting parcel we open with some notes from an esteemed correspondent, which we prefer to give in his own language, without any needless addition or excision from the Van Driver's pen.

'Living and having lived a long life in the centre of four hunting countries, in which I take a deep interest, perhaps a few remarks from me may not be wholly uninteresting to my brother foxhunters, as to their present position and proceedings. I will place each according to the time the Masters have been on the throne.

'Mr. Parry and the Puckeridge are still pursuing the even tenor of their way, killing their foxes and having as good sport as steam-ploughing, artificial manures, and the various improvements in agriculture will admit. In kennel the hounds may be called almost perfect in shape, make, and quality, and quite so in condition, for Alfred Hedges is a first-rate kennel huntsman—and how can it be otherwise with such an eye over him as Mr. Parry's? They have had a good cub-hunting, and plenty of blood; and with a fair show of foxes, and the Master still wonderfully keen, a good season is no doubt to be expected.

'Now I approach the Oakley, happy in the possession of the first gentleman huntsman in the world, and George Day, his able assistant both in the field and the kennel. The entry this season is certainly clever, and the pack are in first-rate condition, and have already twice run away from the whole field, killing their fox by stoutness and 'instinct,' a proof of the virtue of letting hounds 'alone.' In fact, these hounds have had a really good cub-hunting, and as there is a good show of foxes in the country, barring one range of woodland, a good season is in store for Mr. Arkwright and the far-famed Oakley.

'Next comes Mr. Gerard Leigh and Bob Ward, or rather Bob Ward and Mr. Leigh—their usual position in the field. These are a very smart pack of hounds, in famous condition, and with feet, legs, and shoulders well adapted for the country they hunt, which in some parts is very flinty. I believe these hounds have had a good cub-hunting, but have not had an account of any particular days. Since November began one or two fine days' sport, particularly one run, from near Stevenage, passing the Three Counties Asylum, and killing near Bleak Hall. What a glorious finish it would have been for Bob to have pulled him down at the Old Cambridgeshire kennels, which one more mile would have brought into view, and afforded the old Master of the Cambridgeshire a gratification of the highest order.

'Bob Ward's run into the Cambridgeshire country brings me nicely to the next and last pack I propose to mention. The Cambridgeshire, now under the able and energetic rule of Charles S. Lindsell, a real sportsman, entered in his present country, the fact uncertain whether he did not hunt with harriers in his cradle, long an observant and active member of the Cambridgeshire under the old squire of Strathire, thirty-eight years M.F.H., then going to college, or rather finishing his foxhunting education, under the elegant and accomplished Master of the Oakley. The kennel is now at Caxton, lately built by a Committee of the Hunt, we believe. No great praise can with truth be bestowed upon its architectural beauty or workmanship; the same may be said of the stables; however, for the present, both answer their respective purposes, for a very efficient pack emanates from the one, and some clever horses from the other. The hounds have been kept well in blood during the cub-hunting, and I am not sure that a remark in 'Our Van' in last month's 'Baily' does not in 'a very mild' way hit the Master of the Cambridgeshire; but, 'gentle sportsman,' let me assure you that being a little fond of blood, and having plenty of 'dash,' combined with 'steadiness,' are qualifications essential in a M.F.H. Bailey, from the Atherstone, is the huntsman this season, and I hear him well spoken of, civil, obliging, and steady, and lets his hounds work. As to foxes, they are evenly dispersed throughout the country, and sport is confidently anticipated.'

We hear from Yorkshire that hunting has been carried on under great difficulties the last month, owing to the floods. Lord Middleton has had fair sport, but his best day was from Whinmoor, at the beginning of the season,

when they found a fox at Lovel's Whin, and killed him at Sledmere, in two hours. Since then his best sport has been on the Wolds, as the low country is very heavy and holding. York is beginning to fill with hunting men, and the 9th Lancers having abandoned their polo for the winter, are full of horses, and ride. Captain Clayton, Messrs. Fife, Palaiet, and Lord William Beresford keep up the prestige of the regiment, and are generally there or thereabouts. The latter gentleman, unfortunately, broke his collar-bone a week ago, and is temporarily *hors de combat*. The new Master, the Hon. Egremont Lascelles, is showing good sport, but has, unluckily, had influenza in his stable, and consequently been short of horses. They had a good run on the 18th, when the meet was Skelton Springs, and the pack divided at Fairfield into three divisions, but at length got on to the original fox, who was run to ground in Overton Wood, after half an hour's good hunting. Thanks to Mr. Powell's Act, the 'Buzzer nuisance' has for a time subsided, and hunting men are thankful for its absence.

And here we must allow another esteemed contributor speech in his own proper tongue: 'Hold hard a minute, Bailly. Make room for me; I have such a bag 'of news from Bramham Moor.' Bag o' news from that country! Bag o' chaff, I should think. Wish you'd brought a bag o' beans for those old 'Van' 'orses, and a drop o' sperits for the waggoner. Might a kep' time a bit better then. We shall get as bad as railways, if this here weather goes on all winter. Well, I suppose you must 'ang on the lamp-iron, or somewhere. Look 'andy. Well, what about Bramham Moor? I haven't druv that road a long time. Is old George Fox a making the mud fly, and a hollering Forward! same as he 'as on his buttons—as usual? 'You take the bag, and help yourself when you 'get to the office, and let me alide into the front boot to have forty winks, 'for I am beat. Hard days, deep ground, and such a dinner, with that 'prince of a fellow that lives round the corner 48—57. No more; no thank 'you, Mr. Lamplighter Quickham, not a drop; and I travelled by telegram, 'and I think I've got the jumps; and such a breakfast at Harewood House, 'and such a presentation of plate to Lane Fox—a service fit to decorate the 'the table of royalty. But those fellows are a jolly lot; they scatter money 'like sawdust in a circus. Good night. You look in the bag.'

October was the best cub-hunting the Bramham Moor men ever remember; several real good runs, and foxes killed well. November 2nd, ran the first fox from Cresheld Wood to ground near Ouley; killed the second, found a third in the pleasure grounds at Harewood, went away very fast by the old castle to Cardwick, left Keswick on the left to Bardsey and Scarcroft, hunted through the covers away towards Shadwell, turned to the right over Wigton Moor into Harewood Woods near Loftus Gate, and killed near the Grey Stone, one hour thirty-five minutes, every hound up. November 15th, found in Catterton Wood, hunted to Stuton, Colton, Askham, and lost. Found a second fox in Shireoaks, went away to the River Wharfe, turned to the left through Mr. Brooksbank's Park, left Tadcaster on the right, past Oxtan again to the river, crossed, and hounds were alone for some time, hunted through Grimston to Patefield Wood. Hounds divided. Ten and a half couples stuck to the run fox through Saxton Car and Scarthingwell Park, and killed in the open near Sherburn, one hour forty minutes. November 16th, Becca Mill, a good deal of hard work in cover; went away to Scholes, and lost. Found in Porlington Hollins, away to Hawk's Nest, back to the Hollins, Porlington Bank, Becca Mill, to the Moor, shoot back past the house; then this gallant fox turned his back upon the woods and went away, leaving Barwick on the left, Sanwoods on the right, over Whin Moor, past Shadwell,

leaving the Grange on the right, and pointing for Leeds, ran to ground in an old drain; the fox viewed just before them; one hour forty minutes, thirteen and a half miles, nine-mile point. Horses had no easy task to live with them over the open. Major Gunter (King's Dragoon Guards), Lieutenants Gascoigne, Lane Fox, and Wickham (Horse Guards Blue), James (late) Capt. Dick Lane Fox (Grenadier Guards) rode hard and well.

We see that the Bramham Moors have not been unmindful of what they owe to their excellent and cheery Master. A service of gold plate valued at 3,000 guineas was presented on the 23rd inst., at Harewood House, to Mr. George Lane Fox, in the presence of a goodly gathering of the aristocracy, titled and untitled, of the county. The ceremony took place at a breakfast party, of course presided over by the noble host, and graced by the presence of the Countess of Harewood and many other ladies. A gratifying and worthily bestowed offering. In the address which accompanied the presentation, and which was read by Lord Harewood, the subscribers, after recording their high admiration of his character as a county gentleman and the affectionate regard which his friends and neighbours entertained for him, gave expression to their earnest hope that for many years to come he might continue to be identified with 'Bramham Moor and Five-and-twenty Couple.' In that hope, we need scarcely say, 'Baily' cordially joins.

In the South Durham and Hurworth countries they ride about 'belly deep' in liquid clay and water, and at the ditches horses never know whether to wade or jump. Neither packs have done much good in the way of blood since the 1st of November. We hear the Hurworth had a fair run from Leven Banks on the 19th, and left a beaten fox which with better luck they ought to have handled. On the 23rd they had a good find at Fighting Cocks Whin, and over a good line into the Durham country, but the day was too boisterous to do any good. We are afraid the South Durham, from what we hear, are doing very moderately, and some people say it is the fault of the scratch pack, who are very wild and unmanageable. In the North Mr. Maynard turns out all hands very neat and workmanlike, but it is a beastly country, and though in cubbing we heard of their killing two a day in the Brancepeth country, we have heard a good deal of blank days since.

There was an interesting meet in the West of England on the 1st of November, when the East Dorset Hounds came to Motcombe House on the occasion of the presentation of Lady Westminster's portrait to her daughter, Lady Theodora Grosvenor. The picture was subscribed for by gentlemen and farmers in Wilts and Dorset, as a token of their appreciation of Lady Theodora's zeal in promoting fox-hunting, and was presented to her in the presence of a very large number of the leading sportsmen of both counties at Motcombe House, by Mr. Troyte Bullock, in the name of the Committee. Lady Theodora rose, in her habit, to reply, and her speech is described to us just what a lady's speech, and that lady a sportswoman, in the high sense of the word, should be. A splendid breakfast followed, to which the people came in droves, and then the hounds drew Motcombe Coverts, found a brace of foxes, and killed one after a short run. The fences were so blind that nobody ventured to do much, and those who tried at all, in several instances, came to grief. We take this opportunity of reminding our lady readers (and 'Baily' has many, we know), that the Dowager Marchioness of Westminster and Lady Theodora are not only honorary members of the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society, but that the former lady sent the munificent donation of 200*l.* to the Society as soon as it was established—a bright example for *all ladies who hunt* to follow. Although the

season is in its infancy, there have been four calls on the funds, and, strange to say, three of them from former Pytchley servants. Will Freeman, now with the Kildare, was the first to come to grief, but he was soon at work again; then followed Bowers, a cast-iron man, who rode like a maniac; and then poor unfortunate Dick Roake, now with the South Berks, whose leg was broken by a kick from a horse. We have seen a letter from him, in which he says, alluding to his broken leg (a compound fracture), 'I feel it more by just coming into my place, and then to get *kicked*, as though I had not broken bones enough by falling about. It is like a poor fox losing his leg by a trap; it isn't an honourable way.' This is very good and characteristic, we think, and poor Dick may rest assured that he has the sympathy of all his old Northamptonshire friends, as well as those he has made in his new country. We wish him speedy recovery. While on the subject of the Hunt Servants' Fund, we may mention that Mr. Frank Safford, the Secretary, had, unfortunately, a bad fall at football, on the 17th, and is suffering from concussion of the brain, which has occasioned his absence from the office of the Society, and will explain why letters, containing, in some instances, cheques, have not been acknowledged during the past week or ten days.

There have been some rare jovial doings with the Puckeridge during the past month. Not that the pack, well handled as the hounds are by Hedges, have had much blood, but in the way of lawn meets the biped has been very well off, though if horses and hounds were asked their opinion about those institutions, we think they would vote decidedly against them. We are sure the hounds would. But, however, Mr. Arthur Giles Puller, of Youngsbury, a popular country gentleman, determined to have a lawn meet at his place in honour of Mr. Parry and the Puckeridge, and it came off on the 15th of last month accordingly. Mr. Puller determining to make it something out of the common way, took the opportunity of making a rural fête of it, and invited every one from my lord down to joltering Giles, not forgetting the school children, so the gathering was really enormous, and the little town of Ware, about two miles from the scene of action, turned out to a man and a woman. The hospitality was profuse, and Mr. Puller, anxious to make the gathering go off with unwonted *éclat*, had kindly procured the band of the 2nd Herts Volunteers to discourse eloquent music while people were at breakfast—a capital idea, and one which we would suggest, for imitation, to the Duke of Beaufort and other M.F.H.'s who have lawn meets in their countries. The band of the Gloucestershire Hussars in full fig at Badminton would be a sensation indeed, and we should think the Duke and Lord Worcester would like it very much. Then Mr. Puller, breakfast over, mounted, and riding into the midst of the horsemen on the lawn, in the centre of which were Hedges and the hounds, proposed three cheers for the Queen, a proceeding which, coupled with the band, the hounds, we regret to say, took very ill indeed, for they put their tails between their legs and bolted there and then, so that Hedges had to gallop round the park to get them together again. But no doubt, at future meets, they will get educated to this sort of thing, and we congratulate the Puckeridge and Mr. Puller on having struck new ground, and hope that, at the next lawn meet at Youngsbury we may be there to see.

Mr. Deacon, with the H. H., has not been having much sport, the scent has been so dreadfully bad, and no wonder, from the stormy weather we have had throughout the month. On Tuesday, the 12th, was an extraordinary good run, the meet being at Tichborne Park, where one of the largest assemblage of sportsmen, and many others, including numerous ladies in carriages, came to welcome Lady Tichborne once more back to her old home. A very

interesting occasion, indeed, for it was impossible to doubt that the large attendance of the county side was due to sympathy felt with Lady Tichborne and her son on the grievous wrong sought to be done them, and not only them, but every one in the least way connected with that time-honoured Hampshire name. As an Arundel of Wardour, too, a descendant of the house where the first pack of fox-hounds in England were kept, it was no unfitting compliment on Mr. Deacon's part to bring his hounds to Tichborne to welcome that descendant back again, and many were the heartfelt wishes expressed by gentle and simple, that the widow and the youthful Baronet might long be spared to welcome their friends and neighbours as they were doing that day. They found, after breakfast, at Chesfort Head, and run as straight as if they had drawn a line to Beacon Hill. To this point was over six miles without a check; they here came to a check, but soon got upon his line again and run to Brookwood, then towards Lippinwood, which he passed on the left, and killed in the water meadows at Warnford in 1 hour and 30 min., and went at least over fourteen miles of ground. They had another good day's sport on Tuesday, the 19th. The meet was Hinton House, the seat of the Hon. John Dutton; they found directly at Blackhouse, and run to Kilmston, Westwood, Shorley, to Fully, into the Avington coverts, and was killed in a cottage garden in 1 hour and 23 min. Found again in Sutton Scrubs, run to Cheriton, back to Tichborne Down, over the open to Shorley, through Westwood to the Millbarrows, and lost at Betty Mundy's Bottom; the fox was supposed to go to ground in a rabbit-hole, of which there are a great many, although they did not mark him to ground.

We do not know whether the attention of any 'Baily' readers was called to an article in the 'Daily News' at the beginning of November, headed 'The 'Quorn at Kirby Gate,' and purporting to give a favoured 'Special Correspondent's' views on that far-famed meet. It was not a badly written article, and, save here and there for the mistake of a name (Captain Tom Boyce was transformed into Captain 'Voyce'), there were fewer errors than are usually to be found when non-sporting 'specials' wield an unaccustomed pen. But there was one curious little remark which tickled us immensely, and will, perhaps, our readers. Speaking of the aspect and material prosperity of Melton Mowbray, the writer mentioned the 'specially succulent pork pies,' and then went on to inform us (the italics are ours) that 'the trade was in a great measure provoked by the presence in its midst of hunting men, *who find that particular edible, when cut into slices, to be about the most convenient, not to say filling, luncheon which they can carry about with them.*' This is very good, we think. We fancy we can see Lord Wilton, or one of the Messrs. Behrens, or Sir Frederick Johnstone, at a check producing slices of the 'succulent' dainty in question from their pockets, and proceeding to dispose of them! As an insight into a little bit of Leicestershire life we are obliged to the 'special,' and hope to hear of him again.

The opening day of the Hon. Mark Rolle, of Stevenstone, on Wednesday, November 6th, was selected as an appropriate occasion to present him with his portrait on the part, not of his field only, but of the supporters of the hunt, comprising those who do not participate actually in the chase, but who not the less, by the preservation of foxes and other assistance, contribute essentially to the well-being of this king of pastimes. This token of regard—testimonial being a hackneyed and tattered word—consisted of a portrait of the honourable gentleman, and a book containing the names of the subscribers. The county gathering was very full, and amongst those present at the breakfast at Stevenstone, presided over by W. A. Denne, Esq., of Wabberly, were the Hon. Mark

and Lady Gertrude Rolle, Lord Clinton, Sir Bruce Chichester, Sir Arthur Chichester, Rev. J. E. Trefusis, C. A. W. Troyte, Esq., C. H. Williams, Esq., Rev. Henry Bouchier Wrey, H. N. Fane, Esq., W. A. Yeo, Esq., Bickford Coham, Esq., Captain Peters, J. G. Johnson, Esq., J. C. Moore Stevens, Esq., H. Dene, Esq., Charles Gurney, Esq., Rev. John Russell, J. Chichester, N. Hole, J. H. Copleston, J. Chichester, &c. Mr. Denne, in a speech remarkably well delivered, enumerated the claims of Mr. Rolle to the hearty support and regard of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, not only in his capacity of Master of Hounds, but also for those friendly urbanities by which the bonds of social life are preserved and made agreeable. Mr. Denne prudently refrained, at a moment of popular festivity, from alluding to the vulpiscidal delinquencies in the Tetcott district—that may be said to avoid ambiguity, to be immediately Tetcott—and in which particular district Mr. Rolle met with treatment that merits a reprobation, the deserved severity of which it would be unpleasant to administer. The lady part of the gathering was radiant, literally, both in the specialities of nature and the various hues of adornment with which the caprices of a present fashion are wont to adorn beauties that require not extraneous aid for assertion. As usual on such occasions, the sports of the day concluded by finding a multiplicity of foxes in the immediate coverts, with plenty of music, but without any run worthy of recounting.

One of those police 'raids,' as they are termed, and which are brought to bear every now and then with equal impartiality on Haymarket and Panton Street dens, midnight Traviatas, and the social evil generally, has given town something to talk about by an onslaught on the betting shops, which, under the form and name of 'clubs,' exist in the metropolis. The suddenness with which the police pounced on 'The Alliance,' and the magnitude of the capture, speaks well for the organization of the force, and the secrecy with which their plans were laid; but when we come to consider the *cui bono* of it all, we confess we are puzzled. We may say at once that we have no sympathy for these so-called 'clubs,' and, if they were wiped off the face of London earth, no one would be any the worse, and it is probable they might be better; but still in all these proceedings we are compelled to see, despite the old proverb to the contrary, that what is sauce for the goose is not sauce for the gander. Gambling exists everywhere, in high places much more than low, and the anomaly of the law which spares Tattersall's and persecutes the Alliance, which declares ready money betting illegal, and does not interfere with the books of Mr. Steel or Mr. Nicholl, must be patent to every one not wilfully blind. Of course we are met with the assertion that 'silver bells' are unmitigated evils, attracting a class of the community peculiarly liable to be ruined by their existence; but to that, or rather the latter part of the proposition, we demur. The betting places are evils, probably, but we refuse to believe in that idle apprentice or dissipated clerk who is supposed to be always robbing his master's till, or embezzling his employer's money, in order to gratify his passion for betting. A great deal of sentimental nonsense has been talked and written about these somewhat mythic personages. No doubt here and there there are instances of a young fellow having ruined his prospect for life by gambling, but there are other and greater temptations than this one to which our youth are prone, and to lay their ruin, when it comes, at the door of the betting shops is, we believe, contrary to fact. But the main question is, what do the authorities propose to do? Are we to be dragooned into virtue, and is vice to be abolished by Act of Parliament? Or are only the morals of one

portion of the community to be cared for, and the other to be let do as they 'darned pleased?' It is the old story of ever so many years ago.

'Since laws were made for every degree,
To curb vice in you as well as in me,
I wonder there is not better company
'Neath Tyburn tree.'

In the 'Van' for last December we mentioned a scheme for the formation of a Hunting Club, as a point of reunion for hunting men at times when hunting does not bring them together. Since then the subject has been well ventilated and discussed, and we are glad to say that we may now announce it as floated. 'The Fox-hunting Club,' the rules and regulations of which, with list of members, &c., are before us, owes its origin to Captain George Goddard, a gentleman who has exhibited a speciality for promoting institutions of this sort—witness the success of the Coaching Club started the season before last, and to which he was the fostering father—and he has succeeded in enlisting upwards of 150 members in the new club, including many M.F.H. and leading hunting men. Among the Committee will be found the names of Viscount Valentine, M.F.H., Colonel Chaplin, M.F.H., Mr. Coup-land, M.F.H., Lord Aylesford, Lord Clonmell, Lord Henry Paget, M.F.H., Mr. James Hall, M.F.H., Lord Charles Kerr, Mr. Casby, M.F.H., Sir Charles Legard, Sir J. C. Newton, Mr. W. J. Scarth, M.F.H., Hon. H. Fitzwilliam, M.P., Mr. E. Hartopp, Mr. Reginald Herbert, Mr. H. Behrens, Mr. Hope Barton, M.F.H., &c. The meets of the Fox-hunting Club, and the time and place, are subjects of detail for further consideration. It was proposed, when the idea was first started, that the new institution might coalesce, as far as 'meets' went, with the C. C., and as coaching men and hunting men are pretty generally bone of each other's bone, the idea sounds well. But all this is in the future. At present we will only congratulate Captain Goddard on the launching of the new club, and wish it success and length of days.

Harry Hall's portrait of the Derby winner, Cremorne, has just been published. It is a life-like painting of this celebrated son of Parmesan and Rigolboche, and will take high rank in that artist's series of celebrated winners.

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